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TRUE

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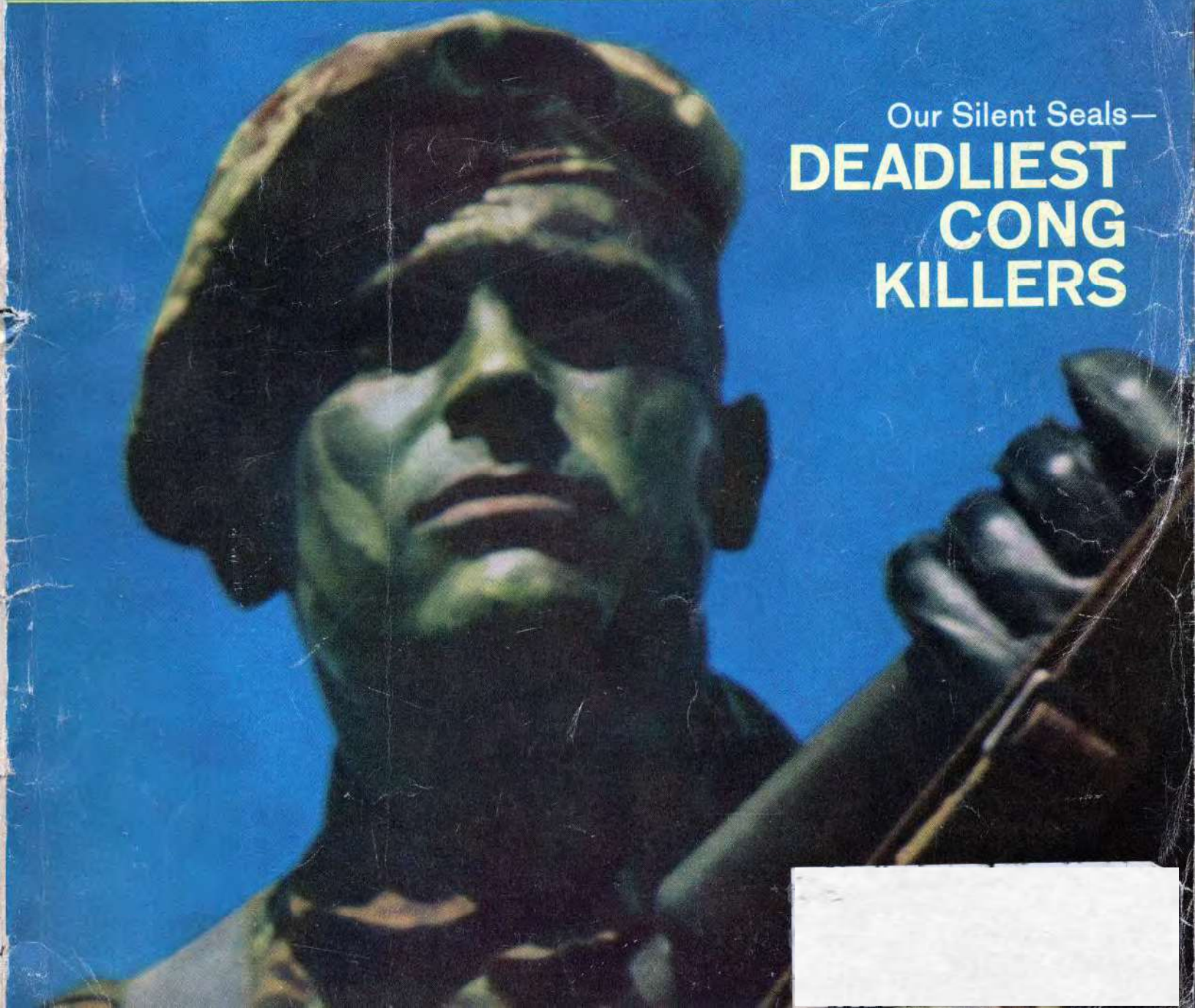
JAMES BOND: His New Adventure Ends in Sex and Violence

INSECT INVASION: Teeming Termites on the March in U.S.



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Comma Names

Concerning your TRUE's *Who* article on F. Lee Bailey in the March issue, did he really name his sons Bendrix 11 and Brian 10, or are your editors careless with commas?

—Jack Moran
Greensburg, Pa.

He, really, did. Yes, our, editors, are, careless, with, commas . . .

Medalists

I would like to comment on the letter from Mr. W. A. Baker, Jr., in the March issue of TRUE concerning the award of a Medal of Honor to Bob Hope and the medal awarded to George M. Cohan.

First, Cohan was not awarded the Medal of Honor. Private law 727, 74th Congress, authorized the President to present, but not in the name of Congress, a gold medal to George M. Cohan, in recognition of his services during World War I in composing the patriotic songs "Over There" and "A Grand Old Flag." The medal was of special design and in no way resembles the military decoration.

Similarly, Public Law 87-478, 87th Congress, authorized the President to present, in the name of the people of the United States, a gold medal to Bob Hope in recognition of his services to his country and to the cause of world peace. This medal was presented by John F. Kennedy at the White House, September 11, 1963. Mr. Hope was also presented the Medal for Merit by General Eisenhower on October 24, 1946, for his meritorious service as an entertainer.

Under the current regulations of the services, governing the award of the Medal of Honor, it is not possible to award this decoration to other than members of the Armed Forces of the United States.

—James A. Vopni
Arlington, Va.

Lake Front

Saucer mystery over the Great Lakes? (Cover-March TRUE)

I spent two and a half years in the Air Force on the shores of Lake St. Clair at Selfridge AFB and would certainly say it is a fine lake, but not great.

—J. Dale
Green Bay, Wisc.

Punch Those Cards!

I just finished reading the article *Fold! Spindle! Mutilate!* by Roy Bongartz (January TRUE). I happen to be programming computers and there is probably less errors made, considering the volume of use, than in other mechanized fields. . . .

I am especially grateful for one thing after reading such opinionated and tearstained drivel. The author is in a free country which allows freedom of movement; therefore, he may locate on the peaceful shore of Brassua Lake with his "hermit" friend—the sooner the better.

—Philip D. Shaw
Charlestown, Ind.

. . . I might add here that the vice-president of Computer Operations at one of the nation's largest commercial banks in New York has had a standing offer for the past 10 years of a steak dinner—at his expense—to anyone who can prove an error on his computer, as opposed to outside factors, such as faulty tapes, punch cards or encoding. He hasn't had to pay off yet.

Computers seem to be like automobiles; the biggest troubles with each are the loose nuts behind the wheels, and the loose nuts often are the wheels.

—John J. Higgins
New York, N.Y.

In regards to Roy Bongartz's article, *Fold! Spindle! Mutilate!*, I feel that the following computer error is a classic.

Several weeks after the death of an old-age welfare applicant who lived alone, the following notice was sent to his home by a machine; the letter was then forwarded to our office.

"The County Department of Welfare has reviewed your case and found that you do not qualify for assistance because of applicant's death. If not satisfied with action, hearing may be requested in county office within 60 days."

We are glad to report that the applicant did not request a hearing!!!

—Gary L. Butts
Hardy County, W. Va.

New Pitch

Come on now, Kirby Higbe and Martin Quigley. I have been catching pitchers since 1914, and not all minor amateurs either. I even caught Willie Sudoff.

On page 108 of the March issue of your TRUE Magazine Higbe says he threw a knuckler that was headed for the dirt, but it came up and crossed the plate for a last strike.

Now in all my catching years I never saw an *upshoot* ball and I don't think other catchers have either.

I think that Higbe should go back and take a few more drinks and he will not see an upshoot ball either.

—F. E. Jackson
Arnold, Mo.

Willie Sudoff?

Petty Women

Dale Shaw's article on Richard Petty was similar to several we've read recently about Petty's 1967 seasonal record—his clean living, high morals, religion and problems he has getting rid of women.

I understand some of Richard's Carolinian friends are promoting him for the Presidency. Can you imagine the additional Secret Service men that Uncle Sam would need just to keep all that female pulchritude away from Richard?

We sincerely hope Dale Shaw will find time to write about some of the other NASCAR greats like the late great Fireball Roberts, the Flock brothers, etc.

—Mrs. T. Gillespie
Philadelphia, Pa.

[*Continued on page 4*]

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Industrial Foremanship
Industrial Supervision
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Mathematics and Physics for Engineering
Modern Elementary Statistics

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Industrial Management for Engineers
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Machine Design
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Petroleum Production Eng.
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Plastics Technician

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Pulp & Paper Making

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Salesmanship

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[*Continued from page 2*]

In relation to your January, 1968, issue, specifically the article of Dale Shaw, *Love That Richard;* I wish to point out that it is just this type of journalism, sadly enough, that has relegated auto racing, in all its forms, to a second-rate status. I am certain that you are well aware that automobile racing spectator attendance is second only to professional horse racing; yet, space allotted by newspapers and magazines is cursory at best. The local ladies' pinochle tournament is generally given more space than a Grand Prix.

—James H. Williams
Madison, Wisc.

Not in TRUE.

HEIRS LOOM

In the March issue of TRUE you have an article—*Somewhere in This World There May Be a Pot of Gold That is Yours—for the Asking. . .*

My great grandfather George Bowers had an estate of about 160 acres which is now near the center of Philadelphia. Is there any chance that you can help me find out more about my claim to this estate?

—Roy E. Bowers
Fruitland, Idaho

. . . My great, great grandfather was supposed to have held a lease on some section in Wall Street for 99 years and to date is supposed to be worth a lot of money to his heirs. . . .

—Mrs. H. W. Enterline
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

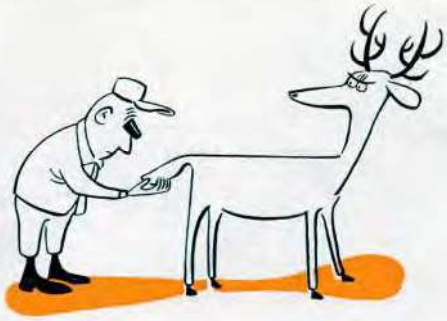
Mr. Roth does not have the staff or the budget to handle the flood of mail his article drew. Some letters will necessarily go unanswered. But for those who still want to write to him, the address is 11 West 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. A self-addressed envelope is required for an answer.

TRUE POWER

TRUE is one of the too few publications in circulation today that has the courage of its convictions and the courage to publish them. More power to you. TRUE can help keep a great nation great. Please keep up the good work.

—Carl O. Thoren
Bellaire, Texas

If you think we're gutsy now, wait till you read Drew Pearson's *Case Against Congress* in the June issue!



DEER HUNT

The other day a group of friends (all hunters) had an argument about the kind of deer that appears on page 90 of your February issue. Some said it is a white tail, others a black tail and yet others a mule deer or coues deer.

Since this argument got started by our reading TRUE please let us know the "true" answer.

Thank you and keep giving us stories and articles on hunting.

—Ramon Salido Jr.
N. Laredo, Tam., Mexico

White tail.

SKULL SESSION

The article appearing in your March issue entitled, *I Was A Congo Mercenary* was quite interesting to me except for one thing. The picture at the top of page 41 shows what is described as a reflection of "their grisly, bloody jobs." Being a student minoring in anthropology it took only a second glance to see that the grisly "decoration" is the skull of a chimp.

—James N. Ezell, II
New York, N.Y.

. . . There is little doubt that those mercenaries' jobs were indeed grisly, but put my name on the list of those that point out that this is not a human skull but rather that of a gorilla; probably a Coastal (or Lowland) gorilla.

—Lawrence Brandt
Stevens Point, Wisc.

How about guerilla?

CON CENSUS

In your recent March issue of TRUE, you discuss the *Nosy Census* questionnaire in the process of being compiled for the "benefit" of "We, the People."

Congratulations to Ohio's Rep. Jackson E. Betts, who wants to protect us from the vicious meddling and invasion of our privacy by the Census Bureau. It is particularly appropriate that he should take this stand since Congressman William M. McCulloch, of Ohio, helped promulgate the bill which legalized the census questionnaire of 1960.

We need, desperately, to inform our elected officials that we are tired of these infringements on our rights. If they won't try to protect us maybe we had better get rid of them and elect some who will.

Thank you for your comment on the coming census regulation. Keep reminding your readers that we need to protest to our lawmakers at every opportunity. If we won't help ourselves we should be taken to the cleaners.

—F. E. Cerney
Fruita, Colo.

HUMOR IS'T?

Re: Joey Adams' article, *Television—No-Man's Land for Humor* in the March issue. We told our precious jokes while Negroes dangled from lynching ropes and Hitler tried to "purify the race." The day kike, nigger, gook, jap, etc. disappear from our vocabulary—when a man can acquire residence and affiliation without regard to skin color or sound of name—then I for one will enthusiastically welcome the return of ethnic humor.

—B. Hopkins
Monrovia, Calif.

CAR CLASSIC

Thank you for your excellent article, *Classic Revival* by Charles N. Barnard, in the March issue. This was very well done and must have taken a good deal of research on his part.

There are a few things I would like to add for your information. It is the opinion of most of us involved in the restoration of the 1940 Lincoln Zephyr Continental that the story of two preproduction cars for Edsel Ford's sons is a myth. There were two preproduction cars made in September, 1939. One was Mr. E. T. Gregorie's, the designer of the Continental. Today we may find one in Mr. Harrah's collection in Reno, and one is in Los Angeles with Jim Baker. Production began on December 13, 1939, with the 1940 Continental Cabriolet #3 which was Jackie Cooper's.

The one body style that was available until May 27, 1940, was that of a cabriolet, not a coupe. There were 350 cabriolets and 54 coupes (totaling 404) of the 1940 Zephyr Continental Model year.

As Mr. Barnard said "to many Americans it is the greatest classic car" with which we can only agree. This was the last classic car produced in this country, the end of the classic era being the start of World War II.

—Ben P. Griffin
Saratoga, Calif.

It beats me how the Ford Motor Company expects to capture the imagination of the carriage trade with the Continental Mark III.

The Mark III reminds me ever so much of an enclosed top jeep with a Rolls-Royce radiator up front. The Mark III doesn't begin to measure up to the class of the Mark I and II.

—Al Kiser
Dodge City, Kans.

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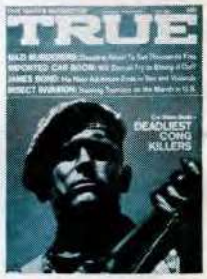

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For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE MAY 1968

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true: for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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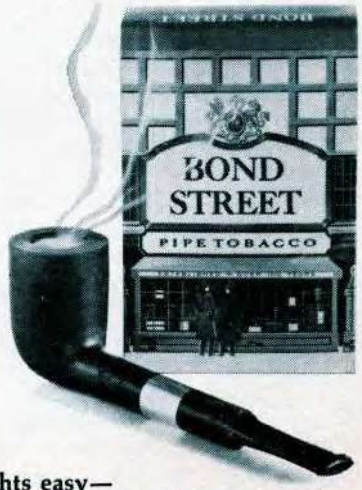
The Lazy Pipe Tobacco

Bond Street is for the man who gets a lot out of pipe smoking. He likes to stretch out the pleasure with a pipeful that lasts him awhile. Bond Street does, because it's a combination of plugs and flakes, for smooth and steady burning.

Just to give you an idea: you can watch about half of an old Charlie Chan movie on one filling of Bond Street. You'll be quite happy with the good Bond Street flavor (and unless you're alone, someone will surely say something nice about the aroma).



**Lights easy—
takes its own good time about burning.**

in this corner

UNE GRANDE SCHEME TO GET OUR GOLD BACK

BY JERRY IZENBERG

Lyndon B. Johnson, the President of the United States, has made a startling discovery. The entire edge has been taken off his outdoor-barbecue season because he has just learned that the country is running out of money.

Well, this is an election year and the President who would get himself reelected simply cannot walk around the block to Sam the Friendly Shylock and offer him Pennsylvania Avenue and the Washington monument as collateral in exchange for, say, $124 billion. It is a time for serious action and Mr. Johnson is apparently willing to do anything short of monkeying around with the oil depletion allowance to straighten this mess out.

One big thing, as he sees it, is to shore up our gold reserves by cutting down the outflow of American dollars. As a result, he is asking all patriotic travelers to stay away from Europe this spring, summer and fall and he wants the Congress to tax all the bad ones who won't.

Mr. Johnson has collected a good deal of moral support in this campaign from public-spirited places like Miami Beach, Florida, Las Vegas Nevada, and Yoakum, Texas. Miami Beach and Las Vegas have both worked long and hard to keep American citizens from spending their money foolishly—which is to say elsewhere. Yoakum, Texas, is new at this game but its patriotism is unchallenged and it will think of something if the President gives it enough time.

There is, however, a better way to bail all of us—including Mr. Johnson—out of this financial quicksand. We can get the money we need and we are not going to have to put up any part of the U.S. as collateral. What we are going to do is get Europeans to bring money here. The President has made a start by recommending a 20-percent discount for all foreign visitors to these shores. Once they arrive, we will take dollars away from them in the best American tradition. We probably ought to concentrate on the French because turnabout is fair play, and for longer than any of us care to remember the French have been turning American tourists about, to say nothing of upside down and inside out.

You can't go into this on a catch-as-catch-can basis which is why we have chosen the month of May to get the ball rolling. The first thing we are going to do is make sure swarms of genuine, money-loving French tourists cross the Atlantic by offering them even bigger discounts. Then we are going to bring them all to the Kentucky Derby. We are even going to pay their fare from New York to Louisville. A round-trip first-class ticket costs $113.40 but there is no need for alarm. It will cost them at least that much to get from the airport to the hotel by taxi during Derby Week.

And so to work.

Once visitors check in, they will discover that the price of their hotel room will increase geometrically every 24-hour period between their arrival and Derby Day. This may seem like a very inhospitable thing to do but they are not without the same freedom of choice which American Derby-goers experience. They are perfectly free to sleep standing up in any local pay toilet.

They will, of course, be overcharged for their meals but since this will be their only trip to Louisville, they will have no way of discovering the ingenious way a six can be turned into an eight (penmanship is very big during Derby week) unless, of course, they have friends who are American and who have experienced the same thing almost any day in Paris you would care to choose.

Then we are going to take them out to Churchill Downs to see the spot in the infield which they are going to buy for the privilege of not seeing the race. Still when you get thrown into the middle of 100,000 people on Derby Day, your chances are about 50-50 of either losing your wallet during the playing of the "Hymn to Pickpockets" known as "My Old Kentucky Home" or, when the infield crush glues complete strangers against each other, making a dear, dear friend of some young thing in stretch pants.

The reason we are going to show them the track early is that we are going to sell them a little fire insurance. The suspicion grows that once they see historic old Tinderbox Downs, which has been uncharitably described as the Western World's last great challenge to Smokey the Bear, we are not going to sell them a little fire insurance at all. We are going to sell them a lot of fire insurance.

Two years ago there was a small conflagration in the upper grandstand area. The sprinkling system shrugged and gave up and for several minutes it wasn't quite clear whether they were trying to burn down the track and save the town or burn down the town and save the track.

The rest of the waiting time will be concerned with putting grass into perfectly good booze and selling it at outrageous prices under the name mint julep.

Which brings us to Derby Eve, that pause in the week known to visiting tourists as "mischief night." Some say it derives its name from the quaint custom of throwing out the taxi meters—symbolically, of course. Others say it stems from the merry twinkle in the driver's eye when he informs you that a two-buck cab ride has gone up roughly 100 percent over the previous night and slyly says: "Y'all can walk if y'all don't like it."

Oh, it is going to be positively Profit City and it is going to be the first serious step in a concerted drive to get Mr. Johnson off our financial backs. This is not a rap at the Derby because it is only the opening shot in the battle to steal France and let *us* go to Europe on Frenchmen's money.

Afterward we are going to send the surviving French tourists to Las Vegas and then to the World Series in the fall. With a little luck, the series will be played in St. Louis again—that charming home of the last river pirates where the mayor told a group of hotel owners last year "you can't double your rates for the World Series" and the hotel owners giggled in good-natured fun and replied "watch."

After that the last remaining solvent Frenchman is going to get free transportation to Miami Beach where he can try to raise enough money to pay for a single night's lodging during the height of that blood-soaked fiesta called "the season."

All of these delayed tour plans are based on the supposition that Louisville will not be able to get the job done all by itself. This is a rather large supposition. The Paris of the West hasn't been licked yet.

JERRY IZENBERG IS A SPORTS COLUMNIST WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN CLIPPED IN ALL PLACES MENTIONED—INCLUDING FRANCE.

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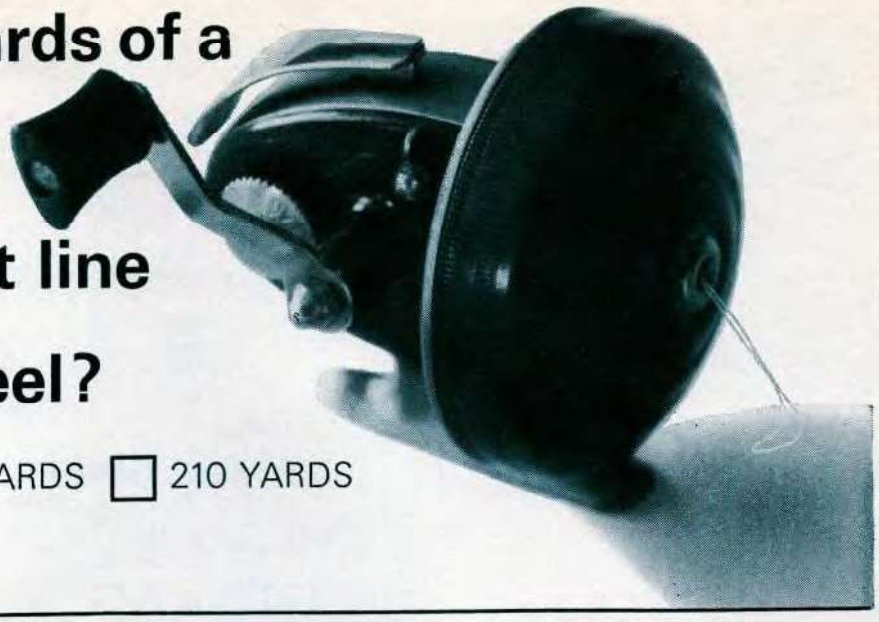

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man and

BY MAX GUNTHER

PUTS & CALLS: THE CAGEY GAMBLE

This month and next several million lucky citizens will get income-tax refunds. The rest of us will at least get our optimism back. May, the year's merriest month, is a good time to think about growing rich.

If you have a tax refund or some other small lump of money that you don't really need, why spend it on trivia? Why not try to multiply it in the stock market? You may lose it, sure. But you'll have enormous fun with it. And—who knows? —it could be the start of your fortune.

Many would-be small investors have stayed out of the market because, in normal trading, you have to put a lot of money in before you can hope to take a lot out. Psychologically, the market favors big-money operators. But the stock market offers a little-known method by which you can manipulate huge blocks of stock with very small amounts of money—and, what's more, with strictly limited risk. Some smart investors consider it by all odds the most intelligent type of speculation in the market. It's the buying of stock options, or "puts" and "calls."

Little known? Well, it used to be. According to the Put & Call Brokers & Dealers Association, trading in puts and calls over the past few years has been growing slightly faster than trading in stocks themselves.

Exactly what are they? Take calls first. Let's suppose there's a company called XYZ, Inc., and its stock is selling at $50 a share, and you believe the price will go up. Let's say you have a $500 tax refund to invest. With that (plus commission money) you can buy 10 shares. If the price goes up to $75, you make $250 on your 10 shares of stock.

That's nice, but you can do better. Instead of buying 10 shares, you buy a *call* on 100 shares. This call would probably cost in the neighborhood of $500. In return for your $500, you get a piece of paper bearing a promise to you from the seller of the call. The seller guarantees that, at any time of your choice, within the life of the call, he will sell you 100 shares at today's market price of $50.

Ah. Now look what happens when the price goes up to $75. You exercise your call and buy 100 shares for $5,000. Simultaneously you sell them on the market for $7,500. Subtracting the price of the call and brokers' commissions, you gain something close to $2,000.

One of the more pleasant facts about calls is that, though your possible winnings are unlimited, your possible loss is strictly limited. If XYZ stock falls in price and stays below $50 through the whole six-month option period, you simply don't exercise your call. It expires. You lose your $500—but that's all you can lose.

Puts are precisely the opposite of calls. You buy a put when you believe the price of XYZ is about to drop. The seller of the put promises to *buy* 100 shares from you at the current market price of $50, at any time within the life of the option. If XYZ's price falls to $25, you buy 100 shares on the market for $2,500, then turn them over to the seller of the put. As he promised, he gives you $5,000—and you gain around $2,000.

If you buy a call on 100 shares of XYZ for $500, you're even when the price reaches $55. If it goes higher, you're ahead and you can, if you choose, exercise your option. Options are often written for six months plus 10 days so that the buyer can take advantage of capital-gains tax provisions. But they can also be written for 30, 60 and 90 days and sometimes for a year or more. You can, of course, hold the stock you've bought with your option if you can afford to do so. If you're operating with a small

his money

amount of capital, you can sell immediately. You can also sell the call before it expires and never bother with acquiring the stock at all.

The price of a call is directly related to the stock's market record. If it fluctuates widely or if it has been climbing steadily, the price of a call will be higher than if the stock is steady or dropping in price. According to Burton Godnick, of Godnick & Son, one of the biggest put-and-call houses, a call costs about as much as nine to 17 shares of the stock. Puts are less expensive, as a rule, and account for a much smaller proportion of the option market.

Most puts and calls are written "at the market"—that is, they're based on the market price of the stock on the day the option contract is written. But you can cut the price of an option by allowing "points" to the seller. For example, when you bought that call on 100 shares of XYZ, the market price was $50. The call was written at $50 and it cost you $500. But if you were feeling extremely confident of a price rise, you could have had the contract written at $55. In this case, the call price would have been lower, maybe only $400.

Maybe a question has occurred to you, and it's a good one: If I buy a call, I'm betting on a price rise while somebody else—presumably a seasoned trader—is betting on a drop. Does it make sense for a small-time investor like me to bet against a pro?

The answer to the question seems, at first glance, like a paradox. Puts and calls are a strange type of gamble in which both players stand to win simultaneously. The fact is, you and the option seller don't bet against each other, as in poker. You bet more or less with each other.

Consider the seller of that XYZ call you bought. The seller was in all likelihood a mutual fund, a life-insurance company, a wealthy private investor or somebody else with a huge holding of XYZ stock: thousands of shares. He bought his shares years ago at $25, let's say. Now the price has reached $50. He has a tidy profit; he's satisfied. He knows the price may go up more, but it's no skin off his back if he has to sell at the current $50. At this point he'd rather be safe than greedy. So, to protect himself against a drop in the price, he sells calls. For each 100 shares he owns, he collects the $500 call price less brokers' commissions.

If the price does drop, he keeps the call money. The call buyers don't exercise their options. The options expire. Like as not, the big XYZ-holder now sells more calls at the new, lower price. The market may be falling, but the big investor is making out fine. In his account books, he uses the call money to offset the drop in his stock's value.

If, on the other hand, the price goes up, he's required to sell at the agreed-upon $50. It may make him blue to think that the market price is $75, but he isn't devastated. He has lost nothing. For him, the whole deal has been much like buying insurance.

In January, 1967, recalls Burton Godnick, market players began to get interested in Control Data Corporation. Among those interested were two young executives who occasionally met for lunch and dreamed of wealth. Each had about $1,000 in spare cash. That January they both plunked the money on Control Data, which was then selling at $40. One man bought 25 shares outright. The other found that he could buy a 90-day call on 100 shares for $362.50. He bought three, covering 300 shares.

The man who bought the shares outright was safe. If Control Data went down in price, he'd still own the shares; they'd still have value. His buddy, on the other hand, would lose his whole $1,000.

But, as both hoped, Control Data went up. By the time the three-month call expired, the stock was selling at $68.75. At that time, the man who had played safe with 25 shares had a profit (with brokers' commissions subtracted) of slightly under $700. His gambling buddy who bought calls walked away with a profit of more than $7,000.

You can hold your girl's hand for 15 minutes on the energy from 7 raisins. (Think what would happen if you never stopped eating them.)

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trueviews: movies books records

movies

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY. Clint Eastwood stars in another violent Western. He teams up with Eli Wallach during the Civil War to find buried gold. Between them they bury quite a few other outlaws before they dig up the treasure—about two dozen, in fact. Full of vivid action and grim humor.

P.J. This movie is a classic, tough private-eye story. George Peppard is a down-and-outer who takes a job guarding a millionaire's mistress. She's extremely curvy, but everybody else involved is crooked. P.J. winds up framed for murder. Peppard and Raymond Burr are fine as antagonists, and Gayle Hunnicutt is a honey of a mistress.

Senta: Double-dealing doxy.

TREASURE OF SAN GENNARO. This is the nuttiest comedy-robbery since *Big Deal on Madonna Street.* Harry Guardino plays an American hood trying to steal a fortune in Naples, the city of thieves. After some hilarious mix-ups, he succeeds. He is then double-crossed by his moll, Senta Berger, who is double-crossed by Nino Manfredi, who is double-crossed by Naples. Don't miss it.

CHARLIE BUBBLES. Besides playing the title role, Albert Finney also directed this movie; he does well in both departments. Charlie is a rags-to-riches writer who has become isolated from life, a situation that is brought home to him in a series of bittersweet comic vignettes. His deadpan seduction by his secretary (Liza Minnelli) is very funny.

PLANET OF THE APES. Charlton Heston stars as an astronaut downed on a planet populated mostly by apes, where humans are wild jungle creatures. As an intelligent nonsimian, he is a threat to the apes' beliefs and has to fight for his life until the horrifying ending. An intelligent, unique drama.

SWEET NOVEMBER. Sara Deever is a girl with a mission—every month she takes in a man and helps him iron out his problems. When Charlie Blake agrees to be her "November," they both bite off more than they can chew. Love sets in, and so do the expected complications. The ending is unexpected, saving the film from stickiness. Anthony Newley is great. Sandy Dennis is Sandy Dennis.

WILL PENNY. Charlton Heston stars as Will, a beat-up cowpoke, in this low-key, realistic Western. While wintering in a line shack on a big ranch, he gets involved with a lady, her son and a psychopathic family. There is action, but there is also a moving love story. Fine performances by Joan Hackett and Heston give it distinction.

THE YOUNG GIRLS OF ROCHEFORT. This musical fantasy by the creators of *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* is delightful fluff. Two girls in the French town of Rochefort are looking for love; after numerous complications, coincidences, songs and dances, they find it. It's old-fashioned, happy-go-lucky fun. Gene Kelly, Catherine Deneuve, Francoise Dorleac and Grover Dale are excellent.

books

GIPSY MOTH CIRCLES THE WORLD by Sir Francis Chichester. Last year, 66-year-old Chichester circumnavigated the globe single-handed, setting several records as he went. This book is his almost matter-of-fact record of the trip. From the start, he was plagued by injuries and crises, but he faced them with courage and kept his humor dry. *Coward-McCann; $6.95.*

MY LIFE IS BASEBALL by Frank Robinson with Al Silverman. Baltimore's Robinson won the American League triple crown and is the only man ever to win Most Valuable Player honors in both leagues. He's also had hotheaded moments that have gotten him into fracases on and off the baseball field, and this lively book tells why. *Doubleday; $4.95.*

McCARTHY by Roy Cohn. Considering Cohn's former position (chief counsel for the late Sen. Joe McCarthy's investigating group), this should be a bombshell of a book. Instead, it's a dud. It's poorly written, and its revelations are few and small. Some of its backstage views of the subcommittee at work are interesting, but not enough so to make it worthwhile. *New American Library; $5.95.*

THE ANSWER by Jeremy Larner. This impressionistic, beautifully written novel is about a young man who finds himself through an LSD trip, but not in the way its proponents claim. When he finds that LSD is not "the answer," he drops out of his peer group, ignores his elders and finds his own answers. *Macmillan; $4.95.*

records

JOHN GARY ON BROADWAY. For this album, John Gary has picked 11 lesser-known, but very good, songs from Broadway shows. In his usual impeccable way, he swings through them lightly. Two standouts are "I've Gotta Be Me" and "A Quiet Thing." *RCA Victor.*

SEEN IN GREEN. The Seekers, young Australian folk singers, continue on their lovely lyrical way. Here they have collected a batch of contemporary songs. Among the best of the current crop: "Feelin' Groovy," "Cloudy," and "If You Go Away." *Capitol.*

EDDIE CONDON & CO./GERSHWIN PROGRAM. Step back into the past with this one and you'll step lively. It's the music of Gershwin as played Dixieland style, 20 years ago. Lee Wiley sings "Somebody Loves Me," and Bobby Hackett, Pee Wee Russell, Billy Butterfield and other greats cut up. *Decca.*

SPANISH MASTERS. The Swingle Singers, who excel at wordlessly vocalizing classical music in jazz tempos, have now turned to 19th-century Spanish music. Albeniz and Granados are the best known composers represented, but all are treated admirably by this unique group. *Philips.*

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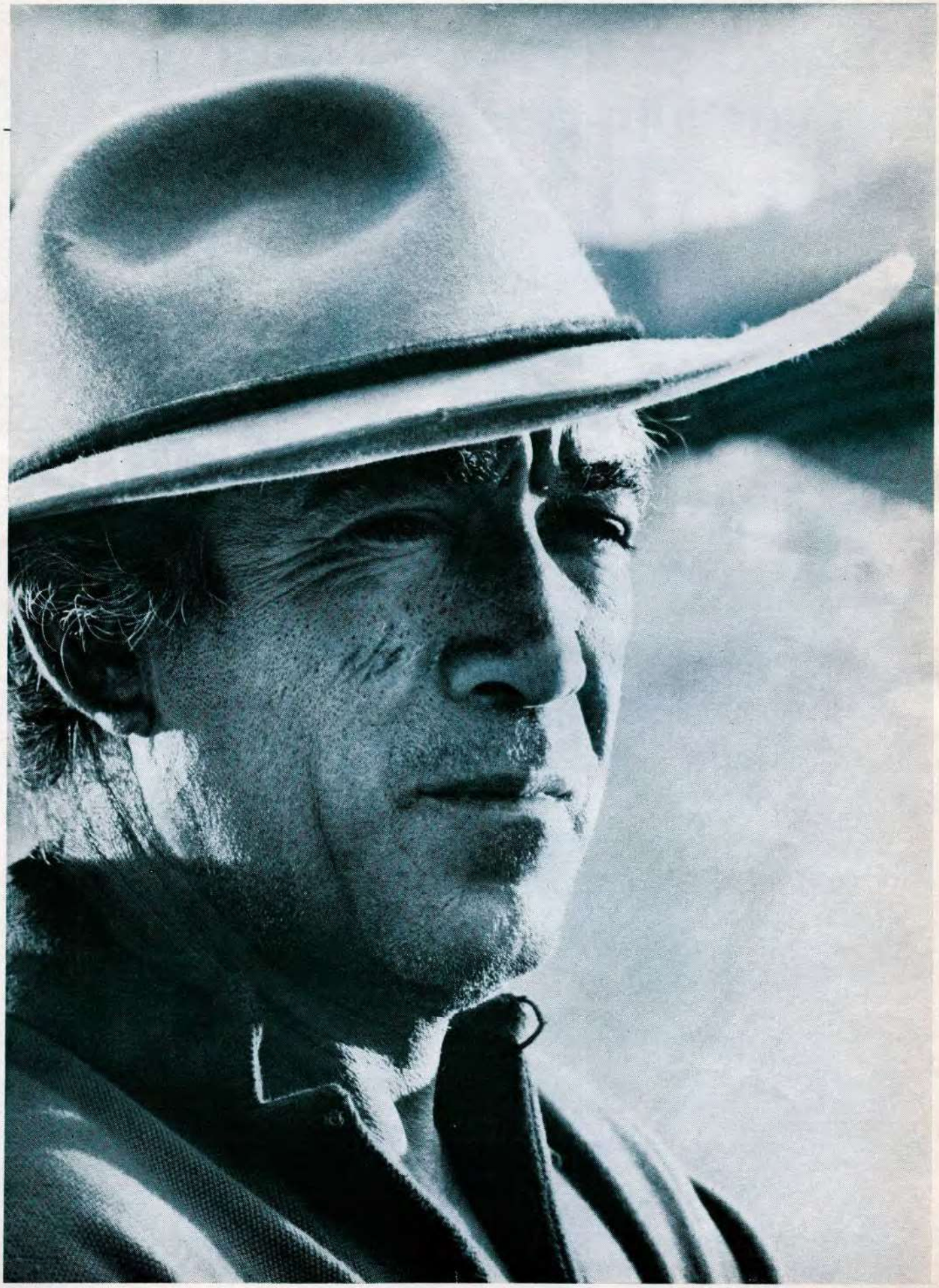


Hollywood's quixotic, turbulent Anthony Quinn is always at the center of some controversy, usually caused by his determination to do and say what he damn pleases

TRUE's Who
BY BRIAN ST. PIERRE

stormy Quinn

DURANGO, MEXICO

■ Five minutes after Anthony Quinn landed in Mexico last year, he offended everybody. Arriving there to start a new movie for MGM, *Guns for San Sabastian*, he was asked why he, as a Mexican-born actor, didn't stay and do Mexican movies.

"Because they're terrible," he replied. He later tried to explain his statement, but the explanation got lost in the uproar by newspapers and officials who have been trying to lure talent—and money—south of the border.

Such bluntness is typical of Quinn, and it's not the first time it has landed him in hot water. Ten years ago, arriving in Italy, he was asked the stock question about how it felt to play opposite the voluptuous Italian screen sirens. His nonstock answer: "These Italian babes think they can stay famous because of their bosoms. Once their beauty starts to sag, they're sunk for good." One actress threatened to have her husband shoot him, and in the Italian Parliament a deputy felt obliged to defend the honor of the nation's most famous export.

It's not that Quinn *likes* to offend or shock people; it's that he's determined to do what he wants and speak his mind, and too bad if people get upset. When he caused a scandal a few years ago by fathering an illegitimate child, he worried—momentarily—about what it might do to his career and to his wife and four legitimate children. Then he went ahead and had another illegitimate child.

When reminded of the variety of ruckuses he's started, Quinn's response is a hearty laugh, a shrug and some unprintable advice for those who don't like his life-style. This is his reaction about half the time, that is. The other half, he reacts like a volcano.

He has been described as "a charming bastard" by a former secretary, a scene-stealer by several of his former costars (including Gregory Peck and Jackie Gleason), "selfish" by one of his directors, one of the best actors in America by Marlon Brando, one of the worst by influential critic Kenneth Tynan, and "tough as an 80-cent steak" by one of his best friends. They are probably all right.

Quinn was born dirt poor, grew up in a tough slum neighborhood, supported himself, educated himself, became an internationally famous movie star and millionaire. Then he went broke, worked his way out of debt, went broke again, won two Academy Awards and had a love affair that made him twice as famous as he already was. All of which has made him, at one time or another, unpredictable, stubborn, sentimental, quirky and quixotic.

This writer found his first meeting with Quinn to be an unsettling experience. Quinn came through the doorway like a charging bull, shook hands, started pacing, bummed a cigarette, paced some more. Asked if anything were the matter, he growled, "Nah." But his six-foot-two-inch bulk was tense as he roved the room, making small talk and creating an atmosphere

Quinn loves kids, has three by his second wife Yolanda.

Emotionally a Mexican, he can change from active volcano to a smooth charmer in seconds

of terrific strain. Then Yolanda, his comely blonde wife, came in with Francesco, Daniele and Lorenzo, their children (aged, respectively, five, three, and a year and a half). The active volcano suddenly became just a delighted father as the apples of his eyes hurtled into his lap. The mysterious anger was dissipated. This can be typical of him. (He says, "Emotionally I'm a Mexican.")

Soon the kids were off to bed. The guests who had arrived for dinner settled down with drinks, which they made themselves—Quinn having waved them to the bar, saying, "I never made a cocktail in my life." One of the visitors said he just couldn't believe that Tony was a teetotaler.

"Oh, I'm not *that* bad. But when I was nine, some other kids and me made some wine, and I got a little drunk on the stuff. I got home giggling, and my father was very cool. He sat me down at the table and said, 'Well, now we're going to do some *real* drinking.' And he brought out a bottle of tequila. Of course I ended up very sick, and I've hardly drunk since. I did the same thing to five-year-old Francesco the other day. He was sick as hell and my wife wouldn't speak to me, but the kid'll never be a drunkard."

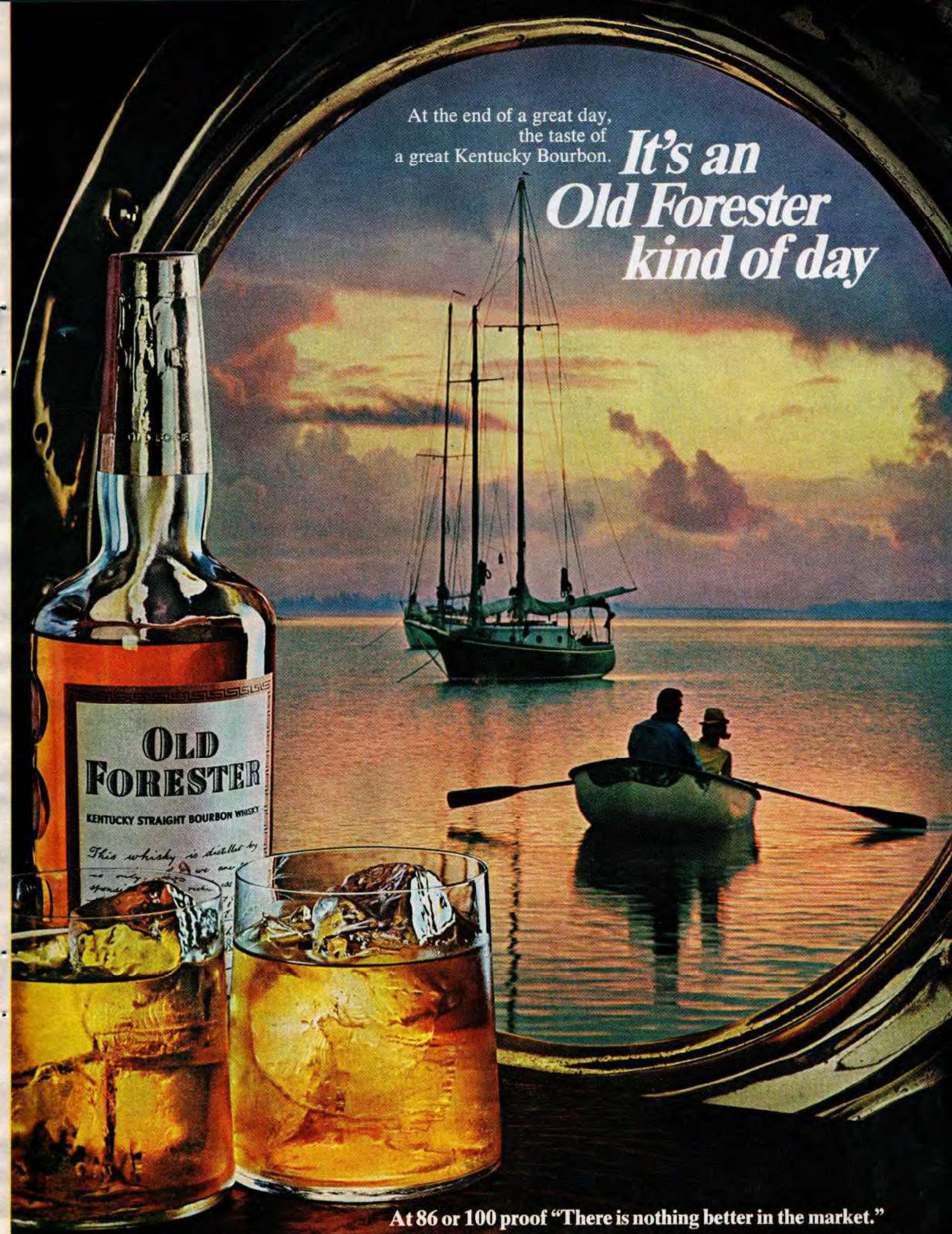
When the ladies present all said he'd been too harsh on the boy, he was taken aback, but not for long. He never is; he just plows forward. "The trouble with the world today is that kids are too damn spoiled. When my mother was only 16, she carried me on her back halfway across Mexico to get to the States. How many 16-year-olds are there today who would do anything like that?"

There were 12 at dinner—three Frenchmen, two Americans, one Italian and six Mexicans—and the conversation was conducted in four languages, with Tony acting as rapid-fire interpreter for everybody, head cheerleader, chief storyteller and principal gourmand. At one point, with everybody laughing and creating a Babel around the table, he nudged Yolanda and said, grinning, "It's just like our house in Rome, honey!" She said, with clear understatement, "Tony likes to have a lot of people around."

After breakfast the next morning, Quinn suggested a game of *fronton*, which is a fast, grueling combination of squash and jai-alai. Tony played three hours with only one 20-minute break, taking on all comers and winning every game. Not bad for a 52-year-old man who only learned the game a week before.

After it was over, and compliments from beaten opponents half his age were showered on him, he beamed with pleasure. Though he loudly proclaims his general indifference, he has to win at everything and he wants to be liked, and many of his troubles over the years have stemmed from the fact that the two desires are often contradictory.

He is also restless, intelligent and possessed of demonic energy. He glories in work, whether making movies or digging in his backyard. Through the following week he was busy [*Continued on page* 20]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[*Continued from page* 16]
during the days shooting *Guns for San Sabastian,* in which he plays a bandit forced by circumstances to become the savior of a Mexican village besieged by outlaws. During the evenings he talked about half a dozen more movies, several plays he wants to do, the autobiography he's writing, building a fronton court on his estate in Rome, going into politics, making a record album and dozens of other things he can and may do. Even if he lived to be 148 he could never do them all, though, simply because he'd think of too many more things to do along the way.

Anthony Quinn was born on April 21, 1915, in Chihuahua, Mexico. There are at least nine different versions of how he got to the U.S., all given by Quinn at various stages of his career, depending on his mood at the time. He isn't really a prevaricator, but he does like to polish up a story a bit.

A few years ago he began his autobiography. One benefit of this effort is that his mother sat down and finally gave the full, true story on tape. It helps clear up the confusion, since it's not Tony who's telling the story.

Quinn is usually cited as being Mexican and Irish, but he's actually half-Mexican, quarter-Irish and quarter-Indian. His father, Frank Quinn, was Mexican and Irish; his mother, Manuela Oaxaca, is Mexican and Indian. His father was a handsome rover and would-be adventurer who had served briefly in Pancho Villa's revolutionary force. Frank and Manuela were hardly more than kids when they met, but soon they were secretly married. Just after Tony was born, his father fled north to escape being drafted into the army. A little later, 16-year-old Manuela took four-month-old Tony, wrapped him in a blanket and walked to the railhead at Guerrero, where a kindly engineer hid her in the coal car for the 300-mile trip to Juarez where she joined Frank. They moved across the river to El Paso, Texas, and a while afterward they had another child, a girl.

The Quinn family lived the miserably poor existence of the migrant worker, until they moved to Los Angeles—the Mexican slum of East Los Angeles. Frank began working at the Selig Zoo, which was part zoo and part film studio that used to grind out jungle movies. It was a good job. Frank was able to buy a house for his family. Everything was finally going well for the Quinns. Then one night the world turned upside down for Manuela and her children: Frank was run over and killed by a car. Tony was nine at the time, and ever since then he has been struggling with the memory of his father.

"I was with him one day. He'd given me a quarter. I dropped it, and it rolled into the gutter. I bent to pick it up, and he gave me a helluva clout. He said he was damned if his kid was going to scrounge in the gutter, that his kid should have pride. So I went without an ice-cream cone, but I learned something."

Quinn is forever telling stories like this. The memory of his proud, never-satisfied father has been both his comfort and his cross. ("After all, he died without letting me down, as so many parents end up doing with their children.") An interviewer, noting that Quinn always spoke of his father as "about half an inch taller than me," pointed out the fact that, given his father's poverty and diet, it was unlikely that the older Quinn had gotten to be that big.

"You know, you're right," he said thoughtfully. "I guess I've always needed to make him bigger than me, to have something to look up to." Then he rolled out a guffaw. "But you notice it's only *half an inch!*"

Tony, his sister and his mother lived next door to Aimee Semple McPherson's Angelus Temple, which his mother joined "for the singing." Tony, in his search for a way out of the ghetto, learned to play the saxophone. He began to play at parties and then in one of Miss McPherson's street bands. Soon after, he began to preach, but shortly decided he wasn't really cut out to be a preacher. He took a job as a sparring partner for Primo Carnera. Then he became a boxer in his own right, had 16 fights, got knocked out in the 17th and quit.

Next, according to Quinn's chronology, he took a job as a janitor in a drama school, and the teacher gave him speech lessons to clear up his Mexican accent. He acted in a few plays at the school and was soon hooked.

Tony made his first professional appearance in a show called *Clean Beds,* which starred Mae West. "It was a tasteless takeoff on John Barrymore's life, and I played the character modeled on him. I was only 21, but I had to play him as an old man. One night Barrymore came to see the show and then came backstage. He was so struck by the fact that I was only a kid that he took me home, gave me a suit of armor that he had worn in *Richard III,* and became my friend. He gave me a lot of help and advice."

Quinn continued to rely on Barrymore's advice for a number of years. After Tony had made half a dozen movies, the studio decided to do a series of remakes of Valentino pictures, and they wanted Quinn. "It was a big break. It sure would have made me a lot of money, but I wasn't certain that I wanted to follow in somebody else's footsteps. I asked Barrymore what he thought. He said absolutely not, and he was right."

At the time Quinn and Barrymore first met, Barrymore's friends were the wittiest group of intellectual screwballs in Hollywood. This made Tony painfully aware of his educational shortcomings, and he began working hard to overcome them. He had met a woman, Elsie Tonge, who got him started reading a good book a week, a habit that continues. When he left home for the first time, she took him in.

Quinn's first work in the movies was a 45-second bit part that attracted some attention, but no more roles. "An agent told me he could find me lots of work if I'd change my name. You know what he came up with for me? 'Bruce' Quinn. Haw-haw! Do I look like 'Bruce Quinn'? I left town." He bummed around for a while, ending up in Mexico. In 1936, just before he was to ship out to Peru on a freighter, he read in a newspaper that Cecil B. De Mille was casting a new epic, *The Plainsman.*

He hotfooted it back to L.A. and called the agent, who told him that De Mille had said he wouldn't hire any Mexicans. They contrived to pass Tony off as a Cheyenne.

"Jesus, it was the funniest thing you ever saw. I couldn't open my mouth, be-

[*Continued on page* 74]

"Good God, man, not while I'm hitting!"

A COLT says:

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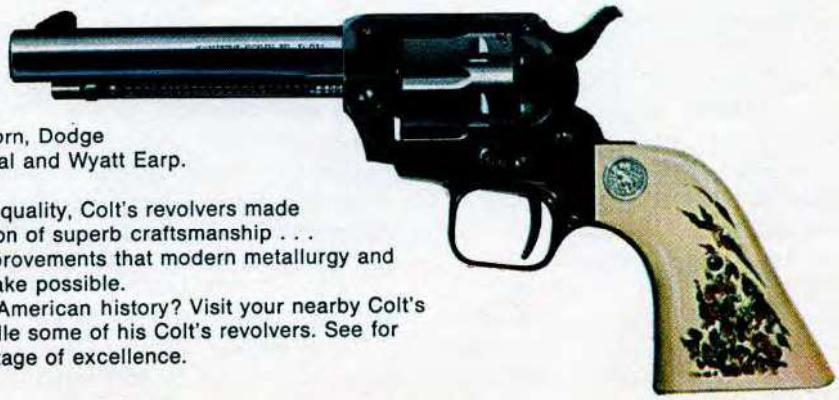
confidence



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it's a man's world

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

PAY THROUGH THAT PRETTY NOSE

Those big tears that tremble on the cheeks of Miss America when she is crowned are not wholly provoked by the outburst of Bert Parks into song or the thrill of being acclaimed the fairest of them all. As the chick paces down the runway, giving off emanations of queenliness, postural skills and inordinate talent, she can hardly keep from choking up over a dastardly decision by the unchivalrous Internal Revenue Service that her prize is subject to withholding and income taxes. The contest business is a business, in the view of the IRS and for that matter of us. The four-year scholarship, new car, gimcracks, fees for posing and modeling and such, are as taxable as Tillie the typist's Friday paycheck. If we can nerve ourself to watch the next televised pageant, we shall feel some sympathy as Miss America Faces Life. Welcome to the company of working stiffs, girlie.

TOUGH DIVORCEES

Death and sickness rates among divorced men in California are about twice as high as the rates for married men. But it isn't so for divorced women. They thrive just about as well as married women. This depressing information was released by Dr. Lester Breslow, director of the state's department of health, and we don't question his statistics. But when he suggests that divorced women do fine because "the evidence indicates that women withstand the adversities of life better than men," we take exception. Divorce may be an adversity, but a trifling one for women compared to men against whom the cards are stacked. Generally the divorced woman gets the family car, house, alimony and perpetual animosity against the guy who pays the high costs of unremitting adversity. If he sickens at a faster than usual rate, what's so surprising? One of the myths of our culture is that it is desperately important to reconcile couples who are determined upon divorce. This myth supports squadrons of largely useless admonishers who try to persuade couples that they don't know their own minds. New York's divorce law provides for compulsory conciliation bureaus that cost taxpayers about $1,000,000 a year. In one district, of 900 couples who filed for divorce, 27 were reconciled—for the time being. We can think of better disposition of the dough, like staying in taxpayers' pockets. We look to England for divorce reform which in several generations may percolate through roadblocks in this country. A bill that stands a good chance of passing Parliament provides for divorce by mutual consent.

SICK FUR

At last the well-informed man has a scientific crusher for the woman who wants a mutation mink coat. Just tell her, "You wouldn't want to wear sick fur, baby." Tell her about Aleutian Blue mink, a pelt of very expensive color which originated when the animal had a mutation and was sick, sick, sick. Besides the exotic color, the mutation produced abnormal blood cells eventually leading to leukemic disease. You needn't mention that the skins aren't in the least dangerous, but you can arouse anxiety and steer her to the section where wool coats are marked down to $29.98.

TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH

Our Frankness Award of the month for honest-statement-that-cost-its-utterer-most-dearly goes to Rep. Sam Steiger of Arizona. He remarked on a television show, "I think there are members of Congress that you wouldn't hire to wheel a wheelbarrow." He got his comeuppance from fellow Congressmen who may be ignorant about wheelbarrows but know a lot about pork barrels. They voted down a transfer of federal land for recreation purposes in Representative Steiger's district.

ON THE SAUCE

Football, hockey and basketball teams are drinking it. Astronauts are drinking it. So is Larry Mahan, a cowboy who sweats a lot in rodeos, and Jerry Ohrbach, perspiring star of the play *Scuba Duba*, and other dripping people we wot not of. Drinking what? Flavored electrolytes called Gatorade, a thirst quencher that originated with the University of Florida football team. Athletes exude a lot of sweat, the poor man's perspiration, and lose salt and other minerals from the body. Plain water doesn't replace these things or get into cells very fast, so water-swigging athletes tend to get waterlogged, and coaches often give them nothing but a lemon to suck on when they're thirsty. Gatorade contains flavoring, sugar and salts, is absorbed in a flash, combats dehydration, and if we read the publicity right, hydraulically energizes athletes to play better than they can, hour after hour. In hot game conditions the drink is largely vented via sweat glands, obviating the need for rows of men's room kiosks around the field. Nobody gave us a sample, and we're not about to spend money for Gatorade as long as we're reasonably satisfied by beverages long familiar to us, but we're told that it tastes good and that there's nothing like it for quenching thirst. As long as Gatorade was their secret weapon, the Florida team may have had an advantage, but now a big food company, Stokely-Van Camp, sells the canned product to institutions everywhere and is beginning to test market for individual consumers. Competitive advantages already seem to be leveling off, what with dozens of coaches putting their boys on the sauce. Both the Green Bay Packers and the Oakland Raiders were Gatorized in the Super Bowl game, and if we remember right, one team didn't win or even tie.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A new type of liquor called "light whisky," aged in previously used containers, will be on the market in 1972.

—THE EDITORS

1968 Chevrolet Impala Station Wagon

Any way you measure it you get a lot more wagon.

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Full-sized Chevrolet wagons are the only ones in their field that give you eight full feet of load length behind the front seat, so you can close the tailgate on long cargos: poles, skis, you name it.

But room alone does not make a winning wagon.

Chevrolet has more "depth"

The deeper you look, the stronger you feel about Chevrolet.

Who else, at the price, gives you independent coil spring suspension, double-cushioned rubber body mounts, all-welded-steel Body by Fisher, protective inner fenders, rocker panels that flush themselves out, counterbalanced double-walled tailgate, acrylic lacquer finish, powerful energizer type battery, the GM-developed energy absorbing steering column?

You've got to drive one

Drive a new Chevrolet wagon. You're going to find it rides surprisingly like a sedan: Exceptionally smooth, incredibly quiet.

And on top of that, people keep telling us how *beautiful* our 1968 wagons are.

Come to think of it, wasn't it the picture that stopped you in the first place?

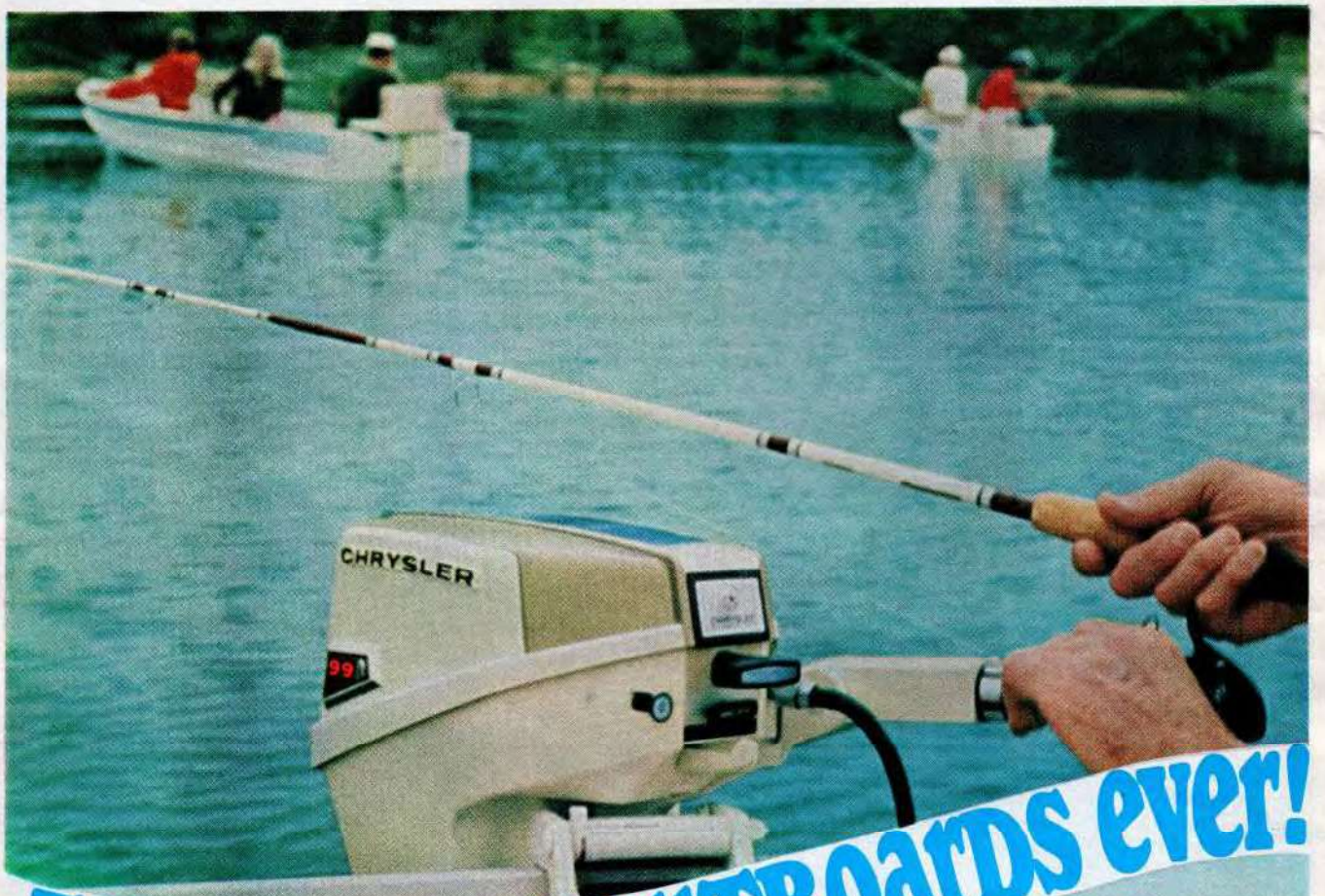
Be smart. Be sure. Buy now at your Chevrolet dealer's.

CHEVROLET

The Chrysler Crew has more that's new! Eight all-new Lo-Profile outboards with more power, light weight, easier operation!

Fishermen, meet the new 9.9, 6.6 and 4.4! Did we say "more power, light weight"? Yes! Our new 9.9 has pushed our 14′ test boat and driver 23 mph (has even pulled a full grown skier); yet it weighs up to 12 lbs. *less* than others in its class. Same for the new 6.6—it pushed our test boat better than 15 mph yet weighs as much as 17 lbs. *less* than others in its class. The 4.4 performs like a 5-hp. engine—pushed the same boat at better than 11 mph; yet it *under*weighs another popular lower horsepower model by 7 lbs.! Deluxe features on all three? Wow!—Lo-Profile Design—fish across the stern, stow anywhere! New Depth-Minder drive! Full gearshift! Stowaway tiller! Weedless leg! Spline Drive props!

And that's not all! There are the lightweight thrifty 3.5 and the completely re-styled and beefed-up Chrysler 20. So, go where the *big* fish are. See the complete line at your dealer's today!



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With Chrysler's new Depth-Minder Drive you easily can adjust your prop to run five inches above normal; then, run and fish in shallow waters without snagging.

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Newsfront
BY ROBERT KATZ

Ever since the fall of the Third Reich the words "Nazi" and "war criminal" have been Siamesed in the world's vocabulary. Thousands of the slaughterers have been run down and brought to justice. Genocide has been — if the thought is conceivable — avenged. But no dragnet, however thorough, however patient, could hope to snare every fugitive from mankind's justice. A statute of limitations is about to bring an end to the chase. As a result, the world is going to let some of

THE NAZI KILLERS GO FREE

TURN PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

■ On Wednesday, December 31, 1969, at a few moments before 7 p.m. Atlantic Standard Time, a slight, dapper, 59-year-old Paraguayan physician will be looking through squinty eyes at the second hand of a clock as it sweeps around the dial.

Some 7,300 miles to the northeast, where at that instant it will be nearly 2 a.m. New Year's Day, 1970, Cairo time, an Egyptian named Al-Nasher will show an equal concern about the time of day.

Simultaneously in Chicago an elderly housewife will celebrate the passing of the 1960's seven hours before the stroke of midnight, Central Standard Time.

Admittedly these are predictions. But they are founded in hard facts, and this is certain: the South American doctor, the man who calls himself Al-Nasher, and the woman in Illinois are representative of a large number of people scattered around the world who have a unique and common interest in that final day of 1969. For when the clock strikes 12 in Germany and the new decade is rung in by the bells of the church towers along the Rhine, an estimated 20,000 ex-Nazis —all of whom are wanted for murder—will be beyond the outermost reaches of the law.

Such are the dictates of a German statute adopted in 1871, which legalizes murder if the criminal can avoid being caught for 20 years.

In the case of the war crimes committed by the Nazis, whose mass murders are already past the deadline, the 97-year-old law has twice been stretched and pushed by the pressure of world opinion, against the will of the vast majority of Germans, who are weary of bearing the burden of guilt.

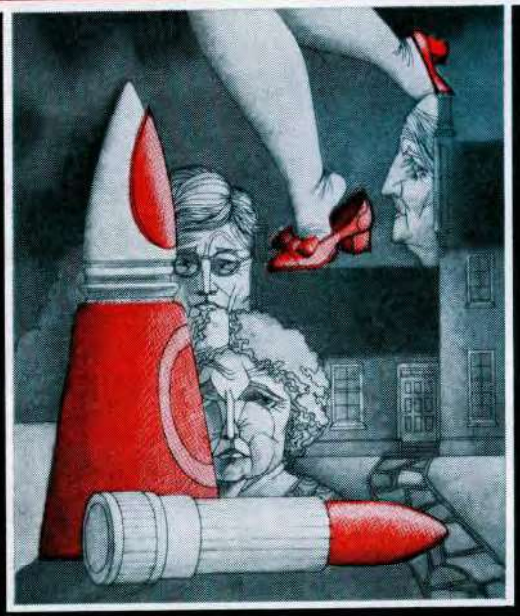
The time limit was pushed ahead for the first time when West Germany's Supreme Court ruled that May 8, 1945—the date of the Nazi surrender—would be considered the start of the 20-year period for all atrocities which had been committed during the war. Then, when 1965 came and the cutoff date of the lengthened statute of limitations finally was scheduled to take hold, world opinion revolted at the thought of granting perpetual immunity to the thousands of war criminals still at large. Rocked by the furor—which included demonstrations in cities on three continents against the end of the time limit—the West German legislature pushed through a bill of dubious legality which extended the deadline to the close of 1969.

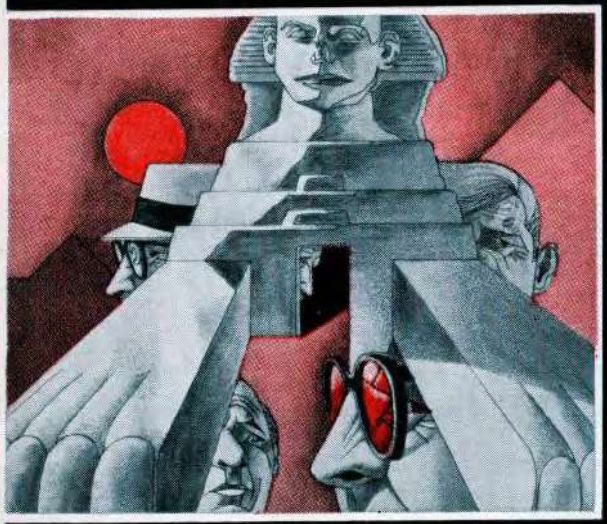
There are no longer any loopholes to squeeze through another extension, short of major revisions of German or international law—processes which at best would take several years. Some who abhor the thought of any Nazi war criminals going unpunished may still hope for a miracle, but in all likelihood, when the last grain of sand falls through the hourglass of the present law, an epoch that will have lasted an entire generation will come to a definitive end.

It was an epoch born in the hearts and minds of outraged men. In the autumn of 1943, as the war-torn world was learning more and more of the horrors being committed by the Nazis, the Allies issued a declaration promising that those responsible for "atrocities, massacres, and executions will be sent back to the countries in which their abominable deeds were done in order that they may be judged and punished. . . ."

After the Germans had been defeated, the Big Four—the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and France—set up the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg and other courts to try the Nazi criminals. The charter of the Tribunal defined a war criminal as anyone guilty of: (1) planning or waging aggressive warfare; (2) violating the laws and customs of war, including ill-treatment of civilians and P.O.W.'s; and (3) crimes against humanity (murder, extermination, enslavement, persecution, or other inhuman acts

FOR AN ANXIOUS, GUILT-RIDDEN QUARTER CENTURY, AN ODD ASSORTMENT OF HITLER'S CRIMINAL GANG HAS WAITED FOR TIME TO RUN OUT...





that might have been perpetrated against any civilian population).

War-crimes trials were opened in countries throughout the European continent. But it had never been Allied policy to attempt to apprehend *all* Nazi criminals. Trials of ringleaders were to serve justice as a warning to would-be aggressors. By the end of 1948, the Big Four had discontinued prosecutions in occupied Germany, disbanding the courts. Trials were continued in individual countries that had suffered under Nazi domination, but the year 1955 saw the last of these proceedings, with only a few exceptions. This left West Germany the only country officially committed to hunting down Nazis on a significant scale. And because West Germany had the law and facilities to permit prosecution, other Nazi hunters generally have carried on their investigations in cooperation with the Bonn authorities in the years since.

To be sure, Israel, whose immigrant nation had been relatively most victimized by the Third Reich, has no statute of limitations on major crimes. But unlike West Germany, the tiny Jewish state has no Nazi population in hiding. It has succeeded in trying but a single Nazi, Adolf Eichmann, who had to be kidnapped to bring him there. Since then, Israel has shown little interest in pursuing war criminals on its own, and also has preferred to leave prosecutions to the Germans.

The Germans, in turn, would have preferred to drop the whole matter. In 1965, when the statute of limitations apparently was going to expire, the Bonn Ministry of Justice issued a special report giving the worldwide box scores on 20 years of Nazi chasing. The figures stood as follows:

卐 The Four-Power International Military Tribunal had convicted 19 major war criminals. Working separately, U.S. occupational forces had sent 1,517 to prison or the gallows, the British 700, the French 2,107, and the Russians 24,065.

卐 Other European countries that had been Nazi prey had sentenced about 33,000 more.

卐 In the divided territory of the former Reich, that is West and East Germany, the Bonn Republic ran a poor second with 6,100 convictions as opposed to the East's 12,807. But Bonn claimed it had proceedings pending against 13,000 additional suspects.

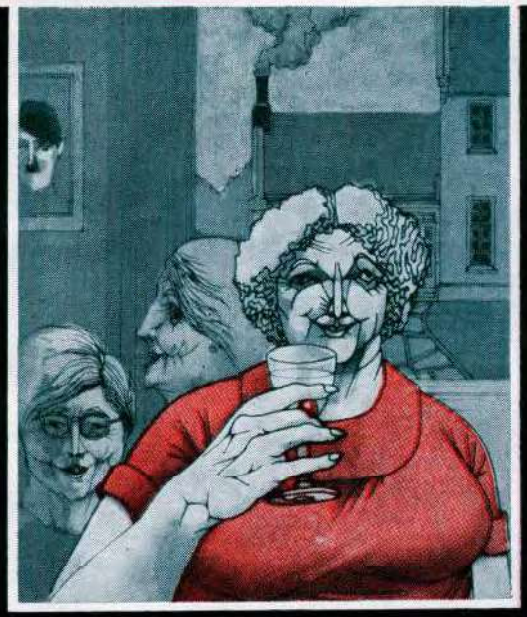
All told, the roundup concluded, "some 80,000 Germans were sentenced for having committed war crimes or National Socialist crimes."

If the Ministry's 66-page report was intended to convince the non-German world that justice already had been served and that the expiration of the statute of limitations was scarcely worth anyone's attention, it did not work. The figures were deceptive. Of the 80,000 convicted Nazis, about 85 percent had been captured and tried in the East, which by and large had given up the chase. And it was a well-known fact, denied by no one, that the majority of war criminals were in the West, having fled there at the end of the war to escape the onrushing Red Army.

At a minimum, 37,000 Nazi murder suspects had gone unapprehended. Of this number, an estimated 12,000 would have died of natural causes. This left in 1965 a net total of 25,000 wanted for murder who would have gone scot-free on the cutoff date.

A shocked world wouldn't let Bonn get away with it. After heated debate, the West German Bundestag reset the clock for a final four-and-a-half years. Now that cutoff date is drawing ominously close. Thus when the clock strikes midnight at the end of next year, the chances are that about 20,000 men and women like Al Nasher (formerly Leopold Gleim, Gestapo chief of [*Continued on page* 96]

TODAY, A FORGIVING JUSTICE, TIRED OF THE HUNT, IS ABOUT TO PERMIT A TAINTED AMNESTY FOR THESE AGING ACCESSORIES OF THE NAZI MURDER APPARATUS



Red Sox Manager Dick Williams— CAN HE DO IT AGAIN?

Williams expresses himself with graphic gestures. Here he gives an erring pitcher crystal-clear directions to "keep that ball down."

Sports
BY AL HIRSHBERG

Last year he led his long-shot team to the American League pennant and within a game of World Series glory. But last year he was shot with luck. Will this year be different? Or is it true, as he says, that he makes no mistakes?

BOSTON

■ On the day after the 1967 World Series ended, Dick Williams, the 38-year-old manager of the Boston Red Sox, was driving with coach Bobby Doerr from Fenway Park to his apartment in suburban Peabody. Suddenly, he turned the car around and headed back to the ball park.

"What's the matter?" Doerr asked.

"We forgot Ricky," Williams said.

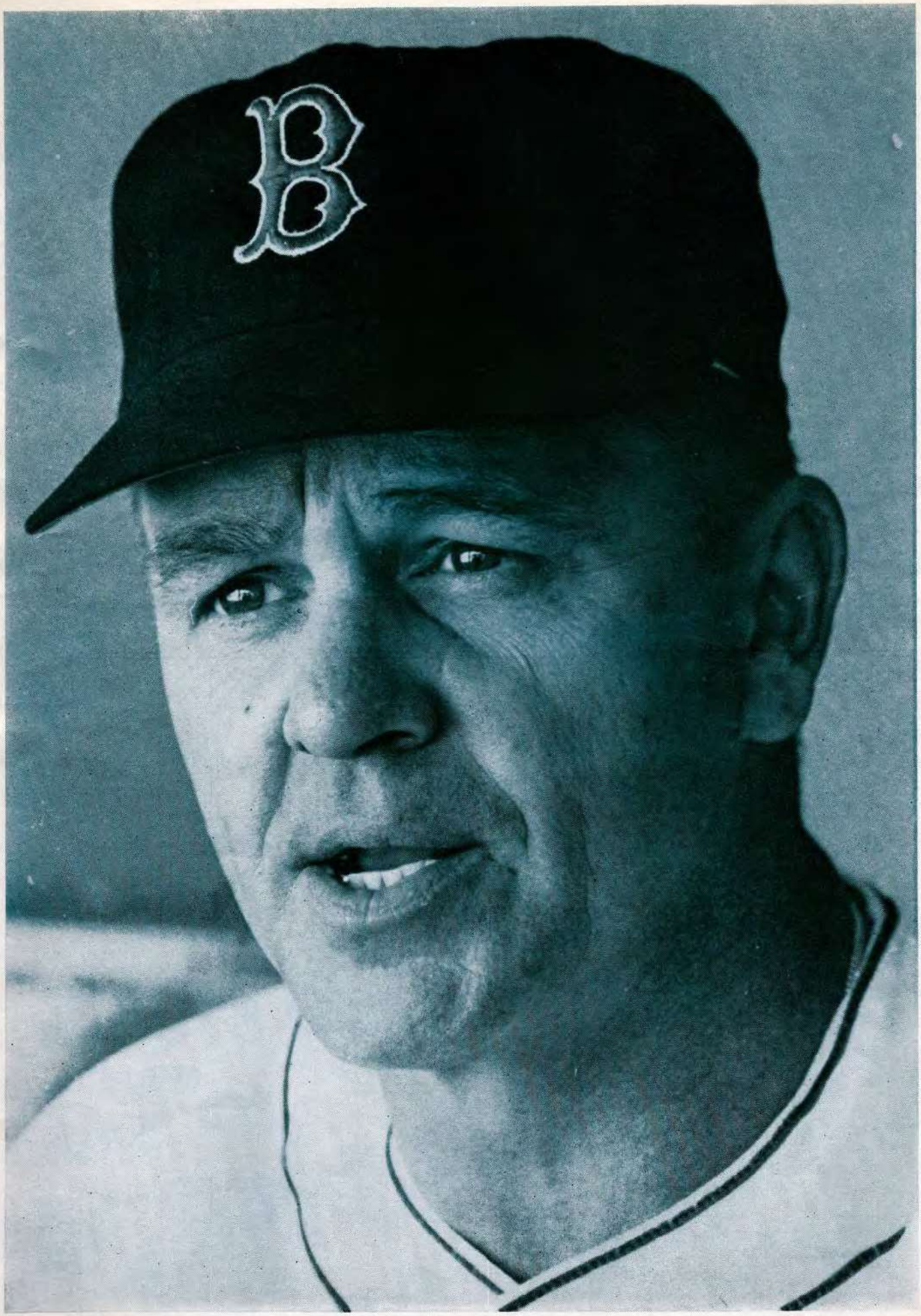
Ricky, his 10-year-old son, hadn't even missed him. The boy was calmly watching the ground crew at work on the field when Williams returned to take him home.

Leaving Ricky behind that day was about the only mistake Williams made in the most incredible year baseball has ever known. He couldn't have done much else wrong, for he transformed a 100-1-shot ball club into a last-day pennant winner and carried the highly-favored St. Louis Cardinals to the full seven games before losing the World Series.

For Williams, his Cinderella ball club, and Red Sox supporters all over New England, Boston's first pennant in 21 years was a soul-satisfying triumph. For the rest of the country, which had adopted the underdog Red Sox as sentimental favorites, it was a historic victory comparable to that of the Bobby Thomson Giants of 1951.

Dick Williams, architect of the 1967 Red Sox and the American League's manager-of-the-year, emerged not only as the best of a bumper crop of surprisingly successful new managers, but as the most colorful: Frank, funny, bold and talkative. Yet, before the season began, this youngest, least-known manager was considered the most unlikely to succeed. Behind him was a nondescript big-league playing career and two years of minor-league managerial experience. Under him was a ball club more famous for its play off the field than on. Ahead of him, according to nearly every baseball observer in the country, was a repeat of the 1966 ninth-place finish, after which would come oblivion. Williams was the sixth Red Sox manager in eight years and the other five were never heard of again.

The ballplayers had broken them all. Liquor, women, cards, horses, dogs, toy racing cars, [*Continued on page* 77]



Men at War
BY WILLIAM TUOHY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB GRANT

The man at the right (look closely, he's there) is a U.S. Navy SEAL. He is one of the most complete fighters we've ever trained. In Viet Nam, he may parachute into action—or come ashore like a frogman. Wherever he lands,

He Waits To Kill

■ "The secret of this kind of work," said the lean, tow-headed young officer in dappled-green combat fatigues, "is being able to control yourself—going hours or even days without speaking or smoking, not rattling equipment, and remaining cool and calm no matter what comes up.

"It's not a job for everyone," added Lieut. Jr. Grade Ted Grabowsky, a 26-year-old team leader in the "SEALS"—the U.S. Navy's Sea-Air-Land commandolike forces. "A jumpy person doesn't last long on these patrols. But it's a great challenge and we wouldn't be here unless we wanted to be. We're all volunteers."

Lieutenant Grabowsky had just returned from leading a small long-range reconnaissance patrol deep inside South Viet Nam's notorious Rung Sat Zone, a dense tangle of mangrove swamp, more water than land, southeast of Saigon.

The members of small long-range patrol teams have become some of the best and most tenacious guerrilla fighters in the world—operating from the morass of the Rung Sat, where the low-lying Delta plain meets the brackish waters of the South China Sea, to the rugged, jungle-covered razorback mountains along the Laotian border to the north. These patrols have become an essential weapon in the U.S. arsenal, a hole card in the deadly game of dirty tricks.

Besides the Navy's SEALS, whose members are qualified both as frogmen and as parachutists, there are similar groups in the other services. The Army operates teams variously known as LARPS or LURPS, phonetic forms of the initials L.R.R.P., for Long-Range Reconnaissance Patrol. The Marines call their patrols simply "recon" teams. "Delta" teams do the same kind of work for the Army's Special Forces—the "Green Berets"—which also operate the top-secret SOG. This Special Operations Group conducts highly classified missions outside of South Viet Nam in Laos and, sometimes, in North Viet Nam.

The military services have always had standard recon-

A practice patrol begins at dawn for SEALS in training (above). They carry M-1's and M-14's here, rather than the M-16's used in actual operations. Below, a group listens as an instructor demonstrates how to handle enemy prisoners. Capturing Viet Cong for interrogation is a valuable part of the SEALS' behind-the-lines intelligence missions.

Deep in enemy country they harass the Cong and deal sudden death

Their main objective is to get close to the enemy and remain undetected, but SEALS often shoot as well. Here a patrol member fires from ambush at a passing riverboat.

naissance outfits which have been used in previous wars. But what is new in Viet Nam is the way they operate. In the fixed-front combat of the two World Wars and Korea, occasional forays were made across no-man's land to gain intelligence about the enemy. Viet Nam, with no fixed fronts, is somewhat similar to the Civil War and the Indian War, with scout teams ranging far from base camps in every direction.

Essentially, today's long-range teams in Southeast Asia have adapted Viet Cong tactics: they travel light; they are prepared to remain in the jungle for days at a time; they capitalize on surprise and mobility, and they try to work as close to the enemy as possible. Despite the different names, the long-range teams are generally similar in makeup and mission. They usually consist of four to six men, "inserted" by helicopter deep in enemy-controlled areas with orders to make observations and bring back intelligence for the higher command to act upon.

On perhaps 75 percent of the missions, the recon teams do just that. They lie quietly along jungle or mountain trails, taking notes on enemy movements and counting numbers, then fading away to a predetermined rendezvous where they are "extracted" by helicopter.

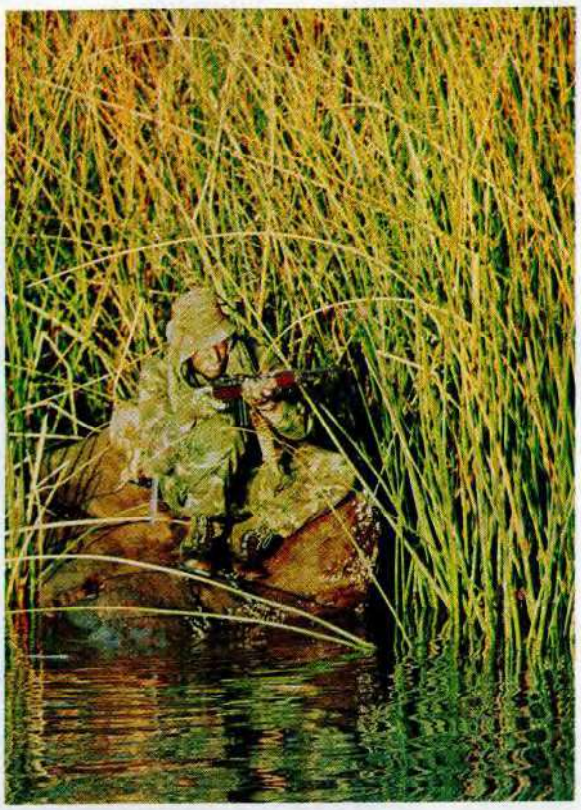
Generally they try to avoid making contact during a patrol, because if they are discovered by the North Vietnamese or Viet Cong, their usefulness is ended. But some daring missions are designed to ambush the enemy—to hit hard and unexpectedly and get away fast. On others the men will observe the foe long enough to assemble an accurate picture of the force and direction of their movement, then call in artillery or air strikes on the enemy positions.

There is still another variation: the terror team. The job of this deadly patrol group is to find a vulnerable enemy unit—perhaps stragglers or lookouts—and assassinate them, giving the Viet Cong a taste of their own medicine.

The total number of long-range men in Viet Nam amounts to perhaps 3,000 highly trained specialists. Curiously, many of them feel that they are safer in recon work than in ordinary

With cunning and savagery they beat the Cong at his own game

A key part of the "uniform" is camouflage makeup, here being applied to a SEAL before he sets out on a training exercise.



Barely visible among the reeds beside a river, a SEAL waits and watches. He is trained to remain still for hours—even in crocodile-infested waters.

combat outfits. They reason that the patrols have the initiative and are trained to deal with any situation.

"The recon teams are the eyes and ears of the commander," says a Marine colonel. "We want the intelligence they bring back. Occasionally we send them on Sneaky Pete missions—ambush, demolition, terror or, most important, trying to capture prisoners for interrogation. In a guerrilla war, good intelligence is the most important and most difficult thing to obtain. With good intelligence, you win the war."

Though they belong to different services, the members of long-range reconnaissance teams are similar in the distinctive look of their combat uniforms and equipment. While the average soldier is weighted down with a steel helmet, armored vest, heavy pack and bandoliers of ammunition, the long-range men dress lightly and rather dashingly in soft hats and "tiger suit" uniforms—so-called because of the striping—carry sawed-off M-16 automatic rifles and light packs. All metal fastenings on their web gear are taped for silence.

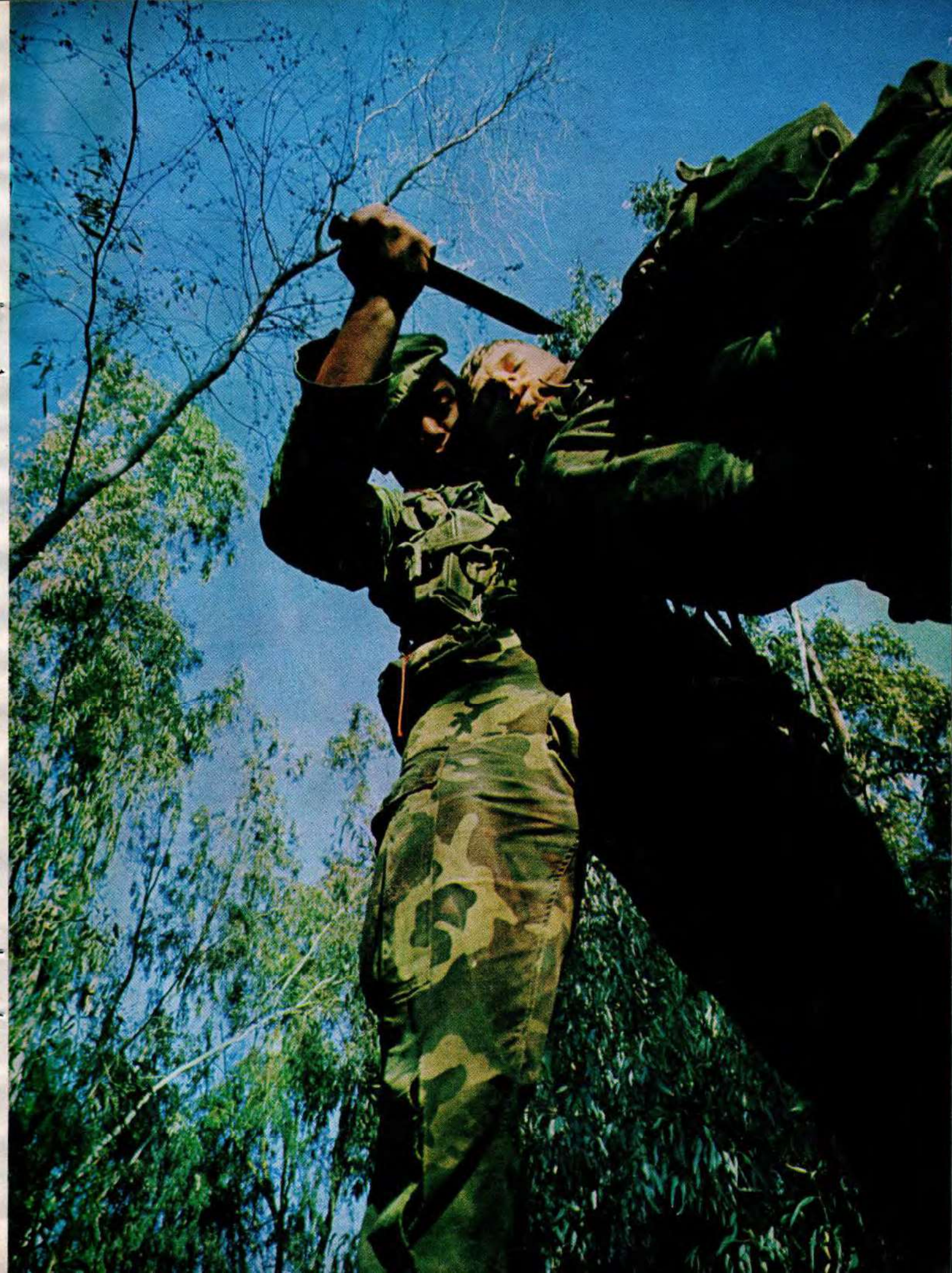
Perhaps the most intensively trained of all the recon teams in Viet Nam are the SEALS, who perform many missions in Southeast Asia. Today their main target is the Rung Sat which for years has been a Viet Cong stronghold virtually at Saigon's doorstep. The SEALS operate from a ramshackle base at Nha Be, 10 miles south of the capital. The base also houses a section of the PBR river patrol boats, as well as "Seawolf" rocket-firing helicopters which are often deployed in support of the SEALS.

A wooden sign nailed to the trunk of a large banyan tree mockingly hints at the SEALS' many-sided role:

"Welcome to the Nha Be Summer Resort. For your pleasure we provide *Swimming Facilities*—delightful frolics under the ships in the harbor. *Boating excursions*—try one of our famous moonlight cruises down the river. *Camping Trips*—Enjoy a night out in the open air as you sit comfortably and companionably beside a trail or a stream."

Before he even gets to Nha Be, a SEAL undergoes a stiff training course. Every applicant must take the 16-week [*Continued on page* 70]

If killing the Cong is necessary, SEALS are trained to do it silently and swiftly with the Kabar knife as demonstrated here.



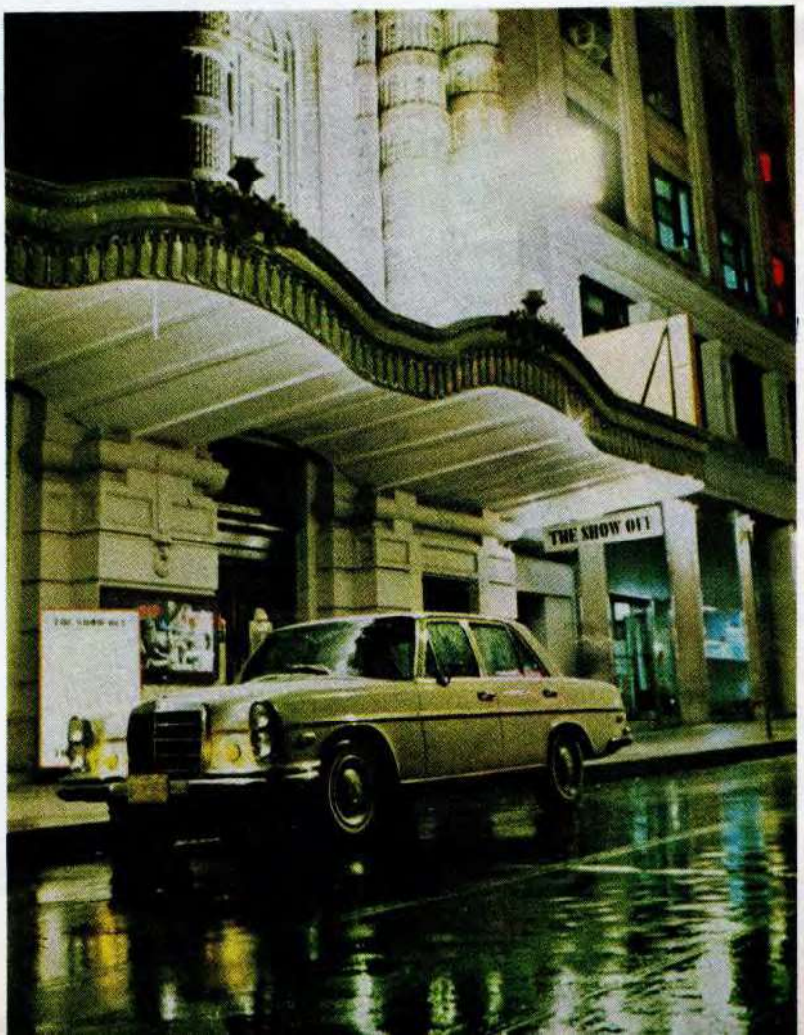
↑ **SAAB 96** is painstakingly built Swede. Has dual circuit braking system divided diagonally. Ninety-one cu. in., V-4 front-drive engine has 73 hp. $2295 P.O.E.

MERCEDES-BENZ 250-S is entirely new for '68. Economical 150 cu. in. engine has overhead cam, develops 146 hp. You pay for precise workmanship, not power. $5897 P.O.E. ↓

Psst, Detroit! Some foreign beauties are gaining on you (again)...

Never before have so many Americans bought so many non-American cars. While the U. S. product sells only indifferently well, imports set new records every year. What is the unique appeal of the foreign car? What can Detroit do to counter it?

■ America is a land in which if you can sell a million of something which costs $2,000 apiece, you've not only got a helluva annual business for yourself, but you've also probably got competitors like a dog has fleas. Strangely, however, the U.S. auto industry can't quite seem to stamp out a bunch of foreign fleas who, by this year or next, are looking forward to selling at least a million cars in this country every year. Needless to say, hard-nosed busi-



↑ **ROVER 2000 TC** is superbly engineered Briton, comfortable and ultrasafe with 4-wheel disk brakes. 121 cu. in., overhead cam, 4-cylinder engine puts out 124 hp. $4198 P.O.E.

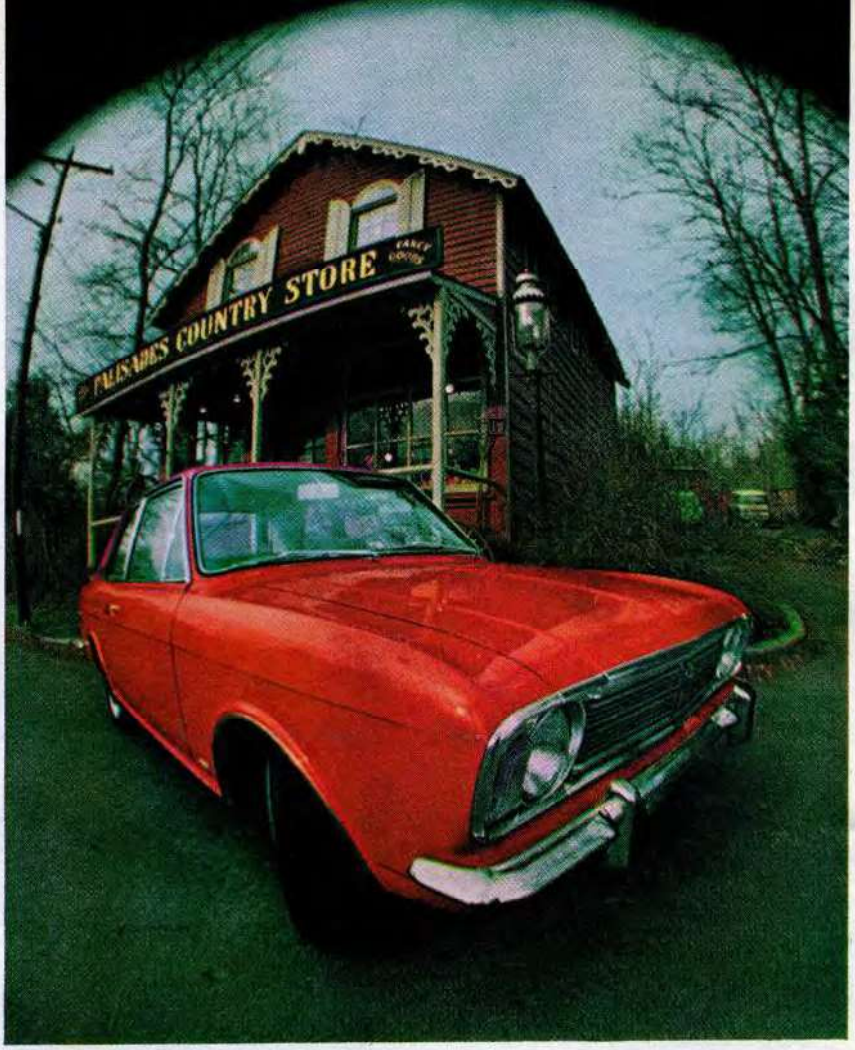
VOLVO 144S continues marque's reputation for toughness. Seating comfort is outstanding. Front-disk brakes. Rugged 109 cu. in., 4-cylinder engine develops 115 hp. $3095 P.O.E. ↓

Automotive

BY RALPH STEIN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY TOM BURNSIDE

It may be only a sedan but if it's made overseas, it has a certain sporty air



↑ **FORD CORTINA GT** is American-looking, roomy, with ample luggage space. Four-cylinder, 98 cu. in. engine develops 88 hp. Four-speed manual transmission. $2363.33 P.O.E.

GM OPEL RALLYE KADETT is a sharp performer with stripes, fog lights, racy wheels, power brakes. Four-cylinder, 91 cu. in. engine delivers 67 hp. $2284 P.O.E. ↓

BMW 1600 Meticulously constructed 100 mph. sporting sedan has 4-wheel independent suspension; disk brakes in front; 96 hp. overhead ↓ cam, 96 cu. in., 4-cylinder engine. $2597 P.O.E.

CITROEN DS 21 has automatic leveling ↑ hydropneumatic suspension, supreme comfort, disk brakes forward. Four-cylinder, 133 cu. in., hemi-head engine produces 109 hp. $3787 P.O.E.

TOYOTA CORONA two-door hardtop will exceed 90 mph., go from zero to 60 mph. in 16 seconds, has roomy reclining front bucket seats, 90 hp., 4-cylinder, 116 cu. in. engine. $1995 P.O.E. ↓

nessmen in Detroit don't really like to see Americans spending two billion bucks with the feller down the street.

It was a little bit like this in 1959 when 614,000 imported cars were sold in the U.S. (about 10 percent of the market that year). Then Detroit decided enough was enough and came out with its own compacts. By 1962, with Falcon, Corvair and Valiant selling well, imports were knocked back to 340,000 sales. But Detroit has a way of escalating away from the compact or economy concept of things. The small, low-priced American cars were soon no longer small or low-priced. And the imports came marching back: 773,000 in 1967; maybe 850,000 this year.

TURN PAGE

↑ **VOLKSWAGEN 1500** is now available with automatic transmission. Seats have built-in headrests. Air-cooled, 91 cu. in., 4-cylinder engine delivers 53 hp. $1695. Station wagon has posh new body, wraparound windshield picture windows, new suspension for better road-holding. $2499 P.O.E.

PEUGEOT 404 This rugged job that won the East Africa Safari Rally can now also be had with automatic transmission. Four-cylinder, 99 cu. in. engine has 80 hp. $2699 P.O.E. ↓

Variety, economy and romance—the imported car offers all of these

↑ **FIAT 124** is roomy, has surefooted Italian road manners, disk brakes on all wheels, never needs grease job. Seventy-three cu. in., 4-cylinder engine puts out 65 hp. $1798 P.O.E.

Why? How? Let's take a look at the newest crop of imported cars—the 1968 models—and find the answers. And let's not talk about wild, exotic sports cars like Lamborghinis or Aston-Martins. Let's just look at basic transportation—sedans—the cars that account for 95 percent of sales in the United States.

In many ways, 1968 may be a crucial year. First of all, it is the first year in which the imports had to conform to rigid new U.S. laws on safety and exhaust-gas emissions. Many in Detroit felt these requirements would knock some of the foreign firms out of the U.S. market. To the contrary, all of the leading [*Continued on page* 94]

RENAULT R-10 has 4-wheel disk brakes and independent suspension all around. Autotransmission available. Four-cylinder, 68 cu. in. rear ↓ engine puts out 48 hp. $1745 P.O.E.

DATSUN PL 510 Four-cylinder, 96 cu. in. engine now has overhead camshaft, delivers 96 hp. Automatic transmission optional. With manual gearshift, $1996, P.O.E. →

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SHORE

Inferno At Sea

The two burning tankers were a wall of flame. The fireboat's job was to force them apart—and save the harbor of New York

Adventure

BY ROBERT A. LISTON

■ The black smoke began as a comma in the western sky, then rose quickly into a huge exclamation point bending in the onshore breeze. Thousands of New Yorkers saw it, but none was more interested than the crew of the city fireboat *Governor Alfred E. Smith*. The men gathered at the edge of the *Smith's* pier in Brooklyn, talking quietly but animatedly about the probable origin of the black cloud.

Lt. Robert Summerbell, who was commanding the *Smith* that day, stood near his 10 men, but he was silent as he stared across the water, his legs braced, in the manner of boatmen, to hold steady his five feet seven and 160 pounds. Summerbell was living proof that firemen age quickly. He was only 45, but 20 years of fighting fires had left him a little stoop shouldered, a little paunchy, and had lined his leathery face with deep wrinkles.

He read the smoke with an experienced eye and did not like what he saw. The pall, true black and dense, meant some kind of petroleum fire—gasoline, perhaps, or fuel oil. He had fought a dozen or more major oil fires through the years and had learned to dread them. The heat was intense, the flames heavy, the smoke unbearable. An oil fire seemed to get worse the longer it burned, so whatever firemen could do had to be done quickly, in hard, body-sapping labor. The fireman's chief weapon, water, was usually of limited value, unless transformed to fog or foam. Oil floated atop it and continued to burn, and instead of dousing the flames, water often spread them. Just looking at the huge, fast-rising cloud made Summerbell's palms sweat. He could tell it was a bad fire, real bad.

He tried to judge the distance. Since the fire was itself below the horizon, he figured it was four, five miles away. That would make it the gasoline tank farm on the docks of Bayonne, New Jersey, or maybe a tanker in the Kill van Kull, the 500-foot-wide channel separating New Jersey from New York City's Staten Island. Ship collisions were common there.

If it was either a tanker or the tank farm, the *Smith* was certain to be called. The closest fireboat would be the *Firefighter*, berthed at Staten Island, only a couple of miles from the probable fire site, but the *Smith* was hardly two miles farther. The *McKean* lay six to eight miles away at the tip of Manhattan, but that, too, might be called. The three boats would make an awesome array of fire equipment. The *Firefighter* was the world's largest fireboat, with eight five-inch monitor pipes capable of pumping 20,000 gallons of water a minute on a fire. The *McKean* was almost as large, while the *Smith*, only tug size, could still throw 8,000 gallons a minute through five three-inch monitors.

When the alarm bells rang Summerbell shouted, "It's a go," and 11 pairs of feet ran for the *Smith*. The hawsers were flipped off, and the twin diesel engines eased the boat away from the dock and into its best speed.

Summerbell and the *Smith* were 20 minutes away from one of the worst fires in the history of the Port of New York. About 2 p.m. on June 16, 1966, a 16,000-ton British tanker, the *Alva Cape*, bearing 4 million gallons of naphtha, had steamed through the Narrows and turned westward into the Kill van Kull. Deep in the channel it had collided with an outbound American tanker, the 25,000-ton *Texaco Massachusetts*.

Both ships had backed off about 300 feet, dropped their anchors and stopped their engines. But the damage was done.

Inferno At Sea

Naphtha poured through a 30-foot gash in the *Alva Cape's* side. Refined from petroleum, naphtha is widely used as an industrial solvent and cleaning fluid, even though it is so inflammable it is also widely sold as cigarette lighter fluid. Hundreds of thousands of gallons of it gushed from the *Alva Cape* and floated over the water, surrounding both tankers and the two tugs accompanying them. On each ship the crew could see and smell the rising fumes. They were so thick they were visible as a swelling gray mist over the water.

The spark to set them off was not long in coming. Tied into the *Texaco Massachusetts* was the diesel tug *Latin America*. It had backed the *Texaco Massachusetts* away from the *Alva Cape*, then stopped, its engines idling. Suddenly they began to spin faster as they sucked in the naphtha fumes through the air intake system. In seconds they were racing far beyond their designed limit, and in a scream of speed they exploded. Flames burst over the *Latin America*, enveloped the naphtha-splashed bow of the *Texaco Massachusetts* and shot over the water. They swarmed around the tug *Esso Vermont*, which lay between the two tankers, and it exploded thunderously. Then the *Alva Cape* itself erupted into flame. Oily black smoke burst up to turn midday into midnight.

Men on each ship perished in that instant, some burned beyond recognition. Those who survived the initial rush of the fire could only jump into the flaming waters. The swimmers and the men with life jackets floundered to the docks 100 yards away, or remained floating in the fiery water, burned, sickened by naphtha, until they were picked up by helicopters or by the armada of Coast Guard, police, pleasure and tugboats which raced to the scene.

Even as the survivors abandoned their ships, they witnessed a strange sight. Perhaps it was only the tide and the wind, but the crewless, incandescent *Alva Cape* started to come after the ship which had rammed her. Slowly, seemingly intent on a horrible revenge, the *Alva Cape* began to pivot her 546-foot length on her anchor, swinging her stern inexorably to port until she turned almost full circle and came to rest against the 604-foot *Texaco Massachusetts*. The wreck of the tug *Esso Vermont* was wedged between the bows. There the tankers floated, bow to bow, stern to stern—every inch burning.

The *Alva Cape's* fire came from deep within her, blowing hatches and turning the deck red. The *Texaco Massachusetts* had only a surface fire, as the naphtha ignited her paint, lifeboats and fixtures. But this ship posed a monstrous threat. Hours before, her cargo of high octane gasoline had been pumped out, leaving her tanks loaded with explosive fumes. In that heat it seemed only a matter of seconds till the *Texaco Massachusetts* blew.

Clearly, the Port of New York faced a major disaster. The furiously burning ships lay lengthwise in the narrow channel. If the *Texaco Massachusetts* exploded, it could easily shoot flames over the shorelines, send red-hot metal fragments into the huge gasoline reservoirs on the tank farm, and even endanger the Bayonne Bridge, which was only a short distance to the east.

As the *Smith* entered the Kill van Kull, Summerbell climbed to the deck atop the pilothouse, where firemen Gerard Hogan and Gene Drohosky were stationed at their monitor pipes. This was the highest point on the ship, and it gave the best view. Dead ahead was the huge *Firefighter*, her screws churning the water violently. Gradually the *Smith* came up behind, and the two fireboats raced in formation toward the fire.

In awe, Summerbell stared at what they had come to fight. Never had he seen such a fire. Two big ships lying alongside each other and spurting fire from waterline to masthead. No part of them was spared as they floated in a cradle of flaming waters which were already licking toward the shorelines not far off. Great sheets of orange, yellow and blue flames burst off the decks and reached as high as a 10-story building. Masses of smoke billowed hundreds of feet into the air, while ash and soot fell back as black rain. It was an inferno that turned day into darkness, then lit the darkness with its own hellish light.

"My God," said Hogan, "would you look at that?"

Great dread gripped Summerbell, then mingled with professional resignation. He and his men would do what had to be done.

As the *Smith* pushed closer, Summerbell saw the flotilla of small boats clustered around the hulls, with men squirting water at the fire from handlines, like gnats attacking a giant jet bomber. The amateur fire fighters were brave, but futile. This was a job for the pros. With the *Firefighter*, the *McKean* and the *Smith* working together, something might be done about this holocaust.

Then the radio blatted, and Summerbell dropped down inside the pilothouse to catch the orders. The *Firefighter* was being pulled back. It was to go to Staten Island to pick up reinforcements from land companies. Summerbell said nothing as he watched the big boat turn and head for shore, and no expression registered on his face. But with the *Firefighter* temporarily out of action and the *McKean* not yet arrived, his was the only piece of apparatus ready to fight the fire.

The *Smith* closed to within a couple of hundred yards of the tankers. The fireboat was already swept by smoke, and Summerbell could feel the heat of the flames. Then came the radioed order from a battalion chief cruising overhead in a helicopter, "Go between the ships. Protect the exposed."

The lieutenant expected nothing else. The tankers had to be separated and water poured on the exposed *Texaco Massachusetts* to [*Continued on page* 84]

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

the men who dig for green gold

They call themselves wildcrafters and they roam the woodlands looking for rare plants to sell to medicine and industry. But the money's not the main thing—it's the freedom

■ George Bryant of Versailles, Kentucky, was wandering through the mountains with a trowel and a sack when the gleam of bright green leaves sprinkled with red berries under a stand of beech trees made him catch his breath. No prospector at the sight of gold could have been more tense than Bryant, for he knew he had found a virgin stand of ginseng. The root of the herb, valued in medicine, sells for $24 a pound, and a patch like this might be worth several hundred dollars. With trembling fingers he began to dig into the ground.

"I had nearly filled my sack when I heard the snap of a dry twig behind me," Bryant recalls. "My heart stopped beating. The bushes were parting and I saw the dangerous end of a double-barreled shotgun and a pair of dark eyes watching me.

"I'd seen the man once or twice before. He was a half-crazy mountaineer who lived by hunting, fishing and selling valuable herbs. I knew he'd already killed one man. Every second I expected to feel that charge of buckshot in my chest. I reached for the sack, but the man raised his gun and I dropped it. A step at a time, I backed away. Some of the 'seng roots tumbled out of the sack, and when he saw those he forgot about me. I hated to leave those precious roots, because you don't find a bed like that often. But neither does a man have many lives. I never went back."

George Bryant is one of thousands of "wildcrafters" who collect herbs for sale to the big botanical houses. There are hundreds of herbs, each with its own special properties, used in making medicines and in industry. These herbs are found in every state, some so common they are worth only a few cents, while others bring several dollars a pound. Not only is collecting herbs remunerative for the wildcrafter, but the health and well-being of multitudes of people depend on him. If you've ever taken a prescription containing digitalis, used a tannic acid compound for sunburn, cleared out bugs with an insecticide based on hellebore, drunk a glass of sarsaparilla or used a

witch-hazel shaving lotion, it's because some wildcrafter found the necessary herbs. Forty-seven percent of all prescriptions contain a drug of natural origin. Because of medical and industrial demand, $300 million worth of herbs are sold every year in the United States.

Herb gathering was once done mainly by country people, but now many city and suburban wildcrafters spend their weekends looking for profitable herbs. Clint Ishman, who lives at Baxter, Pennsylvania, near the Allegheny National Forest, complained to me, "The best time to find ginseng is in the autumn when the red berries show, but now every fall carloads of people come pouring up here looking for 'seng. In the last few years, I've made more money digging mayapple in the early spring [mayapple is worth about 20 cents a pound and is used in certain medicines as a cathartic]. It's the first plant up and the deer eat off the leaves, so I always look for stems. Mayapple doesn't bring much, but it's a common plant and easy to find. I do better digging mayapple than trying to find 'seng."

Mayapple is a low-growing plant, looking somewhat like a small umbrella. It is found everywhere in the United States, usually in woods, and has a small, white flower. Ginseng is a northern plant, although it has been found in Georgia and Alabama in hilly areas. It grows in woods, most often on the north side of hills—but like gold, ginseng is where you find it. It seems to like wild, inaccessible regions where big timber such as hickory and beech provide shade for it. These areas are also the places where

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLENGER

moonshiners set up their stills. Moonshiners don't discriminate between ginseng hunters and revenue agents —a rather disturbing factor which tends to keep the price of the root high.

Ginseng's scientific name is *Panax quinquefolium*, the *panax* meaning that it's a panacea for all earthly ailments, which, of course, it is not. The root is said to resemble the shape of a man, a comparison which has given it a prominent place in folklore. There's a good deal of dispute about its medical value, although in Europe it is used in many face creams, vitamin tablets and tonics. Its main market is the Orient, where the ginseng root is considered a sure cure for waning sexual powers.

If you decide to go in for gathering herbs, you always have the chance of making a big strike. Frank Le Masters of Londonderry, Ohio, who is the biggest herb dealer in the state, wrote me, "Sometimes a digger will find a big patch of a currently valuable herb and make $70 or $75 in an hour or so." But Mr. Le Masters stresses that you have to know herbs—and be lucky.

Sometimes a wildcrafter can make even more. George Bryant told me, "I was working a section in Anderson County, Kentucky, and although I'd been in the field since early morning I'd only dug a few 24-cent roots. Then about a mile from the Kentucky River I began prospecting some cliffs near the head of a series of hollows. A crafter can tell by the slope of the land, the kind of trees, the drainage and richness of the soil, about where to look for paying plants. I came on some big beds [*Continued on page* 88]

Happy hunting grounds for health-herb hunters

the day a dirigible stood on its head

Tied down by its nose, the giant Los Angeles was at the mercy of a freakish wind

■ In the summer of 1926, the biggest thing in American aviation—in popular appeal as well as size—was the U.S. Navy's dirigible *Los Angeles*.

This giant, cigar-shaped Zeppelin had been built two years earlier by Germany as a World War I reparations payment to the United States. In flight the airship looked majestic and serene. But, like all dirigibles, it could be balky and difficult to manage on the ground, especially when being docked or undocked in a cross-hangar wind. To keep ground handling to a minimum, therefore, the Navy had adopted a British technique of mooring the ship to a "high mast" instead of docking it in a hangar. Secured by its nose to a 160-foot-tall tower, the *Los Angeles* floated in captive flight above its home base, New Jersey's Lakehurst Naval Air Station.

A watch was maintained on board whose job it was to "fly" the airship at the mast. Subject to gusts, wind shifts and thermals, the dirigible had to be kept in near-equilibrium. The controls were manned, water was pumped aboard through the mast top and into ballast bags, and crew members were sent scurrying fore and aft along the catwalk inside the ship's hull to change the distribution of weight.

Normally these measures were adequate to keep the ship under control. One July day in 1926, however, they failed dramatically.

On that day the *Los Angeles* was moored facing into a light breeze from the west northwest. About 20 officers and men were on board. Standing the command watch in the control car was T.G.W. Settle, a lieutenant who seven years later would set a world's altitude record of 61,237 feet in a stratosphere balloon. But at 2 in the afternoon on this particular day, Settle wasn't thinking about ballooning. His mind was on the increasing bumpiness and instability of the air as it became heated by the sun. And he was very much concerned about the possible effects of the sea breeze moving in toward Lakehurst from the Atlantic Ocean 15 miles to the east. He could watch the progress of this colder air mass by the small cumulus clouds that marked the front of its advance.

Settle was considering tripping the release and taking off. This was standard procedure if conditions got too unsettled on the mast. But the sea breeze moved in unusually fast that day. Before Settle could cast off, it was upon him, engulfing the tail of the ship which was pointing toward the east. The colder, denser air from the ocean caused the stern to rise.

Immediately the elevatorman turned his wheel to depress the tail. But this had no effect. The *Los Angeles* continued up—slowly and steadily.

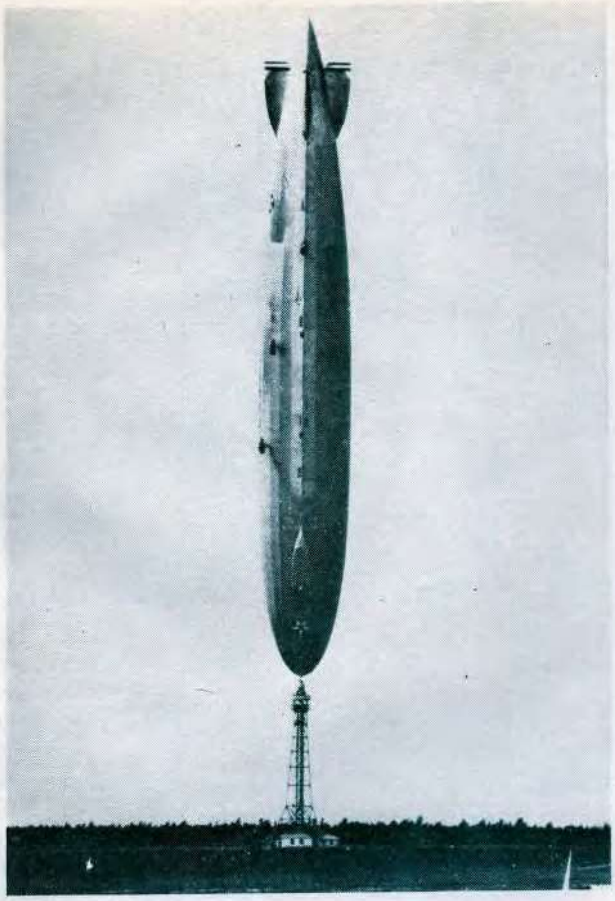
Twelve degrees. . . . Seventeen. . . .

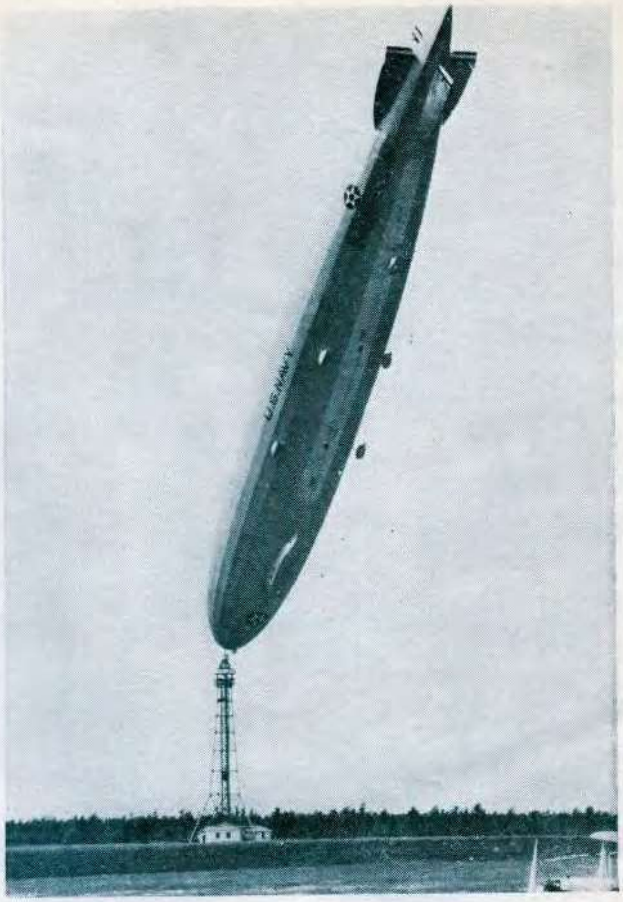
Water was being pumped as fast as possible aboard the ship and into her aft ballast bags. Still the dirigible's stern continued to rise.

Thirty-three degrees inclination. . . . Fifty. . . .

And so it went until the dirigible was standing on its nose, at an 87 degree angle to the ground!

At this point, Settle and the four or five others in





Aviation
BY J. GORDON VAETH

the control car were on their hands and knees, grabbing for any handhold they could find, and looking through the front windows straight down at the ground over 200 feet below. From the galley came a tremendous crash of chinaware, knives, forks, pots and pans, falling out of cupboards and landing, not on the deck but against the bulkhead.

Inside the hull, crewmen wrapped themselves around girders and frames as their world turned halfway upside down. Loose objects began to fall the length of the ship and collect in the nose.

For a moment, the long silvery shape paused at the near-vertical while it slowly pivoted around the mast top. Then the stern began to descend with the airship in an easterly heading.

Settle had his hands full. At first, his concern had been to take on as much weight as he could to slow or stop the ascent. Now, with the ship coming back down, his problem was just the opposite. Not only had a great deal of water been brought on board, adding to the craft's weight, but he suspected some of the gas cells might have valved off helium, making the *Los Angeles* heavier yet. In addition, the sea breeze was now blowing against the dirigible's top pushing it down toward the ground.

Ballast water poured from the ship. Since the Zeppelin was 660 feet long, it wouldn't have to descend very far past the horizontal before its tail would crash into the ground.

The *Los Angeles* was the Navy's only remaining dirigible. Its sister ship, *The Shenandoah*, had been wrecked in a storm over Ohio the year before. Now, unless its descent could be checked, the "*L.A.*" might be destroyed also.

While the ballast water was being pumped out, the airship continued to come down, showing no sign at all of slowing or stopping. Then, as it reached the horizontal, it leveled off. Heading into the sea breeze, it quickly took up its normal mode of riding.

No one had been injured. The entire incident had lasted no more than seven minutes.

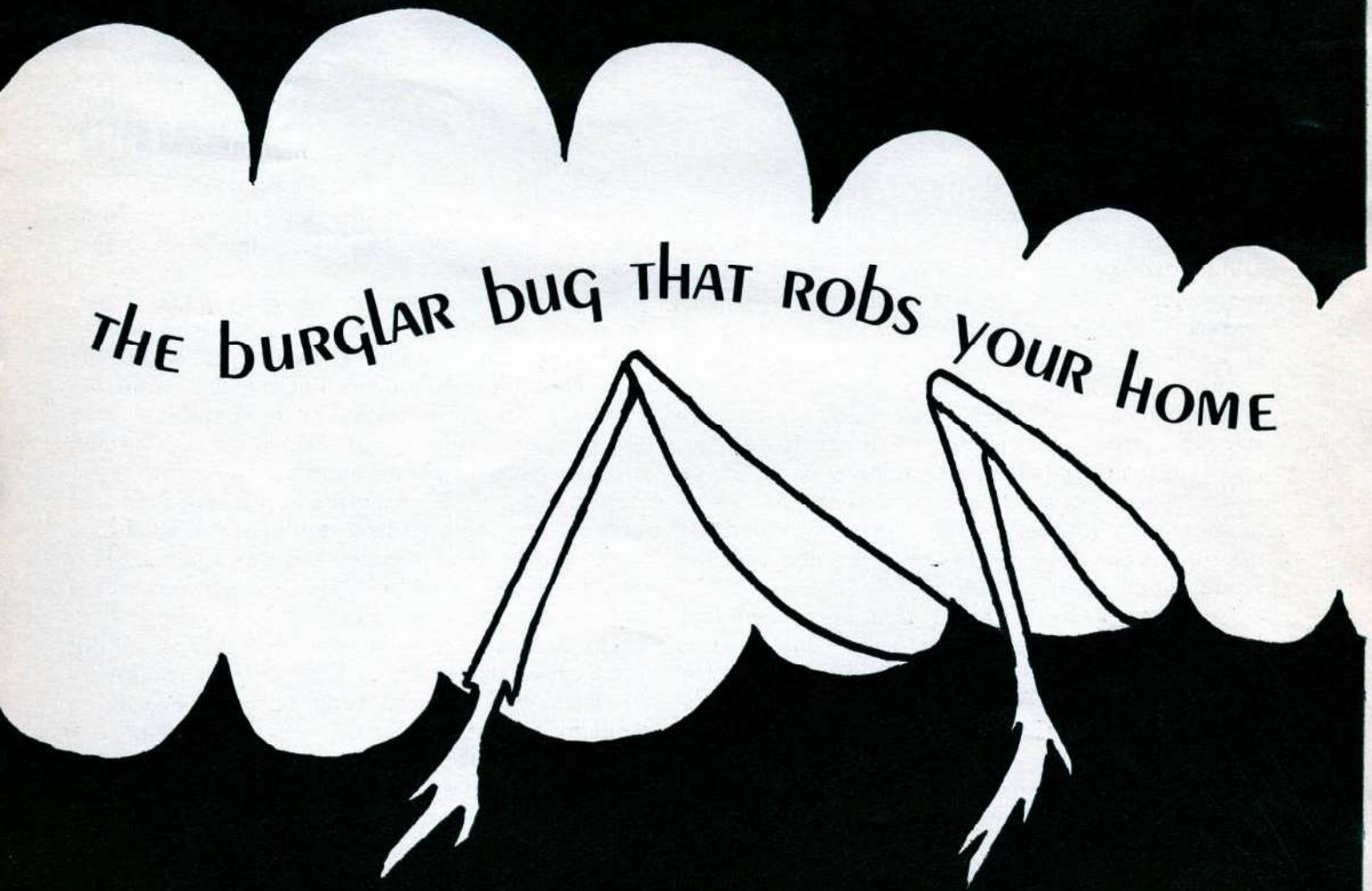
As a result of this experience, the high mast was scrapped and replaced by a stub mast encircled by a track to which the dirigible's tail was attached. This was successful in preventing a similar occurrence from ever happening again.

The *Los Angeles* went on to a highly successful flying career that ended in 1932 when it was decommissioned and removed from active service as an economy measure. In 1940 it was dismantled.

As for "Tex" Settle, he went on to become a vice-admiral and hold a variety of important naval assignments. Now retired, he lives in Washington, D.C. His confidence in the engineering practicality of dirigibles is as strong today as when he served as a junior officer at Lakehurst.

Why he retains this confidence is explained by the fact that in its nosestand—an unprecedented test of strength and design—the only structural damage the *Los Angeles* suffered was three broken wires.

THE BURGLAR BUG THAT ROBS YOUR HOME



Newsfront

BY DALE SHAW

■ For most victims termite trouble begins like this: You are sitting in your favorite lawn chair one warm spring Saturday, drink in hand and a cigar twirling its aroma from a nearby ashtray. Your hard-earned relaxation is suddenly bashed when, out of nowhere, a cloud of small, brown, sticky-winged insects flutters over you, clotting your hair and eyes.

This is the termite mating phase. Most people take them for flying ants. But you remember flying ants have pinched waists, and these half-inch buggers are fat waisted. Then, as you observe incredulously, the spiraling swarmers' wings fall off. The creatures then drop to the ground to begin a courtship dance, scooting in circles locked in tandem. Within minutes, the compatible pairs (sometimes females dance with females before they get the hang of it) wander off to look for love nests.

The newlyweds drill down in soft soil a few feet, hollow out a nest called a *copularium*, and spend a week lining and polishing it before they settle down to business. People who like termites well enough to take the trouble to watch tell us that the final orgy lasts 13 hours, the pair face in opposite directions, and 4,000 sperm are delivered from two testes.

The king and queen are dedicated, mate regularly, and live for years longer than most insects. But their threat to man lies in their fantastic organization. The queen is soon so fat with eggs she can hardly move, and so busy popping them out she won't miss the king when he buzzes off to service a series of sub-queens.

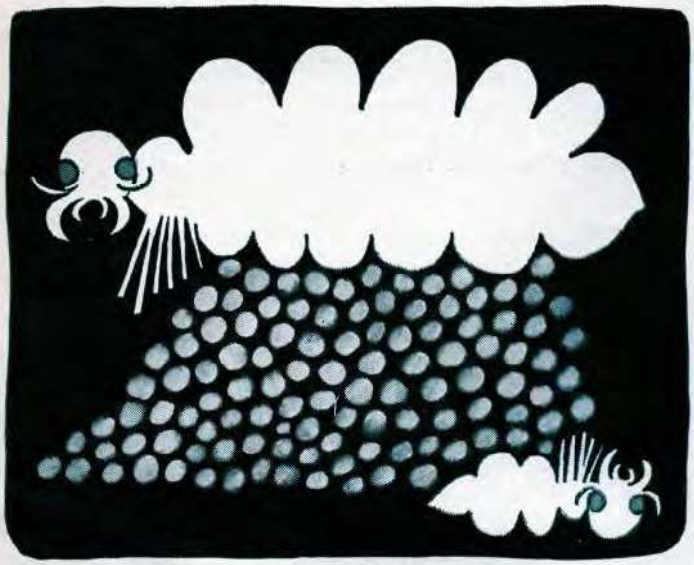
But the king grooms the queen tenderly, inspired by a succulent nectar she exudes. He chews scraps of wood, feeds her the pulp. He also feeds the larvae that hatch from eggs. These go from growth stage to growth stage by splitting their skins. Finally three castes emerge: the workers, the soldiers and the reproductives or alates (fliers) who will swarm in two or three years.

The workers, equipped with jagged, curved pinchers, take over, foraging for wood, feeding everyone else including the king, who now can spend most of his time lounging around with his harem. Food becomes a problem. The workers construct long exploratory tubes of mud, digested wood and saliva. They build miles of tunnels, sensitively following chemical traces given off by fungus molds in wet wood, trails as clear to termites as a well marked interstate highway. (Termites went up a hollow steel flagpole and

Termites are costing Americans a half-billion dollars a year and the bill is mounting. They now inhabit 47 of the 50 states. Wood is their dish, but the exterminators thrive on cash

ILLUSTRATED BY E. RASKIN

Termites may be blind but they will find their way to your bank account



The queen is soon fat with eggs and so busy popping them out that she doesn't notice the king's occasional absences.

chewed out a gold-painted wood ball on top. They've eaten corks out of wine bottles, gulped stacks of firewood, books, stocks and bonds. Termites are so sensitive to the presence of wood they've followed a joist, then turned sharply to eat straight up into an invisible piano leg above!)

But now the workers are trapped hungry underground, desperately tubing toward your house. Hope against hope for no cracks (they need only 1/32nd of an inch to squeeze in). They tunnel relentlessly under slabs and foundations, or tube up inside concrete-block voids. Cracks around chimneys are useful. Wood cellar posts or stairs set in cement (but on soil) are great. Mortar, stucco and paint won't stop them. They pick sand out grain by grain, eat and eliminate the rest.

But sheet-metal shields do work. Spread completely across solid foundation tops, with a wide flange, they block the termites' most common method of invasion—the building of tubes through soil and up the masonry wall to the wood above. They can tube across metal, but nature has denied these engineers one vital trick. They can't tube over and around a sharp, thin edge.

Blocked by metal or other devices, termites resort to their most spectacular feat. Boldly, tremulously, like circus balancers, they construct marvelous vertical tubes in thin air. Inch by inch they teeter upward until they make contact with the porch above, or the wood above a crawl space. You'd think these tubes would attract attention, but exterminators everywhere report that busy people today go eight, 12 years without entering these dark regions. When service men knock the fragile tubes out, they are quickly rebuilt.

Incredibly, these superattack tubes, extremely common in the onslaught pattern of the common subterranean *Reticulitermes*, our worst termite, often strike dead center on the joists or beams above, though termites are blind.

Victorious, the workers rampage into the new banquet halls, renewing their strength and nursing the colony to greater feats of reproduction. When everybody is back to health, the termites begin a sort of celebration which is a periodic thing. Playfully the termites begin grooming each other with their soft inner mouth parts, in rising ripples of activity until the entire colony is participating. The workers, who far outnumber the others, groom soldiers, kings and queens, and each other.

While everybody is lolling around, a nectar is exuded and gulped which gradually turns the mood to frenzy. Thousands of termites groom faster and faster, and inevitably the skin of the old or weak is broken.

The scent of body juices from these bleeders is maddening. Brother pounces on brother, devouring the unfortunate down to its inedible mandibles. In this way the colony seems to police up its wounded, its aged and its unlucky.

Leaving the pleasures of the nest, the termites rush back through tubes to your house to tank up again. As they spread, they check the moisture content of the air, using their thin skins as hygrometers. If humidity surpasses 96 percent, they chisel openings in the tubes for air conditioning while the soldiers stand guard with their heavier jaws. If moisture falls much below 96 percent, the termites may seal that section of the workings to keep damp inside, and to maintain the growth of fungus which is eaten with wood for nitrogen content. If things get too dry, the chisel-heads will withdraw in search of damper areas.

Termites have many enemies and ants are the worst. But ants can't reach them. When ants break into a tube, the vibrations attract the heavy-jawed soldiers who knock their heads against wood to alarm the workers. Now the soldiers rush to the breach, blocking the ants with a solid wall of jaws. The workers storm behind, exuding cement, and plaster the brave soldiers in place as a permanent part of the construction.

With organization like this, it is no wonder that termites are causing unheard of damage. On the march from coast to coast is the common underground termite found in almost every state, the dry-wood termite, scourge in the South, Southwest and California north to Sacramento; and the dread tropical monster, *Formosanus*, recently arrived from Hawaii and the Far East. Termites are now found in 47 of the 50 states. Maine, North Dakota and Alaska have escaped them, so far.

In the North, where cold once held termites back, 10 states in a broad tier anchored by Connecticut and Massachusetts have serious problems for the first time. East of Hartford, Connecticut, waves of termites have swept house after house, even closing schools.

In the Southwest, and around Los Angeles, expensive fumigation contracts have become a common burden in driving dry-wood termites out of attics before they can eat their way down into total destruction.

Around San Francisco, swarmers have actually darkened the sky, rising simultaneously from infected subdivisions on a turn in the weather.

Right now this national termite problem is fattening the coffers of 1,500 major firms, some handling termites as a specialty. The industry employs more than 10,000 people who, in a single year, use millions of gallons of sophisticated chemicals. These services plus repairs cost Americans nearly $500 million a year. This figure is double what it was 10 years ago.

Right now your chances of termite attack, right in your own home, are better than the odds for fire and lightning.

The reason the U.S. is in such termite trouble is that our times and our building styles have changed. In the old days the colonists had termites—so did Washington at Mount Vernon and Jefferson at Monticello—yet they were able to suppress them with pitch, turpentine, copper shielding and other simple techniques. Pressure was low; termites had ample forage on the outside. Termites are natural forest insects and have been ever since they split off the ancient cockroach family tree 250 million years ago.

THE HUNGRY BUGS FOLLOWED A JOIST, THEN TURNED SHARPLY AND STARTED EATING STRAIGHT UP INTO THE PIANO LEG ABOVE.

These six-legged buzz saws once found our houses hard to reach due to high foundations and unheated basements. As a nation of farmers, not commuters, we spent a lot more time around the homestead patching and fixing. Our home remedies for chisel-heads may not have been good, but we could keep after them.

Today, houses are low, sleek, ground hugging, on warm basements or slabs.

Without question, the hard-sell exterminator may be a worse hazard for the homeowner than the termites. For example, there is fantastic expense in locating, removing and replacing *all* termite-tunneled wood, even though much of it may be structurally strong. This isn't always necessary, not in order to destroy the infestation. But many exterminators will let you think so, hard-sell you into such a contract, and then remind you, if you lag in payments, that it is collectable under a mechanics lien through foreclosure and forced sale of your property.

TURN PAGE

TERMITES ARE MARVELOUS ENGINEERS. THEIR DELICATE VERTICAL TUBES IN DARK PLACES OFTEN GO UNNOTICED FOR YEARS.

The underground threat to your happy home builds a deep nest that can never be found

But tough as the bug killers may be, profit-greedy builders can be a worse menace to the home buyer. These fast-buck artists commonly backfill with stumps, brush and lumber scrap, often at night, when the law tells them to burn it.

Graft is notorious in the building trades, and for 10 bucks a builder can sidestep a building code that might save you hundreds. For example, chemical treatment of soil under slabs is often required. But once the cement is hard, who's going to worry about whether poison was put under it? Yet for as little as $50 a new house can be locked inside a treated soil barrier that will last for years.

The important thing is to find your termites early and get help early.

Termite inspection is easy. All you need to be professional in scouting chisel-heads is a heavy handled, sharp probe, even a screwdriver; a good light, and perhaps a brace and bit. This is all the professionals use. They poke and probe, they pound for the dull sound of infested wood, they scout for tubes, and they hunt shiny piles of discarded wings. The most noticeable characteristic of the good termite hunter is that he takes his time, covers the ground, gets in deep.

For two months, off and on, last spring, we rode inspection and sales duty with one of these pros, Jack O'Connell, of Norwalk, Connecticut. At 44, after 16 years of running his own dealership, O'Connell is making a five-figure income out of the termite invasion.

The manner in which a pro like O'Connell feeds poison to chisel-heads is spectacular. A crew of five men arrives, posing as tree sprayers and gardeners. (Termites are looked upon as a sort of structural VD in better neighborhoods.) The men trench around the whole house, then inject deep under the house with long, sharp rods, drawing chemicals from compressor tanks in an unmarked truck.

Indoors every piece of wood possibly infested is drilled and injected under pressure. Wood is lifted from slabs, concrete bored at regular intervals with carbide bits, and chemical doused through the holes. When it's all over, including repair work, baseboards are replaced with flush screws so they can be yanked later for inspection.

Because of secrecy, O'Connell and other experts admit, exterminators have the effect of pushing termites through town, like a wave.

There are two reasons for this. First, termites are sensitive to chemicals. Unlike ants who are tough and carry the poison back to the queen, ending the colony, termites keel right over. The nest goes on; the queen keeps on laying eggs. Nobody knows how to reach that nest. Sometimes the nests are from 30 to 60 feet down and sprawl like some insect Levittown. Some have been known to thrive for 25 years.

Second, *Reticulitermes* is being aided and abetted by a relative, *Formosanus*, a scourge in Hawaii and the tropics generally. Several times, *Formosanus* invasions around San Francisco have been blunted. Now they are established from Richmond, Virginia, to Houston, Texas, brought in in air-freight packing, floating dry docks from Japan and the hulls of wooden ships.

At Forest Service labs in Louisiana, at several universities, in the Department of Agriculture, and in industry, research men with strings of degrees after their names are working on the termite problem in general. The push is to find a way to get down into the nest of the subterraneans.

It gives you a funny feeling to look down long lines of glass cases full of termites that are actually being given good wood to eat. These termites, who nest right in the cases, are the pride and joy of Robert Zane Page, an entymologist attached to the Naval Facilities Engineering Command in Washington. (The Navy has millions tied up in wooden docks and shore installations.) Page is a modest fact hunter who admits being close to a discovery that may actually wipe underground termites off the face of the earth. This method has already worked—in the laboratory.

Page simply makes termites sick. This is done with a wooden bait loaded with a bacillus, a specific bacillus. But Page found that the bacillus wouldn't kill the termites, though they did sneeze all over the king, queen and larvae, infecting them, too.

Page was stymied by this one until his bright eight-year-old son reminded him that he had been damned sick himself with a combination strep and staphylococcus infection. That was it. The cold that turns to pneumonia—fatal, *boom*.

For months Page hunted for a new bacillus that, with his first bacillus, would give termites the one-two punch. Finally he found it—after hundreds of eliminations and nit-picky tests, a combination that would infect an entire colony, right down to the queen, and wipe them out.

That is, in the laboratory.

Armed with an extremely long government patent description, Page now seems to be cooperating with all sorts of field people who will put diseased chips of wood where they will do the most good. (Without the baits, this combination of diseases is rare in termite life.)

Tests will take a long time. A lot of industries who pay expensive extermination bills are taking a hard look at this. So are some major exterminators—who might be put out of business if epidemics killed all the termites. ■

WANT TO BET?

This is the year for Democratic and Republican partisans to make silly wagers. TRUE's editors don't offer to push peanuts around the courthouse with their noses, but we do have a little sporting proposition to make all the same.

Our election game is easy and it could be profitable, too. Risk a postage stamp and five minutes of your time. We'll put up the 1968 sporty car of your choice. Our bet is that you can't name the man who'll be elected President in November.

PLAY TRUE'S ELECTION GAME—WIN A SPORTY CAR

On the ballot below (or a facsimile) fill in the names of the men you think will be nominated for President and Vice-President by the Republican and Democratic parties. Put an X in the box by the name of the Presidential candidate you think will win the election. Then tell us how many popular votes you think he will get. That's all there is to it.

Put your ballot in an envelope. In the upper left corner of the envelope, write the name of the man you have named as the Republican Presidential Nominee. Mail to TRUE ELECTION CONTEST, P.O. Box 1035, Greenwich, Conn., 06830. Each entry must be submitted in a separate envelope. The entrant who names all the candidates correctly and who comes closest to predicting the winner's popular vote wins the sporty car* of his choice—or $2,500 in quick cash. Judging will be based on the election results and popular vote as reported in the Late City Edition (final run) of *The New York Times* for the Thursday after the election, even though those results may not be 100 percent complete. In case of a tie, the prize will go to the entry with the earliest postmark. The decision of the judges will be final.

The contest closes May 31. Only entries postmarked before midnight that day and received by June 10 will be accepted. All residents of the United States and Canada are eligible except employees, and their immediate families, of Fawcett Publications, Inc., its wholesale distributors and its advertising agencies.

*A standard equipped Mustang, Camaro, Barracuda or Javelin.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES

WINNER'S POPULAR VOTE

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY: STATE: ZIP:

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB ABBETT

A TRUE Bonus Book Condensation
BY ROBERT MARKHAM

COLONEL SUN

The new James Bond adventure reaches its spine-tingling conclusion

Off duty, after a relaxing round of golf, James Bond enters a deadlier game. He discovers that M, his ailing chief in the Secret Service, is being kidnapped, and that M's two servants have been murdered. Bond narrowly misses being kidnapped himself and the trail, after three more brushes with death, leads at last to Vrakonisi, a volcanic Greek island. Here, Col. Sun Liang-tan of the Chinese People's Army plots with an ex-Nazi atrocity expert to destroy a secret Russian-sponsored conference of African and Near East leaders—and lay the blame on the free world powers. Chinese terror, Soviet bureaucracy and the race against time have cut off all Bond's aid except for Ariadne, a voluptuous Greek girl who is a Russian agent, and Litsas, a Nazi-hating Greek patriot. After destroying a cabin cruiser, Colonel Sun had sent to intercept them, the three sail Litsas' boat, the Altair, *to Vrakonisi and moor in the harbor. The story continues.*

■ Bond stood on the dock in the brilliant sunshine, waiting for the others to join him and looking about. There was plenty to see. The basin to his right was full of a variety of small craft. Ahead, whitewashed cottages with blue or tan shutters and doors, then a grocery, a ship's supplier, harbor offices, a *tavérna* with a faded-green awning. No neon, no cars, no souvenir shops. Not yet.

Litsas and Ariadne came ashore and the three moved off towards the bustle of the little port. From behind it the faltering zigzag of a dirt road led to the dazzling white town, built on and around half a dozen minor crests at four or five hundred feet. [*Continued on page* 101]

Condensed from *Colonel Sun*, to be published by Harper & Row. Copyright © 1968 by Glidrose Productions, Ltd.

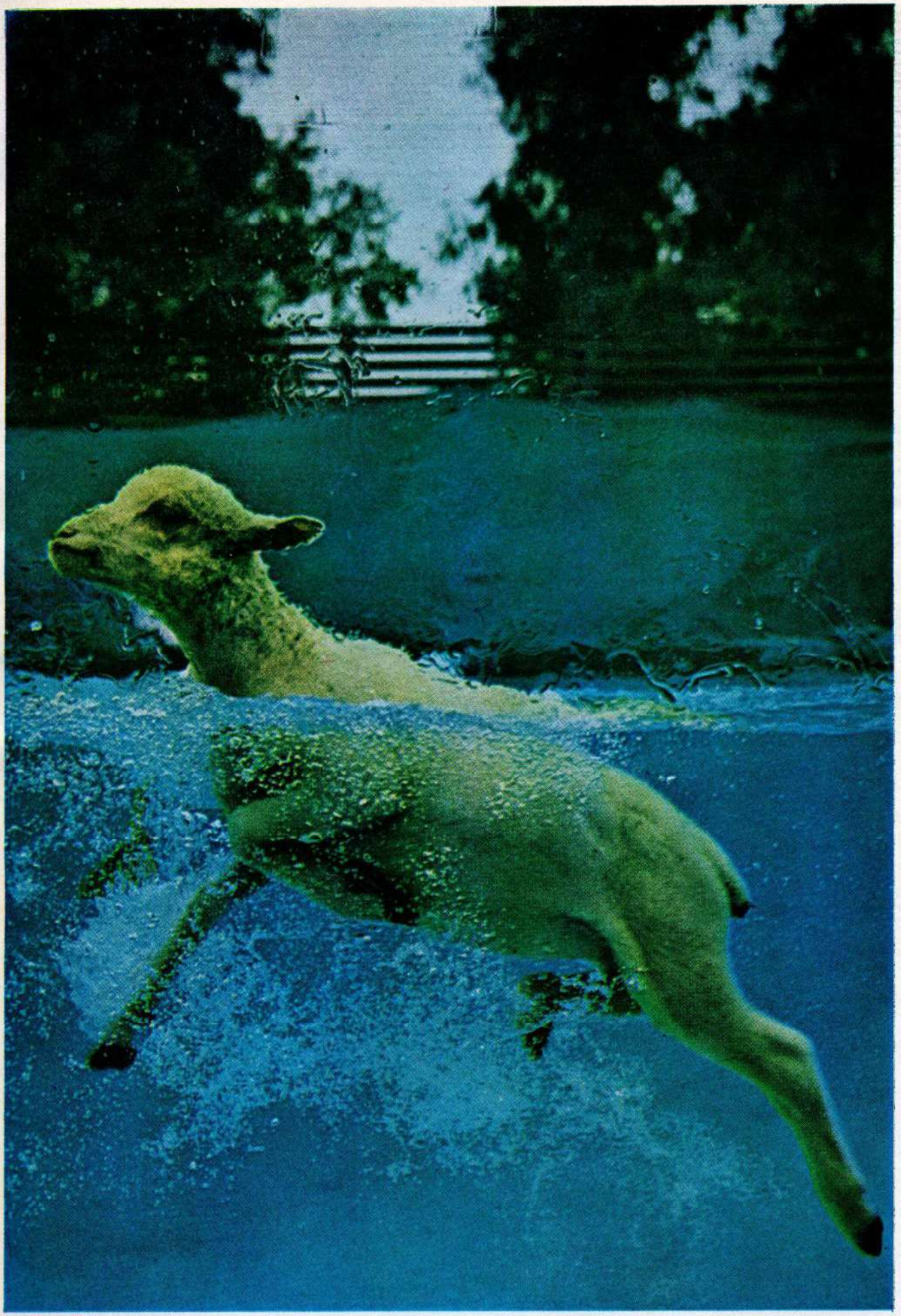
Sun ordered the girl to subject Bond to the weirdest torture he'd ever known.

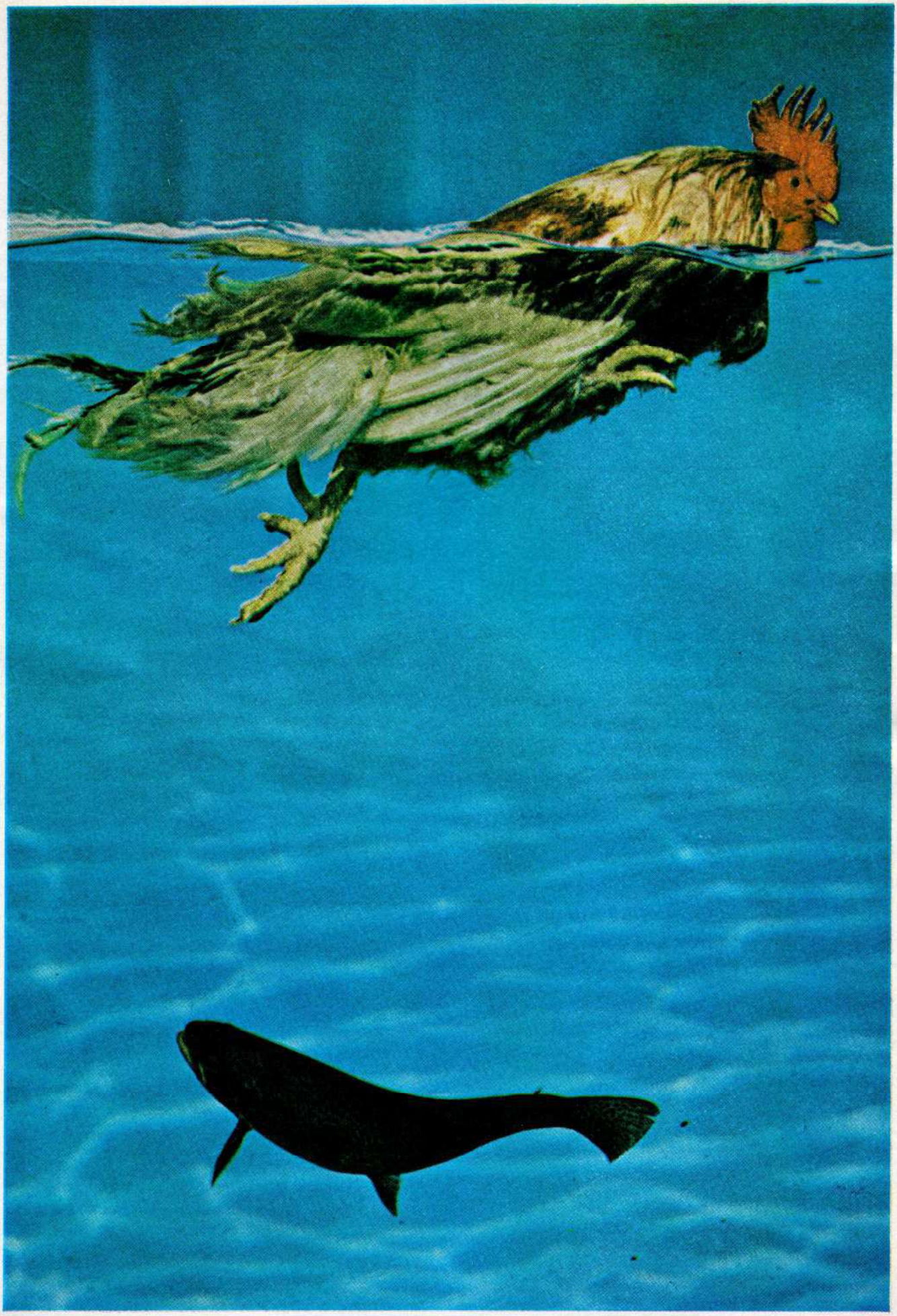
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON ORNITZ

A FISHEYE VIEW OF SOME FREESTYLING FAUNA

Some animals are strictly landlubbers; they'd no more choose to go for a swim than a fish would decide to take a walk on the beach. But if these animals had to swim—or sink—would they know how? Photographer Don Ornitz decided to find out. He pushed a representative selection of non-aquatic animals into his glass-sided studio pool and photographed the results. Only two of the animals fell into real trouble. One was the monkey, below. It did a pretty fair Australian crawl, until its long hair got waterlogged and began dragging it down. But the sheep, on the opposite page, had more success. By churning the water furiously, it managed to cross the eight-foot-wide pool, even though its fleece was wet as snow.

Continued

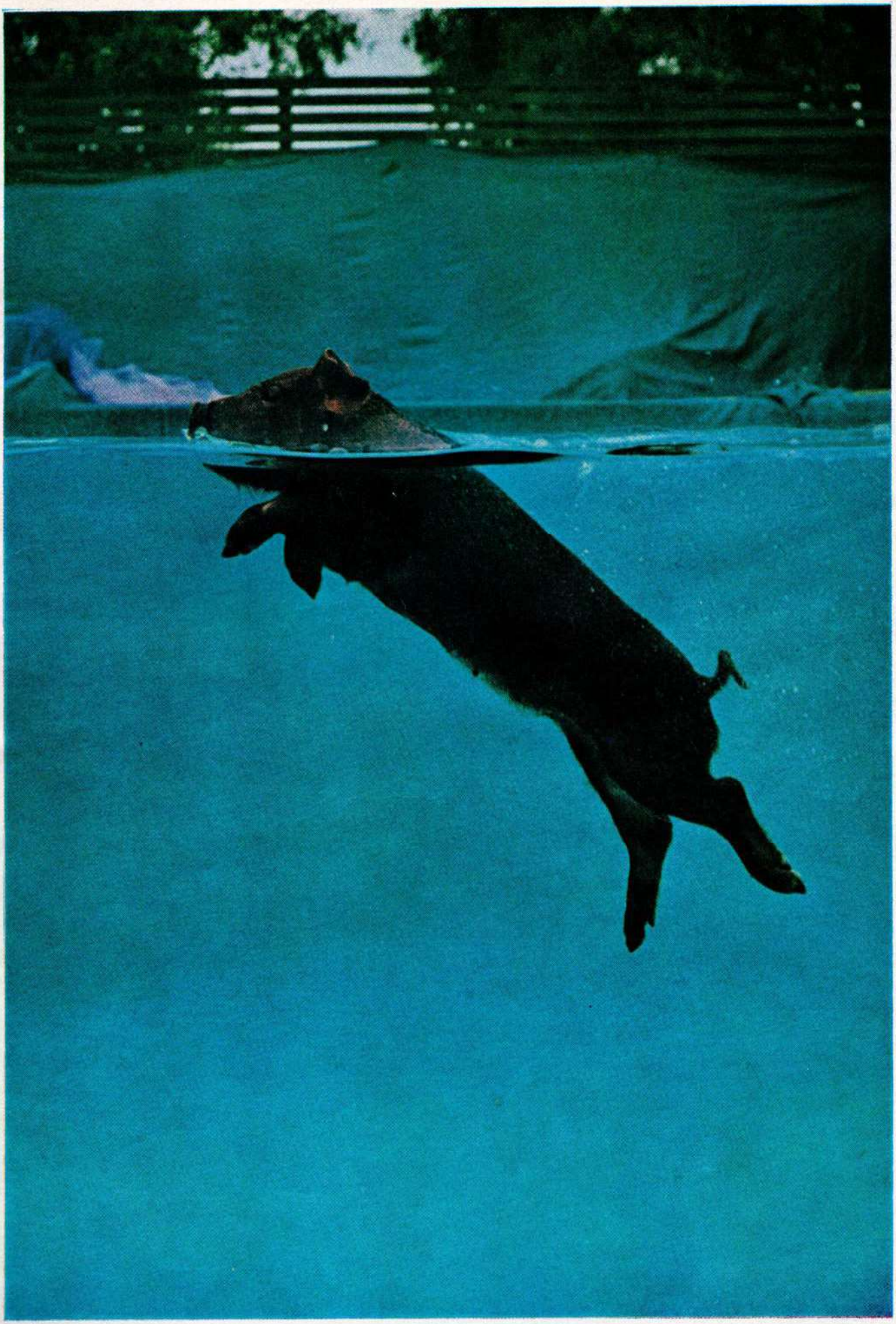




A cock-of-the-walk on dry land, the rooster on the left was madder than a wet hen at being tossed into the drink. It tried a duck paddle, but not having webbed feet, a rooster makes a poor duck. And unlike its water-going cousin, its feathers are not waterproof. Struggling bravely, the rooster did stay afloat for a brief swim; then its feathers became thoroughly soaked, and it sank. Like the monkey, it was rescued in the nick of time by photographer Ornitz. All the while, the fowl's floundering was observed by a puzzled fish. The photo above shows that you can lead a donkey to water and can even make it swim — if you shove it into the pool. The dunked donkey kept its nose dry doing a modified dog paddle.

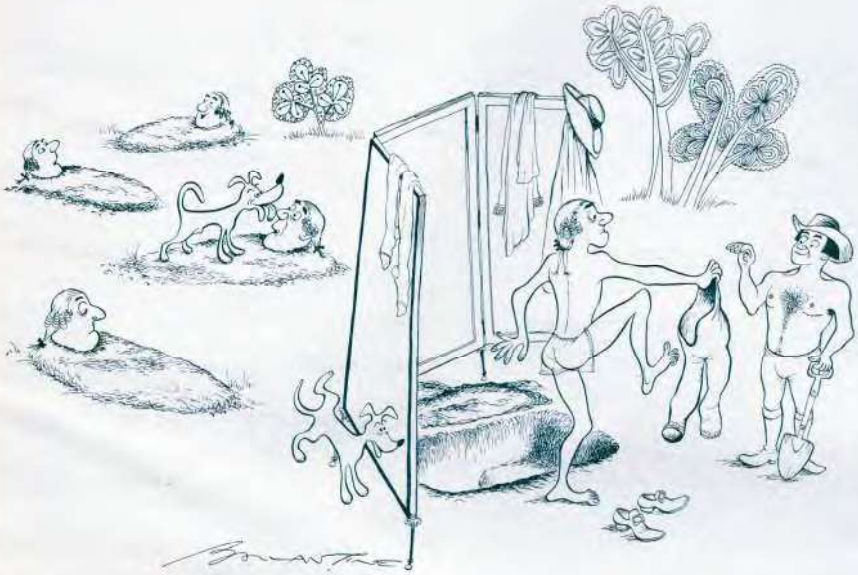
Continued

The kitten, above, displayed the usual feline aversion to water, hissing and spitting its objections after the ordeal was over. But it didn't lose its grace — or any of its nine lives — in the pool! The young pig on the right had its troubles at the splash party. Porcine legs are so short that the pig's hooves slashed its stomach when it tried to paddle. The blubbery fellow didn't sink, however; its fat acted as a natural life preserver. Now that all had emerged from their first dip having discovered some ability to swim, had any of the animals learned to enjoy the water? Not in the least; they balked even more frantically when Ornitz tried to put them back into the pool for a second go-around. **— NORMAN LEWIS SMITH**



STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



Burial alive—ordinarily a grave detriment to one's health—was at one time a doctor's prescription for curing many ills. In filling the prescription, two precautions were observed: the patient's head was left protruding above ground, and there was no coffin, shroud or other burial garment—he was buried nude. This "earth bath," as Dr. James Graham labeled his method of absorbing "all-healing" soil benefits, was administered in four-hour doses. It made Graham famous in late 18th-century Britain, fetched many a guinea fee, and furnished the most oddly macabre spectacle in the history of medical quackery. In the rear garden of Graham's London house, the patient disrobed within a screened space where his living grave waited. Dug three feet wide and five feet long, it was four feet deep at one end and two feet at the other. He sat with arms at his side while an attendant filled in around him with sifted loam that rose to his chin. Then the screen was taken away; he could see other patients similarly entombed and pass the time conversing. Since gentlemen of that era wore whitened wigs, the disembodied heads startlingly reminded visitors of growing cauliflowers. But the gruesome garden didn't flourish. When patients rose from the grave, they seldom wanted to reexperience its initial chill and subsequent stifling heat. Graham himself took to earth bathing—and died, broken in health, at 49. *By J. C. Kipe, St. Petersburg, Fla.*

Brave is the bartender today who is capable of mixing America's most fiery cold-weather drink. But rarely is it ordered, for few drinkers know the concoction that became famous a century ago as a test of any barkeep's valor. The Blue Blazer was invented in San Francisco's El Dorado saloon by chief bartender "Professor" Jerry Thomas to warm gold miners' gullets. Into one of two silver ale mugs he poured a tumbler of whisky, added a smaller quantity of boiling water, touched a match to the liquid . . . and mixed it by cascading the flaming fluid from mug to mug for some 10 seconds. Then he tipped it into a glass, smothered the flame, and finalized the steaming potion with a teaspoonful of sugar and a twist of lemon peel. A Blue Blazer called for heroism both in the making and the drinking. Its stream of fire, stretched by experts to half a yard or longer, could inflict a nasty burn. For winter, there has never been a more potent antifreeze. Professor Thomas, in his own New York saloon during the 1870's, would not concoct the drink for any man until the thermometer sank to 10° or lower. Modern mild winters have made the Blue Blazer almost entirely obsolete. *By Emory L. Whipple, Louisville, Ky.*

The most virile statue in the world today poses a unique problem. It stands in Venice, confronting tourists and local citizenry in a palace courtyard on the Grand Canal opposite the city hall. This bronze horse and rider is the work of Italy's master sculptor, Marino Marini. Modeled in rugged, modern style, the naked rider expresses exuberant vitality: he straddles his barebacked steed with face upturned, clenched fists flung wide, and a phallus in full erection. That anatomical appurtenance the sculptor thoughtfully made detachable; it can be screwed off or on at will. The lady art collector, a rich American, who owns palace and statue, has the phallus removed and put in a drawer on holy days when the Patriarch of Venice floats by to bless the city. Its future standing, however, raises curious questions of custodianship. The aging lady's residence and $2 million art collection will become a bequeathed public museum after her death. Venice will have to decide whether other hands shall go on unmanning Marini's horseman at intervals . . . and, if so, how the movable member can be kept from getting too shiny from repeated handling. *By E. G. Massimo, Trenton, N. J.*

The Tower of Babel reached a peak that is never mentioned in Sunday-school explanations of that ancient lofty structure. Topping its uppermost level, according to an early historian, was a temple chamber which contained only a richly adorned couch and a golden food-laden table. In the chamber at nights was a woman whom the Babylonian god had chosen for companionship when he descended occasionally to sleep upon the couch. The Babylonian priests in charge left no record of how the deity's choice was made or how his visits were authenticated. But anthropologists, noting similar arrangements in temples of other old religions, credit the probability that the Tower of Babel actually supported a penthouse for divine dalliance.

Dogs get herb happy as rapturously as catnip-crazed cats. Among plants that attract animals, nature has provided one that might well be called "dognip." When they find it, dogs ecstatically roll on it and crush it, and then trot home happily reeking of its scent. Unfortunately, their owners respond differently. The plant, a coarse weed introduced here from Europe, is the stinking goosefoot—named after its leaf's shape—known also abroad as dog's spinach and Dirty John, and scientifically as *Chenopodium vulvaria*. It gives off one of the plant world's worst smells, a stench botanists liken to that of rotting fish. Any dog that perfumes himself with his favorite plant is likely to have a hose turned on him. Though the family cat gets a catnip mouse for Christmas, nobody will ever reward faithful Fido with a "dognip" rat.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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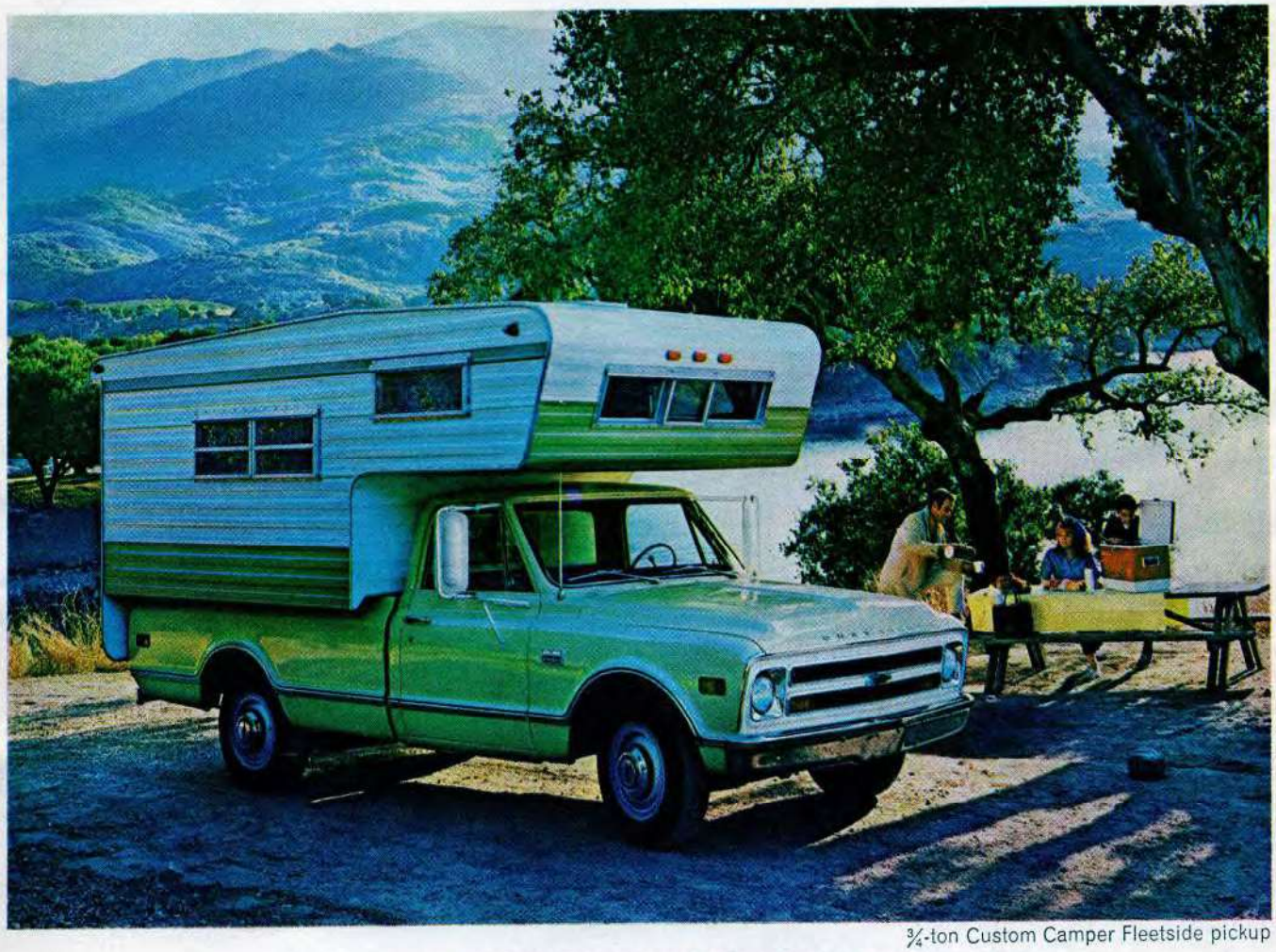

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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ALAN FONTAINE

Cars courtesy Wilton Imported Car Center, Wilton, Connecticut, and Byrd Motors, Danbury, Connecticut.

HE WAITS TO KILL

[*Continued from page 36*]

course as U.D.T. (Underwater Demolition Team) men, and serve at least one operational tour with the fleet as a frogman before being admitted to SEAL training at Coronado, California—headquarters of the Pacific Fleet Amphibious Force, of which the SEALS are a component. SEALS must also qualify as parachutists, including HALO (high altitude, low opening) jumping. As frogmen, they have already become proficient in demolition work and scuba diving. As SEALS, they also take courses in the jungle warfare school, where they learn hand-to-hand combat, and in the survival school.

Ted Kassa, a trim, dark-haired 31-year-old Boatswain's Mate First Class, who often serves as a SEALS team leader, describes their job this way: "Our primary mission is intelligence-gathering—to find base camps, arms caches, water-storage points. Recently a recon team found some natural wells—fresh water is in critically short supply in the Rung Sat—and later we went in with a 'demo' team and blew the wells up. The terrain is mostly mangrove, and the ground is 90-percent covered with water at high tide. There's mud. Lots of mud. You sink about three feet into that mud."

On patrol, the SEALS carry M-16's and an M-79 grenade launcher. Each man has two water canteens. Some men take C rations, others prefer a ration of rice and dehydrated shrimp. Everything is carried in waterproof containers, even the pills in their medical kits.

On most missions, the SEALS wear standard tropical boots with quick-drying canvas uppers and solid rubber lowers. But on some missions—where they expect to do more swimming than walking—the Seals wear "coral shoes." These are Peter Pan-like footwear that protect the soles of the feet yet are light enough not to hamper swimming. Attached to shoulder harnesses, the SEALS wear a steel snap ring to which they can tie a long length of nylon rope for use in rappelling up to, or down from, hovering helicopters when there is no landing zone available. Finally, on their faces and hands the SEALS apply an exotic camouflage makeup. Designed by the cosmetic firm of Elizabeth Arden, it is nonsoluble in water and comes in black, green and yellow colors.

Of a recent patrol he led deep in the Rung Sat, Grabowsky said, "A Seawolf helicopter dropped us pretty deep inside the swamp a half hour before first light. As soon as we were on the ground we moved out of the landing zone in case the 'helo' had been spotted. Our mission was to scout this area and find out what, if anything, was there.

"About noon I called the patrol to a halt; I generally knock off for a couple of hours in the heat of midday. In the afternoon, we started moving again with frequent pauses along streams or trails to check if the Viet Cong were using them. In the late afternoon we had to prepare our position for the night. You don't want to camp just anywhere, but near a stream or trail where you can check on possible enemy movements. We usually pick out a location, walk past it, then double back to see if we're being followed. We settle in at the last possible moment before dark and establish a defensive perimeter with two men always on guard.

"It gets spooky out there at night. There's a lot of noise and wildlife in those swamps: crocodiles, monkeys, deer, fish. The mud snaps and gargles when the tide goes out. The lungfish begin blowing, and they sound just like a human taking a deep breath. They make a hell of a lot of noise.

"Nobody talks, of course; we communicate with hand signals and an occasional whisper. There's no smoking. Even when we make our regular radio checks with base, we don't speak. We just depress the mike button and they can hear the click at the other end."

The next morning Grabowsky's patrol continued to prowl the Rung Sat, and that evening set up an ambush along one of the many streams that lace the area.

"We had intelligence that the spot was a Viet Cong communications liaison point. The area was also designated a Free Strike Zone, meaning all friendlies had been warned to stay clear of the area. That's the case in most of the Rung Sat. We set up our ambush at the bend of the stream. It was quite dark, before the moon came up, when I saw a sampan creeping along the stream. I could make out two men in it, and, when they entered the killing zone, I opened up with my M-16. The men in the sampan never knew what hit them. We tossed hand grenades in the water to make sure and then swam out to investigate. We found two bodies floating in the water and in the sampan were loaded rifles and Chinese-made rockets.

"Since the ambush had given our position away, we had to move out to our extraction zone, set up our defense perimeter, and wait for our helicopter pick-up at first light the next morning."

On another recent patrol, Lieutenant Grabowsky first faked a settling position for the night, then moved to another location. The decoy position was sighted and mortared by the Viet Cong. The next morning, the patrol moved out to the extraction zone, and held off small V.C. units on three sides until the chopper lowered a rope, enabling the patrol to rappel out of danger.

Not the least of the SEALS' problems are the insects and reptiles encountered in the marshy swamps. "The red ants are murder," says one SEAL. "If you put your hand on a stump, it gets covered with ants. They seem enormous and they bite like hell. You've got to be stoic about it, because you can't start slapping and swatting them. It makes noise and gives your position away."

The most frightening moment in Viet Nam for Boatswain's Mate First Class Thomas McDonald, a 29-year-old patrol leader from San Diego who is built along the lines of Oscar Robertson, came from an encounter with a big crocodile.

"We were inserted at night," recalled McDonald recently. "It was a mission where we had to swim in from a rubber boat. At the bank, in about three feet of water, I saw what looked like a stump. The stump started moving closer to me. I stopped. It came closer and closer, and when it was about six feet away, I saw that the stump had two eyes and was pointing its snout at me. It was a croc, all right. I moved back about three or four feet, pointed my M-16 at him and fired. The gun blew up—I guess water got into the barrel—but the explosion didn't hurt me. I don't know whether the bullet hit the croc, but I bounced him on the snout with the rifle barrel a couple of times, and then backed off as fast as I could. I didn't see him any more, and I think he got the worst of the bargain. But the shooting gave our position away and we had to call for extraction."

Another time, McDonald recalled, "I

TRUE

"If you want to avoid probate, blow it on booze and broads!"

was sitting in the water while on patrol, and I felt something crawling around my leg. I reached down to check, and grabbed onto a big snake. I just flicked my wrist and tossed it as far away from me as I could. Before my SEALS jungle warfare training I wouldn't have touched a snake with a 10-foot pole. But they don't seem to bother me now."

What sort of person gets into the SEALS?

Lt. Ted Grabowsky says, "I think it's a kind of man who is an extrovert and has a basic drive toward getting involved in things where there's plenty of action. The SEALS not only work hard but they play hard; on days off, they go scuba diving, or in the States, maybe parachute jumping. Basically we're a pretty easy-going bunch. We aren't bloodthirsty, and we don't like to be sensationalized. We're fairly average people who got into the SEALS because it seemed to be the most interesting job in the service."

Just as the SEALS prowl the Delta swamps and accept the challenges there, so the LARPS of the Fourth Infantry Division have become intimately familiar with some of the roughest terrain in Southeast Asia. LARP teams operating out of Plei Djereng, a forward command base, shadow North Vietnamese army troops infiltrating from Cambodia in the Central Highlands.

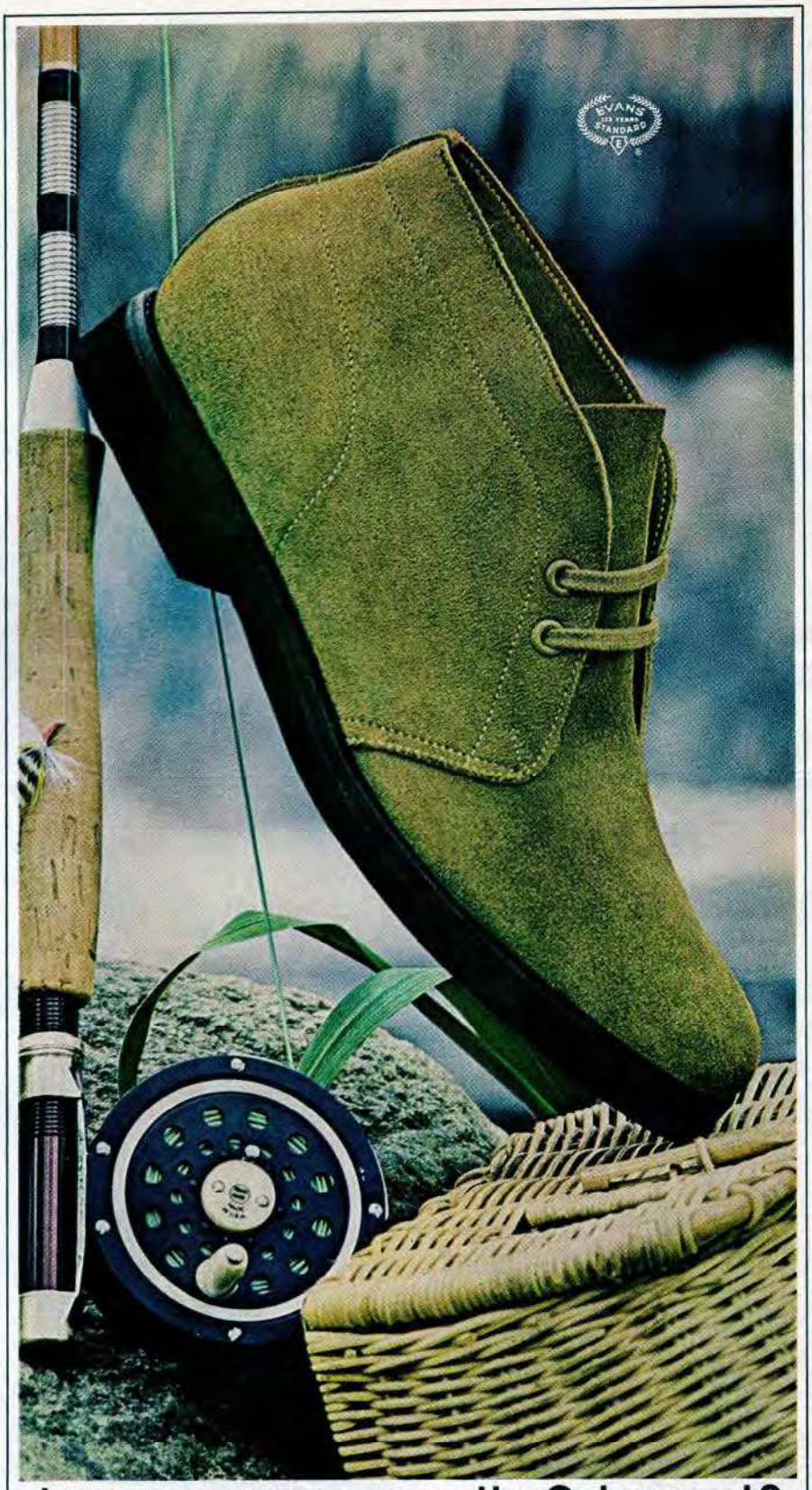
Like the SEALS, the LARPS dress in tiger suits, but they wear broad-brimmed cowboy-type hats as the distinguishing badge of their specialty. One typical LARP team which patrolled the southwestern corner of Kontum province—an area containing some of the most inhospitable terrain in the country—was composed of only four men: Sgt. John Sanderson, 22, team leader, of Detroit, Michigan; Sp. James E. Umberger, 24, assistant team leader, of Pulaski, Virginia; Ronald E. Norton, 20, of Knoxville, Tennessee; and Pfc. Daniel Harmon, 20, of Kodiak, Alaska.

Weary, dusty, his face stubbled by a blond four-day beard, Sergeant Sanderson debriefed about the patrol at Plei Djereng. "Our mission was to locate the North Vietnamese units moving into South Viet Nam," he said. "We operate on the basis of the guerrilla warfare Charlie uses." (Most soldiers refer to the enemy as "Charlie," whether they are Viet Cong or regulars of the North Vietnamese army.)

"On this patrol," continued Sergeant Sanderson, "we ran across their units moving into South Viet Nam. At one point, we were within 10 feet of them as they moved down a trail. We could see them clearly from where we were hiding."

For two days the LARP team watched the movements of the North Vietnamese army units. In all, they counted 25 soldiers at point-blank range, and estimated that the overall enemy unit was probably a company numbering about 125 men. The LARP team called in artillery fire on the enemy concentration and then, toward the end of the second day, they tried to follow the retreating North Vietnamese westward toward the Cambodian border.

"We stopped to make a communications check," said Sanderson. "Another



have you come across the Sahara yet?

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North Vietnamese unit was coming up the trail and stumbled onto us. We fired at them and killed two of them, then we faded away and called in artillery to cover us while we got to our extraction spot. Once we're spotted in that country, with the odds being all in their favor, we figure our goose is just about cooked, and it's time to get out."

Farther north, in the rugged mountains in the five northernmost provinces which comprise I Corps, the U.S. Marines run their small recon teams. Sometimes these Marine recon units have been hit, and hit hard. A six-man team investigating enemy activity west of Khe Sanh had five men killed and the other seriously wounded when it ran across a full enemy battalion. But even in that case the team had done its job by pinpointing large enemy units which were eventually destroyed by Marine reinforcements.

In the forbidding mountainous jungle just northwest of the now-famous Rockpile, a seven hundred-foot piece of jagged karst which commands the main infiltration routes into northernmost Quang Tri province, a small Marine team pulled off a near-perfect mission. The four-man patrol, led by Sgt. Oreste Bishko, was accompanied by a special observer from Third Marine Division headquarters, Capt. Francis J. West, Jr. Here is West's matter-of-fact account of the incredibly successful patrol:

"At first light," West said, "a Huey helicopter dropped the team in a wide valley. An accompanying helicopter gunship hovered overhead. The helicopters then flew east and faked a few dummy landings. The patrol ran through the tall grass into the undergrowth and sat in a perimeter defense until they were sure they were not being pursued.

"After waiting for awhile, the team climbed up the side of the ridge. They moved slowly and paused often to listen. They ran across two trails; both showed signs of fresh passage. At the end of each hour, the radiomen checked in with the recon watch officer monitoring the radio back at the Cam Lo base. It was noon before the team arrived at a suitable observation post 300 feet above the the valley floor. The Marines were concealed by trees with a thicket to their backs and a grassy slope to their front. Along the ridge to their rear, they heard Vietnamese voices and the loud whacks of men chopping wood.

"The team moved west at dusk. The way was steep and outcroppings few. Shortly after 2100 [9 p.m.] they heard a group of Vietnamese clattering down the ravine they had just crossed. The enemy were shouting loudly back and forth. The Marines called in artillery fire. The 105mm. rounds were right on target. They heard no more voices that night.

"The Marines arose before dawn. Each man ate some cold C rations, then hid the empty cans. They slipped and edged along the hills, avoiding the flat places—open valleys and ridgetops. In the afternoon, they selected an observation post.

"Below them, not over 500 yards away, a rope-and-vine bridge was suspended across a small stream. In the late afternoon, three North Vietnamese soldiers in khaki uniforms crossed the bridge walking north. They were laughing and jabbering, and they carried no weapons. Several minutes later, eight more soldiers sauntered across the bridge, also heading north. Six were dressed in khaki, one in black, and one in blue and gray. None carried weapons. From a grove of trees on the northern side of the bridge, the Marines heard many voices.

"The team radio operator called in artillery but a strong wind blew the rounds off-target. The team leader decided to call an end to the firing and try again in the morning. The next day they returned to the observation post. They could hear the North Vietnamese yelling and laughing in the grove.

"The team leader called for an artillery fire mission. (He described his target as 'voices in the stream bed,' and the artillery battery dubbed the request the 'talking-fish' mission.) A volley of six 105mm. rounds crashed into the center of the grove. Twelve North Vietnamese came from the grove, crossed to the southern side of the stream, and entered the treeline. They reappeared carrying bamboo poles and clutching packages of white bandages.

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"The Marines called for another volley. The North Vietnamese were again crossing the bridge south, carrying several dead and wounded on stretchers. When the artillery found them, the stretchers were dropped and the bearers thrown flat. From the grove, a total of 42 men rushed out to pick up all their dead and wounded. They were running, but there was order and discipline in their haste. The Marines called for area saturation fire. The 105mm. shells tore in, passing so close to the Marines that they could hear a slight rustle, like someone tearing a newspaper, followed by shock waves and a sharp crash.

"North Vietnamese came stumbling out of the clump of trees on the north bank, pushing and shoving each other in their haste to wade the stream. Some of the enemy were carrying large packs, others were helping injured comrades. Rounds began bursting in the trees along the southern bank of the stream. The saturation fire threw the North Vietnamese into a state of panic. Some ran upstream, clutching armsful of weapons. Others dropped their heavy packs and ran downstream. Some were literally running in circles.

"There came a lull in the firing. The team scout watched a large group of the enemy swarm across the stream and head straight for the base of the Marines' hill. Soon the Marines could hear plainly the snapping of branches in the undergrowth. Their position had been spotted.

"The team radioman requested another volley be dropped on the stream bed. Six rounds hit directly. Geysers of water and several bodies were thrown upward. When the spray cleared, bodies could be seen lying in the tops of trees, across the vine bridge, along the banks, and floating face down in the stream.

"The team members were momentarily stunned by the extent of the carnage. An urgent warning from the outpost on the right flank snapped them into action. The North Vietnamese force was closing fast, making no attempt at stealth or concealment. Five Marines against the enraged remnants of a North Vietnamese battalion did not seem to be very good odds. The Marines cut across the grassy slope, jumped into a wash and scrambled rapidly down into the valley.

"An Air Force observation plane spotted them. The Marines waved and radioed the pilot to buzz the hill to discourage their pursuers. The pilot counted 50 bodies near the bridge. He marked the target and called in a jet fighter-bomber. It dropped a 2,000-pound bomb, and the ground shook beneath the patrol.

"That afternoon, the Marines posted a lookout in a tree and observed the North Vietnamese trying to track the recon team. An artillery concentration was called in again. The Marines saw no more Vietnamese that day.

"But the team was unable to find another vantage point from which to observe the enemy base camp. The next morning they made their way to a certain point, flashed their signal mirrors, and were extracted by helicopter.

"From a position less than 300 yards from the enemy's base camp, the five Marines had called in 2,937 rounds of high-explosive artillery. Based on sightings by team members and the pilot, a total of more than 100 enemy killed seems reasonably conservative. The recon team suffered no casualties."

In such spectacular fashion can well-run, long-range reconnaissance teams inflict heavy damage on the foe, in addition to providing invaluable intelligence about the enemy.

What is the technique for running these patrols that have evolved in the fierce guerrilla fighting in Viet Nam? As Sgt. John Sanderson, the 22-year-old LARP team leader with the Fourth Division, put it, "The main thing is to stay quiet, flexible, and keep your wits about you. You have to make a lot of snap decisions out there, and we simply make them as the situation seems to indicate. It can be nerve-wracking, but I like the challenge of leading these small patrols.

"We've got the edge on Charlie out there," added Sanderson who could have been speaking for all the long-range patrol men in Viet Nam. "We're ready for him, and he's not ready for us. There's no better feeling in the world than knowing you are able to live and fight like Charlie and beat him at his own game."

—William Tuohy

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STORMY QUINN

[*Continued from page* 20]

cause I still had a slight Mexican accent. So I had a friend act as my 'interpreter.' The role was all in Cheyenne anyway.

"Well, we went to see De Mille, and he said I looked okay and explained about the part. The 'interpreter' was talking gibberish to me, supposedly explaining everything, and De Mille gave me a four-page speech in Cheyenne and said I had to learn it overnight.

"The next day I came in, and the first think they told me was that I had to ride a horse. Well, I had never ridden a horse in my life then, but I couldn't tell them that, so I got on, and I fell off, and De Mille said, 'What kind of goddam Indian is that?' and my agent and the 'interpreter' were saying it was okay, I was just nervous."

After a couple of other mix-ups, De Mille told Quinn to do a scene in a way Tony thought was extremely un-Indianlike and downright stupid. Quinn blew his top, in English. "Figuring I was fired, I started to walk away, but De Mille said, 'You know, the kid's right.' He seemed to forget that I had conned him, because he kept me on and restaged the scene."

Sitting on the set for *Guns for San Sabastian,* watching the director put co-star Sam Jaffe through his paces, Quinn smiled and said, "You know, I still remember that damn speech from *The Plainsman.*" He intoned, solemnly and dramatically, a stream of gibberish in a singsong voice. "Of course, I still remember it. I've used the thing so often. Every time I played an Indian I used it—too many damn times."

De Mille used Quinn again, in 1937, in *The Buccaneer,* and it was then that he met Katherine De Mille, C.B.'s adopted daughter. Tony and Katherine were married a short time later. De Mille, the imperious giant of Hollywood, was not pleased, but he offered Quinn more roles. Quinn turned most of them down, preferring to make it on his own, and C.B. was even more displeased. Tony began working steadily, but he wasn't satisfied with his roles.

Finally becoming fed up with Hollywood after a decade of playing Mexicans, Indians and Italian gangsters, Quinn came to Broadway in 1947 and starred in *The Gentleman from Athens,* into which he sank $25,000. The play flopped, but his reviews were good, and he stayed in New York, doing live TV dramas. Though this was the so called "Golden Age of TV," he only received about $300 a show, and was going into hock rapidly, but his fierce desire to become an actor that Hollywood would take seriously kept him in New York.

Elia Kazan signed him to play Stanley Kowalski in a road tour of *A Streetcar Named Desire.* He played it for two years, and really became an actor during the run. The show also contributed a famous story to theatrical lore. As Quinn tells it:

"We had gotten a new leading lady, and a little later we played Los Angeles. Well, the girl was nervous. All the big movie stars, producers and directors were there, and this could be her big break. I was nervous too: I was sort of coming home. Anyway, we got to the rape scene okay, and I threw her down on the bed and started taking off my pajama top.

"Well, I always took my time with it, because by the time I tossed it away the lights had usually faded out and the curtains were closing. But the curtain took forever in this theater, and even though the lights faded, a skylight left the stage fully lit. So I tossed away the pajama top, and I was standing there, and standing there, and I suddenly realized how funny it was, so I started to undo the drawstring on the pajama bottom. The chick looked up at me from the bed and whispered, 'What are you going to do?' I grinned and said, 'I guess I'm just going to have to rape you, honey.' She leaped off the bed and ran offstage screaming. The poor kid."

Quinn did some more TV after that, then finally gave up his exile and returned to Hollywood to do what he calls "eating pictures." The only film of any distinction he made was *Viva Zapata!* playing Marlon Brando's sidekick. He won the Academy Award for it in 1952.

By that time, Quinn had made 34 movies; he was getting $50,000 a picture, more than any of his boyhood friends in East Los Angeles would see in a lifetime. He had starred in two Broadway plays and had become a fairly sophisticated and literate man.

Despite all he had, he still didn't have what he needs—success on his own terms; he hadn't worked hard and gone broke just to play second leads in mostly second-rate movies. Despite his Oscar, no decent offers were coming in, just more gangsters and Indians, so he took off for Europe.

"I went there to make more money and get a broader range," he said; then he grinned. "Besides, I figured maybe in a European picture, I might have a chance to get the girl."

In Italy, a typical piece of Quinn obstinacy provided the big turning point in his career. Ingrid Bergman got him together with Federico Fellini, the writer-director. Fellini had made two low-budget movies, but was still relatively unknown. He gave Quinn a battered and tomato-sauce-stained script called *La Strada.* Quinn read it, loved it and agreed to take the lead role in the movie. But getting the movie produced wasn't easy.

"I took the script to the biggest producers in Italy and showed it to them," Quinn said. "They all knew Federico. They'd thrown him out of their offices several times, and they hated the script. I'm a sucker for an underdog, and Fellini was sure one, so it became a battle. Finally one producer gave Fellini the money —after I said I'd do a movie for the producer." Quinn fulfilled his promise by playing the title role in *Attila the Hun.* He shot *Attila,* one of his worst films, in the afternoons after spending his mornings shooting *La Strada,* which came to be recognized as one of the great classic

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Jim Beam Bourbon has that "case."

The whole matter started with Jacob Beam—who would be 200 years old this year—and a secret he discovered.

The secret, in the case of Jim Beam Bourbon, goes back to 1795, and it is still hush-hush today. The secret lay in the heart of Kentucky where there was, and is today, the right combination for pleasure. The right land. The right climate: the perfect Bourbon formula.

In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and he added his own special ingredient: pride.

Six Generation Formula

The pride of this first Beam distiller has been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has startled the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

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JIM BEAM BOURBON—MAKING NEWS SINCE 1795

CLERMONT, KY.—173 years ago Jacob Beam started making Beam Bourbon here in Kentucky. It is still being made here today. And still by the Beams.

Along with inspired skills, the making of a Bourbon like Beam requires an unusual combination of land, climate and natural materials. And it's all here, in north central Kentucky.

There's the ancient, underlying limestone springs that supply sweet, clear water—a vital ingredient in the making of fine Bourbon.

The rich, fertile, surrounding valleys and plains provide

Fresh Charred Oak

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POOF PROOF

In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at the
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"Remember the millionaire you put on tranquilizers?"

movies. Directed by Fellini, Quinn was outstanding in his role as an inarticulate circus strong man.

Quinn returned to Hollywood and resumed playing second leads, until the Academy Awards for 1956 were announced. Quinn won his second Oscar, for Best Supporting Actor, in *Lust for Life,* and *La Strada* won the Oscar for Best Foreign Picture. Hollywood finally took him seriously. He was offered better roles, the money rolled in, and Quinn soon owned houses in California and Connecticut and apartments in New York and Paris, as well as six cars and a yacht.

Quinn both produced and starred in *The Man from Del Rio* and *The Ride Back,* in which he played honest Mexicans with no "pass ze tamaleezz" accent. He made several good movies and, onscreen, he was getting the girl—among them, Lana Turner, Anna Magnani, Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren. (Now they were bringing the Italians to play opposite him in Hollywood.) He came to New York and costarred in the play *Becket* with Sir Laurence Olivier. Professionally, he was home free; personally, he was going through hell.

His marriage was on the rocks and for Quinn, fundamentally an old-fashioned family man, it was an unbearable situation. Katherine De Mille had grown up among the cream of Hollywood's aristocracy and the differences between her and Quinn had begun to show; like two lines that are not exactly parallel, they eventually began to diverge widely.

He and Katherine tried staying together for the sake of their children. (They had five, including a son drowned in a fish pond in 1941, at age two; two of the three daughters are now married and son Duncan is beginning a career as a director.)

He got away from it all by returning to Europe, where he did *The Savage Innocents* and *The Guns of Navarone,* and then played the title role in *Barabbas* in Italy. There he met Yolanda Addolori, a very pretty Italian girl in her late 20's who was working in the MGM costume department in Rome. They fell in love, and she accompanied him to Jordan when he made *Lawrence of Arabia.* Rumors were flying and scandal was brewing, but it was only the beginning.

Tony's problem wasn't an uncommon one for a middle-aged man, except for two things. One, he was a famous movie star, and two, he has a larger-than-life approach to everything.

He came back to New York to do *Tchin-Tchin* on the Broadway stage. Yolanda was pregnant, and the anticipation of trouble to come, plus the grueling routine of the demanding play, resulted in what he calls "a minor nervous breakdown." She flew to New York and took care of him. They returned to Rome in the spring, and in March, 1963, she had a baby boy, Francesco. Thus began his highly public, two-and-a-half-year dilemma. He was nominated for his first Academy Award for a starring role, as the punchy boxer in *Requiem for a Heavyweight,* but it brought him no solace.

He tried to give his son his name, but Italian law wouldn't allow it, so he settled for publicly acknowledging the boy as his. "I'd been preaching responsibility all my life. What else could I do? I tried to settle it without hypocrisy, with honor." Someone once asked him why he didn't just procure an abortion and almost got his head torn off—"Anti-God!" Quinn roared.

Katherine didn't want to give him a divorce, and maintained a discreet silence, while the penny-dreadful press cranked out stories about Yolanda, calling her Quinn's "Italian wife." For a while he commuted between Katherine in Connecticut and Yolanda in Rome, unable—for once—simply to decide what to do and then do it. Gossip columnists flayed him with all the sensational trivia they could rake up.

Then Yolanda became pregnant again; perhaps Quinn was forcing his own hand. Rumors began appearing in the papers, and some months later Daniele was born. By this time Tony was spending more time in Europe than anyplace else, and the outcome was sure. In January, 1965, he and Katherine were divorced in Juarez on the grounds of "mutual incompatibility." The financial settlement was considerable, but he was free.

And happy. He had resolved his personal problem, and had just completed a movie he was sure would be a hit, *Zorba the Greek.* The character of the cunning, lusty peasant was close to his own (actor George Segal, who starred in another film with him, says, "Tony *is* Zorba"), and he acted it with a gusto that brought him another Academy Award nomination.

A year later he married Yolanda. He joked about the delay with the ever-attentive press, saying he didn't want to rush into things, but it wasn't that simple. For one thing, Sophia Loren was having legal trouble in Rome over her Mexican divorce, and it seemed a good idea to wait. For another, he had to make some money. The smash success of *Zorba* helped remedy that.

Tony and Yolanda settled in Rome. There was some speculation that he'd give up his American citizenship. This made him furious. "Not only am I keeping it, but I pay my full taxes, unlike some people who live overseas." (Since he gets $500,000 per picture, plus a percentage of the profits, Quinn's taxes are considerable.) "I want to preserve the right to bitch about my country." He has no idea where his permanent home will be.

The problem is in abeyance for a time. He starts with Michael Caine in *The Magus* in Majorca, plays the Pope in *The Shoes of the Fisherman* and the Zorba-like hero of *The Secret of Santa Vittoria* in Italy, and has the title role in *Papa Hemingway* in Spain, so he'll continue a gypsy existence for a while.

On the surface, Quinn embraces the philosophy he embodied in *Zorba the Greek* ("screw success, screw failure—just live"), but he has been very much a scrambler after success; what makes his notable is that it has been on his terms, and they have been tough ones. But he's still not certain he has achieved his goals, or even what his goals are.

"I got a letter the other day from a lady who said I should go into politics—she said I was a born leader." He laughed raucously. "How can I lead anybody when I don't know where I'm going myself?"

—Brian St. Pierre

CAN HE DO IT AGAIN?
[*Continued from page* 30]

everything but baseball had made the Red Sox the country club of the big leagues. When one manager, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, asked for time off to pull himself together, he was given permanent time off. Another, after asking the front office to be patient, ended there himself and cut the legs from under his successor.

Each of them had proclaimed when he took the job that the day of judgment had arrived. The players would keep their noses to the grindstone. They would hustle and bust their butts to win. They would obey rules, work their brains out, think not of themselves but of the team, and fight, fight, fight for the glory of all, including their own families, the loyal, long-suffering baseball fans of Boston and New England, and owner Tom Yawkey.

When Dick Williams was given the job in the winter after the disastrous-as-usual season of 1966, a Roxbury mailman said, "Dick Williams? Are you sure they don't mean Ted?" Indeed, it seemed like the wrong Williams. This one, interviewed by representatives of press, television and radio, sounded a drearily familiar note.

"My players will hustle," he said. "They'll bust their buts to win. They'll obey the rules. They'll work their brains out. They'll think not of themselves, but of the team. They'll fight for owner Tom Yawkey, and their families, and the loyal, long-suffering fans of Boston and New England."

One Boston television station dug out film clips of previous new Red Sox managers and ran them off before showing Williams. All, Williams included, sounded exactly alike.

But those who remembered Williams as a player didn't expect him to be like the others. He was too tough, too smart, too pragmatic, too flip. Besides, anyone who could last 14 years in the big leagues with a dead arm had to have something to distinguish him from the mob. A smashed shoulder at Brooklyn in 1952 wrecked what might have been a successful playing career for Williams. He was a promising 23-year-old outfielder who seemed on the way to making it big with the Dodgers when he got hurt. Then, in order to stay in the majors, he had to scramble, relying mainly on guts plus an acquired ability to play anywhere in the infield or outfield.

Since every year he played could have been his last and he was determined to stay in baseball, Williams always stood ready to seek a job on short notice as a coach or scout. Managing seemed to him an impossible dream until one day in 1956 when, in a doubleheader, Manager Paul Richards of the Baltimore Orioles let him play six positions: Left, right and center field, and first, second and third base. He had an amazing day, collecting six hits in nine times up and playing errorless ball for 18 innings.

"That was the first time I ever really thought about being a manager," he says. "A reasonably intelligent guy can teach any position he knows and how many guys know six? Or maybe I should say seven, because I could play short, too. And a teacher can manage, just as a manager must be a teacher."

It never occurred to Williams that there might have been a flaw in his thinking, that the fact that he could play all those positions didn't necessarily mean he could teach them. Or even that he could play them well. For Williams is confident and intensely proud of everything he's ever done in baseball, either on the field, at the plate or on the bench.

When he reached Boston in 1963 at the end of a meandering odyssey that had taken him all over baseball's map, he was a weather-beaten journeyman of 34 with bright hazel eyes, short spikes of brown hair, a wry smile and the same sharp tongue that had once made him Dodger Manager Chuck Dressen's favorite umpire baiter.

"Since you were about through then," he was once asked, "I suppose you were looking forward to managing."

"Who says I was through?" Williams retorted. "The Red Sox got me for pinch-hitting and I pinch-hit way over .300."

"But weren't you thinking of becoming a manager?"

"Only when I was through," Williams said. "And at that point I wasn't."

But managing was certainly on his mind, especially when he looked around the Red Sox locker room during the two seasons he was in Boston as a player. The bold shenanigans of his teammates amazed him. Some openly defied Manager Johnny Pesky, others appeared in the locker room bleary-eyed and fuzzy-voiced after a bad night, and most didn't care if they won or lost.

Time and again, Williams told the few serious ballplayers on the club, "If I were manager, I'd slap fines on these guys that they'd never forget."

Not being the manager, he didn't fine anyone, but he knew where all the bodies lay and could open the doors to every closet that had a skeleton inside. In the meantime, he had his own fun. Hardly a swinger on this swinging ball club, for he was not a broad chaser, Williams broke curfew only to drink, talk and play cards. The best gin rummy player on the ball club, he once took a teammate for $500 with the comment, "If I managed this club, it would cost us both another five hundred in fines. Nobody around here has any business winning or losing this much in a card game."

Williams held his own in the Scotch-and-water department. "I'm a low-ball hitter and a highball drinker," he used to say. But he never got drunk, knew when to stop and always put baseball ahead of everything else. His arguments were baseball arguments, his wisecracks

"Your honor, after reading a few pages you can understand why I want this filthy book banned. Your honor . . . Your honor!"

"Tell me, Selma, where did we go wrong?"

baseball wisecracks, his thinking baseball thinking.

One of the few Red Sox ballplayers who came to play was Carl Yastrzemski who, although a potential stick-out, had a long way to go before becoming the superstar he developed into last year. Yastrzemski's biggest weakness was poor base running, not from lack of speed but lack of judgment. Knowing that Williams had once been a Brooklyn teammate of the great Jackie Robinson, Yastrzemski asked him one day how Robinson ran the bases.

"Just the way you do," Williams said. "Only you get caught."

Williams didn't know it, but he had a powerful friend in the Red Sox front office. Neil Mahoney, the farm director, had been following his career ever since Mahoney, then scouting the Texas League for the Red Sox, had first seen Williams play as a 19-year-old outfielder at Fort Worth in 1948.

"I couldn't help noticing him," Mahoney said. "He worked so hard and had so much hustle and ambition that he stood out over everyone on the field. When I asked about him, I was told the Dodgers, who were grooming him for their big club, would never let him go. Even after he got hurt, he hustled all the time although he knew he'd never be an outstanding ballplayer."

Since he was a fringe ballplayer because of his bad arm, Williams was always dispensable, always on the block, always moving from one club to another. The Dodgers had him up and down between Brooklyn and the minors for three years before they finally released him on waivers to the Baltimore Orioles in the middle of the 1956 season. From then until he quit playing, Williams never put more than two seasons back-to-back on any one ball club. His travels were a patchwork of baseball cities as he kept getting sold, traded and thrown in on multiple-player deals.

Because of his longtime interest in Williams, Mahoney spent hours talking baseball with him and became convinced he had managerial possibilities. In September of 1964, when even Williams was ready to admit he was through as a ballplayer, Mahoney offered him a coaching job at Seattle.

"You can be manager if we shift to Toronto," Mahoney said. "Edo Vanni's the manager now and he won't leave Seattle."

Williams didn't accept before checking with Paul Richards, then general manager of the Houston Astros. Why Richards? "Because," Williams said, "the guy picked me up four different times, three at Baltimore and once at Houston. There must have been something about me he liked, and I wanted to be available if he had a job in mind for me."

When Richards assured him he had nothing that good, Williams agreed to go to Seattle or Toronto. When it turned out to be Toronto, Williams was a Triple A manager.

An instant success, he won two International League play-offs in a row after finishing third in his first season and second in his next. He whipped ballplayers into line by threatening heavy fines on anyone who chose the primrose path.

After the Red Sox fired Billy Herman as their manager near the end of the 1966 season, they were generally expected to replace him with Williams. Neil Mahoney recommended Williams. So did Haywood Sullivan, the club's personnel director and a former major league manager. On his frequent trips to Toronto to scout ballplayers, Sullivan had been deeply impressed with the way Williams handled that team. And twice in the previous dozen years Red Sox managers had been drawn from their ranking farm club, Mike Higgins from Louisville and Johnny Pesky from Seattle.

But in Williams' case there was one big difference. Higgins, Pesky and all other previous Red Sox managers had had to look over their shoulders at the front office. Williams, the first manager appointed by new General Manager Dick O'Connell, was given control of the ball club with no strings attached. When O'Connell handed Williams the job, he said, "Manage the way you want to manage, not the way you think anybody up here wants you to manage."

Williams managed his own way, but borrowed something from his three favorite managers, Bobby Bragan, Chuck Dressen and Paul Richards. He had played for Bragan at Fort Worth before going into the big leagues, for Dressen at Brooklyn and for Richards at Baltimore.

"All three were disciplinarians without being martinets," Williams says. "They all had the respect, but not necessarily the affection, of their ballplayers. They all paid close attention to little details. And they were all a couple of jumps ahead of everyone else because they were always thinking ahead. Bragan was a master of sarcasm. Dressen an egotist and Richards a thinker."

Williams might well have been describing himself. He's a disciplinarian without being a martinet. He has the respect but not necessarily the affection, of his ballplayers. He's always thinking ahead. He's a master of sarcasm. He's an egotist. And he's a thinker.

Nobody had to teach him to be a disciplinarian. After what he had seen in his two years as a Red Sox player, he was an expert in all the tricks of malingering, curfew ducking and training breaking. He didn't let anybody get away with anything. He was so tough at Toronto that Gary Waslewski, one of his young pitchers there, remarked after Williams got the Red Sox job, "If he runs that club the way he ran ours, he won't make many friends."

"I don't expect to make friends," Williams said. "I'm not running a popularity contest."

He certainly wasn't. By the end of the pennant-winning 1967 season, almost everyone on the Red Sox ball club had some beef about him. During the past winter Johnny Wyatt, a highly successful relief pitcher who faltered a few times in the stretch and wound up in Williams' doghouse, wrote a letter to a Boston baseball writer in which he complained that, no matter what he did, he couldn't satisfy Williams. "I guess," he added, "I'll join the 20 others who are in the same boat."

"What about Wyatt's letter?" a friend asked Williams. "It looks as if 20 of the 25 guys on the squad didn't like you."

"Only 20?" Williams said.

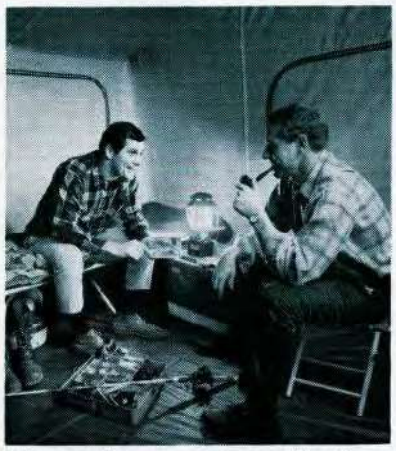
"What five liked him?" asked Norma, his stunning brunette wife, whose flip tongue matches her husband's.

"Yastrzemski, for one."

"After the year Yastrzemski had," Norma said, "he'd like anyone."

Williams spent the winter before the 1967 season learning all he could about his new ball club. By the time he met the team at Winter Haven, Florida, last spring, he was convinced of two things: That the Red Sox were not nearly as bad as they were painted and that with

We pitched a Coleman Tent beside the drenching Pacific surf.



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Coleman beat the sea. And we stayed dry inside. Because our pole system is spring-loaded, gives and takes under pressure. And Coleman's Dri-Tex Duck defied the constant drenching. Not surprising. Our seams are lap-felled, hooked over and under each other, then sewn tightly. Heavy-duty, weather-sealed zippers make Coleman's big windows water-proof. No wet feet, either. Coleman Tents feature double vinylized nylon floors.

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lanterns, stoves, heaters, coolers, jugs, tents, sleeping bags, camping trailers

proper discipline and preparation they could finish in the first division. But he hardly expected them to win the pennant. The farthest he would go was to say the Red Sox would win more games than they lost.

The fast-talking, former Scotch-sipping gin rummy expert was now all business. His first move was to deprive Yastrzemski of the team captaincy, a job Williams thought unnecessary since the club already had a manager and four coaches. Then he announced his rules. Curfew for day games would be 12:30 a.m.; for night games, two and a half hours after the team bus arrived at the hotel. There would be no gambling for high stakes. Each man was assigned a prescribed weight which he was not to exceed during the season. During spring training, married men could live out with their families, but bachelors would live at team headquarters, the Haven Hotel, an ancient hostelry in downtown Winter Haven. The penalty for breaking training would be $500 instead of the $50 it had been under previous Red Sox managers.

"A guy will pay 50 for a night on the town," Williams said. "For 500, he'll think twice."

Those who expected a revolt when spring training began were set straight the first day. Instead of being upset, Yastrzemski was delighted to be rid of a captaincy he hadn't wanted in the first place. And Tony Conigliaro, the other topflight Red Sox star, discovered who was boss an hour after he arrived in camp. When the young bachelor casually informed Williams he did not intend to live at the Haven Hotel, the manager said, "You'll live in the same place as everyone else." Conigliaro moved in that afternoon.

Spring training was a constant lesson in fundamentals as Williams drilled and drilled and drilled his men on such basic points as running bases properly, hitting the cutoff man in throws from the outfield, taking extra bases when hits were carelessly fielded, picking up the coaches's signs, sliding, being in the right places at the right times, and other such drab details.

"Drab but necessary," Williams said. "That's what wins pennants. That's why we drilled from 10 to 2 every day. Four hours in that Florida sun may not be fun but hard work never is. And that's what any successful ball club needs, hard work."

He had no patience with anyone who couldn't or wouldn't help the ball club. His criterion wasn't simply "Can he play?" but "Will he?" When Jerry Stephenson and Dave Morehead, a pair of young pitchers who had rarely lived up to their great potential because they were always complaining of sore arms, showed signs of developing their usual symptoms, Williams said, "We'll take no sore arms to Boston. We've got enough troubles with healthy arms." Since neither Stephenson nor Morehead had ever been shipped out because of arm trouble before, they assumed they wouldn't be this time. They assumed wrong. Both were with Toronto before spring training ended. It took them practically all season to get back to the Red Sox.

Reggie Smith, a switch-hitting 22-year-old rookie who could play both infield and outfield, was too lackadaisical at spring training to suit the new Red Sox manager. One day Williams called Smith aside and reminded him the club had one option left on him. Baseball rules permit a big league club to option a player to the minors three times without his permission unless he has been in the majors eight years or more. Smith had been optioned out twice. He changed overnight and before the season ended was one of the best center fielders in baseball.

"The turning point of my career," he said later, "was the day Williams reminded me of that option."

Williams' doghouse was never empty. George Scott and Joe Foy made it early by showing up overweight for spring training. Both were in and out of it all season for the same reason. In the heat of the pennant race, the Red Sox lost three games in a row to the California Angels at Anaheim, each by one run, while Scott, a slugging first baseman, languished on the bench with orders to get rid of six excess pounds. When the series ended, Manager Bill Rigney of the Angels said, "In the big leagues we've got 19 managers and one dietitian."

Later Williams said, "It killed me to bench Scott because we sure needed his bat. But I couldn't let him get away with something I wouldn't let anyone else get away with. He had to learn the lesson, even if it cost us the pennant."

Foy, the third baseman, spent half the month of September on the bench because of his failure to make plays which, according to Williams, would have been easy for him if he hadn't let himself get out of shape. He didn't work his way back into the lineup until the fifth game of the World Series.

Never bashful about answering straight questions with straight answers, Williams said whatever came into his head. Once, after Tony Conigliaro messed up an easy fly ball, Williams was asked what he thought Conigliaro should have done.

"What do you think I thought?" he retorted. "He should have caught the ball. This is the big leagues, isn't it?"

Obviously, Williams wasn't out to make buddies of his ballplayers. Some found him pretty hard to take and most were scared to death of him. But the pros, who respected his ability to get the most out of them, felt he was the best thing that had happened to the Red Sox in years. Whether or not they liked him personally, men like Yastrzemski, Jim Lonborg and Jerry Adair swore by him.

"It's not a question of liking or not liking," Yastrzemski said. "It's a question of dollars and cents. Williams is a winner and winners make money for you. He's tough but not unreasonable. All he demands is your best, and any manager is entitled to that. He led us to a pennant. What more can you ask of a guy?"

As blunt with writers as with players, Williams got off to such a shaky start with the press that one expert referred to him as "a Dale Carnegie dropout." But Williams, a refreshing departure from most big league managers, who offer little but tripe for publication, was soon a press favorite. His comments provided the best copy since Casey Stengel's time.

One mid-September day, when the American League pennant race was at fever heat, with the Red Sox, White Sox, Minnesota Twins and Detroit Tigers playing musical chairs with the first four places in the standings, Williams sat cheerfully relaxed after his club had

TRUE

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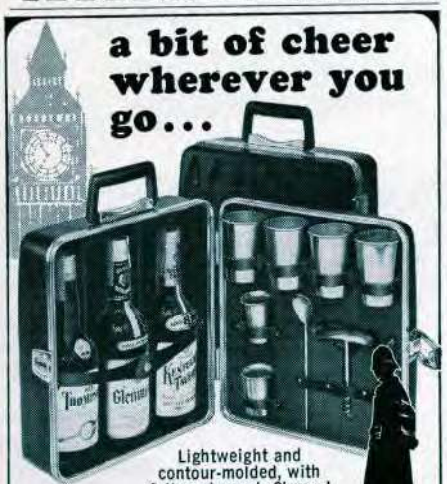

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dropped its third straight game to Baltimore.

"What makes you so happy?" he was asked.

"Here it is September 17th and we're only a game out of first place," he said. "Why shouldn't I be happy?"

Williams never seems to blink his eyes, a characteristic often disconcerting to people meeting him for the first time.

"I can't figure you out," someone said to him one day. "You never blink."

"How do you know I don't blink when you blink?" Williams retorted.

Nobody gets closer to Williams's eyes than the umpires, who often found themselves eyeball-to-eyeball with him last year. Williams was at war with them within a week after the season began. But there was a method in his madness. He not only wanted to protect his own ballplayers, but to give umpires notice that this was one rookie manager who would be no patsy for them.

Williams is at his caustic best when hassling with the men in blue. His first serious argument, which came on a cold April afternoon in Boston, was with umpire Bill Valentine over a close play at the plate while Joe Cronin, president of the American League, and Cal Hubbard, the league's director of umpires, sat in the stands. After Valentine finally thumbed him out of the game, Williams said, "With that mask and that chest protector and that blue suit, you could go on *What's My Line?* and they'd never guess."

Williams, told that both Cronin and Hubbard took a dim view of his performance with Valentine, showed a fine disdain for the traditional nice-Nellie attitude usually taken by baseball men towards the league brass.

"What does Cronin know?" he demanded. "He left before the game was over. And what does Hubbard know? He wore earmuffs on account of the cold and went to sleep in the ball park."

As the season progressed, Williams squawked often over close plays. His favorite targets were Valentine and Frank Umont, neither of whom ever seemed to satisfy the fiery young Red Sox manager. During a home stand which found the Red Sox maintaining a torrid victory streak, Williams made life so miserable for them that they threw him out twice in four nights.

Later, in a game against the Angels, Yastrzemski was hit by a pitch, and Williams blew his stack. He rushed Umont, who was umpiring at the plate, claiming the Angels were purposely pitching too close to the hitters and that Umont should warn them. When Umont refused, Williams went back to his dugout, behind first base, and called to Yastrzemski, "Take somebody with you when you go down to second."

Valentine, umpiring on first, turned and walked toward the Red Sox dugout, pointing at Williams and telling him to shut up. Suddenly, Williams tore out of the dugout, apparently headed for Valentine. While the umpire braced himself, Williams ran right by him, went over to Yastrzemski, put his arm around him and whispered in his ear, while the first-base coach, Bobby Doerr, stood by.

Meanwhile, Valentine, furious at being made a fool of before 30,000 people, hurried over to break up the conference. As he reached it, Williams said, "I am having a private conference with one of my ballplayers and one of my coaches. It has nothing to do with you."

"Get back to that dugout before I run you," Valentine screamed.

Williams took two steps, then spat, and Valentine gave him the thumb. The umpire later claimed Williams spat on his shoe, but Williams denied it.

"I didn't come within a foot of his shoe," Williams said. "I was going the other direction."

Williams revised his estimate of the American League race in midseason when the Red Sox showed no signs of folding and nobody else showed signs of pulling away from the pack. It was then that he began predicting that his own club would win the pennant.

Even when the Red Sox fell two and a half games off the pace in August, Williams remained confident. Asked if he thought he or the ballplayers were beginning to feel the pressure, he said, "Why should we? Everybody picked us for ninth, didn't they?"

COMING . . .

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

To the amazement of baseball followers everywhere, the Red Sox didn't fold. With Yastrzemski performing miracles at bat and afield, with Lonborg piling one victory on top of another, and with the other members of a pedestrian pitching staff coming up with key victories in the clutches, the Red Sox came closer and closer to the jackpot. Like a skipper on the bridge of a ship in a storm, Williams stood or crouched alone every night in his dugout, silently masterminding the making of his champions. The decisions were his, the moves were his, the juggling of the pitchers was his. In the climactic final days of the race, he alone ran the show.

Williams' moves often seem instinctive, much like Casey Stengel's and, like Stengel's, incredibly shot with luck. After Elston Howard, no longer a good hitter but almost as great a catcher as ever, came to the Red Sox from the Yankees, Williams usually had someone pinch-hit for him in the late innings. One night in Washington, for no apparent reason, he let Howard bat for himself with two out in the ninth inning and the winning run on second. Howard drove it home with a single.

If nothing else, Williams disproved a

wide-spread theory that if a team has the ballplayers it doesn't matter who the manager is. The Red Sox wouldn't have won the pennant without the ballplayers, but they wouldn't have won without the manager either. Like Leo Durocher, who kept the Chicago Cubs in contention half the season after they had finished last in 1966, Williams showed the baseball world that managers do count.

But his luck can't be discounted, and Williams is very lucky indeed. As one Boston observer pointed out last year, "Williams has always been lucky. He was lucky the Red Sox moved from Seattle to Toronto when they did so he could be a manager instead of just a coach. He's lucky at cards, he's lucky on the ball field, he's lucky on the bench, he's lucky on television shows."

A few months after he got the Red Sox job Williams, then living in California, broke the bank in a quiz show called "Hollywood Squares," winning 5,000 dollars in cash and prizes, one of which was a round trip to Paris for one.

"That will cost him money," said Norma. "He's not going to Paris alone."

This year Williams has worries. Their seriousness depends mainly on how completely Lonborg recovers from a knee injury he suffered while skiing at Lake Tahoe last December. Without Lonborg, a 22-game winner in 1967, the Red Sox can't hope to win another pennant this year, although they shored up their pitching by acquiring Ray Culp from the Cubs and Dick Ellsworth from the Phillies in winter trades. And their catching is second-rate except for Howard, who can work only about half the season's games.

Still, Williams, who knows he needed help from the gods to win last year, is as confident as ever. "Any of the top six teams last years could win this year's pennant," he says, "but our chances are as good as anybody's. It would be a mistake to sell us short." The top six American League clubs last year were Boston, Minnesota, Detroit, Chicago, California and Baltimore.

Williams pulled all the right strings once and thinks he can do it again, for he is almost infuriatingly sure of himself. The only time he showed a touch of humility last year was right after the Red Sox clinched the pennant. In the midst of a wild, champagne-drinking, beer-swilling, shaving-cream-squirting victory celebration, he suddenly stopped and said, "Imagine me, a Humpty-Dumpty ballplayer managing the American League team in next year's All-Star game."

But he reverted to form when the Red Sox announced at a press conference last fall that they were giving him a three-year contract at an estimated $50,000 a year. Williams, while talking about the remarkable season that had just ended, said, among other things, "We made some mistakes—"

"What mistakes did you make, Dick?" he was asked.

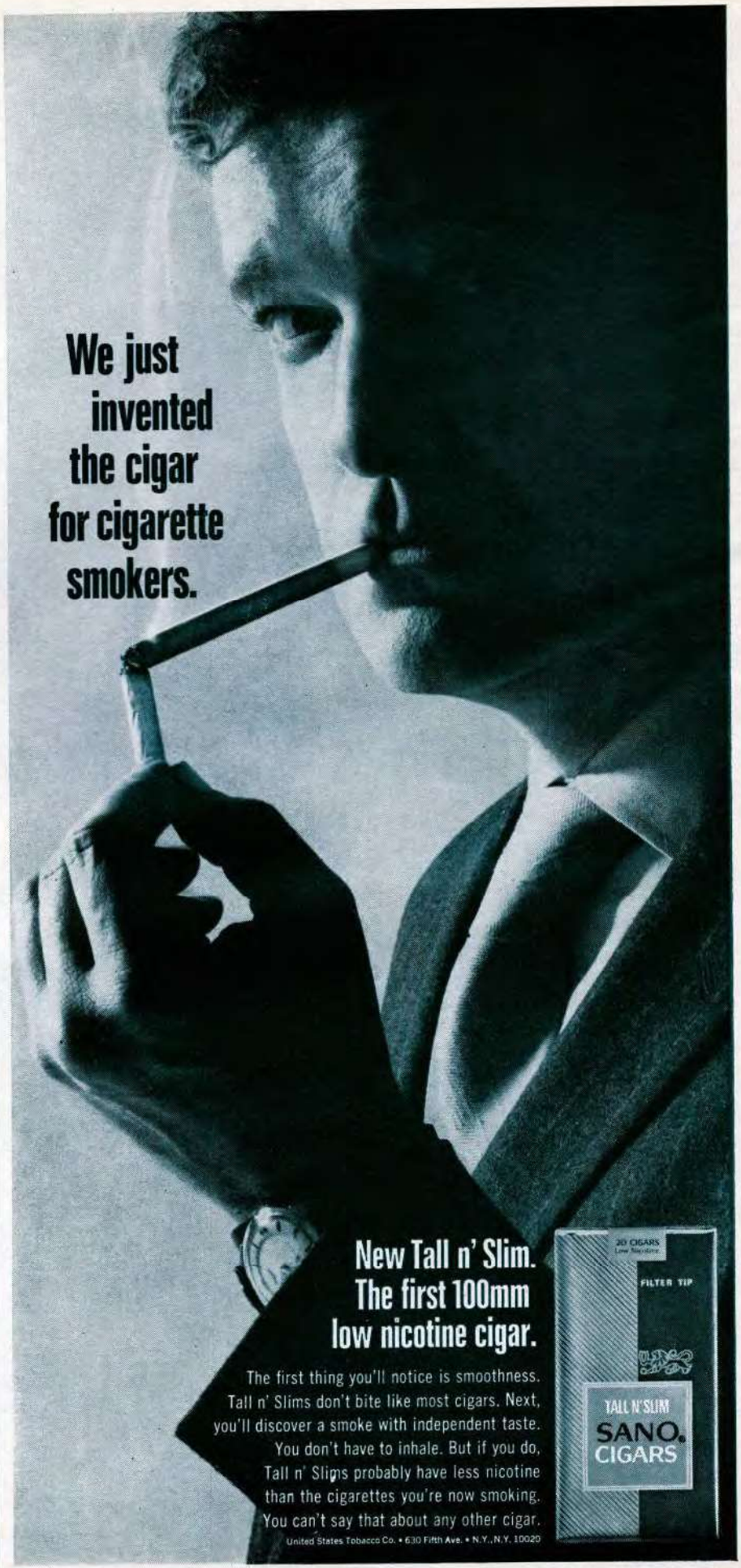
"I didn't say the manager made any mistakes," he said. "I was talking about the team."

"Did the manager make any mistakes?"

"No," Williams said.

He didn't even smile when he said it.

—Al Hirshberg



INFERNO AT SEA

[*Continued from page* 46]

cool it before it exploded. It was a miracle it hadn't blown already. Afterward the *Alva Cape* could be surrounded and its fire attacked.

But when Summerbell looked at the seething flames he shuddered. Each of the two ships was a hundred times bigger than the *Smith*. Both were at anchor and hard against each other. Somehow the *Smith* had to force them apart. But between the tankers was a canyon of flames, fueled by the naphtha still gushing from the *Alva Cape*, and blazing to rival the sun. To take the *Smith* in there, with its men exposed to the searing heat, was a challenge to fate. There almost had to be casualties, and if an explosion came, while they were in this tunnel of fire, they would all go. He cursed, for he knew he was afraid—for his men, his ship, himself. Then he shrugged. He was paid to fight fires.

He glanced at pilot Tom Berry, who manned the wheel in the pilothouse and was in charge of navigating the ship. Berry was the best pilot in the marine division, with a quarter of a century at the helm. If anyone could take the fireboat in, it was this man.

"Berry," Summerbell said quietly, "take her down the slot."

Berry, a big, ordinarily jovial blond, cracked no joke at the order. Instead he yanked at a lanyard to whistle the smaller boats out of the way, eased into his throttle and headed slowly toward the guts of the fire. He glanced at the windows surrounding the pilothouse, and Summerbell knew the questions going through the pilot's mind. Should he open the windows or leave them closed? In an explosion was it better to be burned or to be slashed by flying glass? Berry quickly dropped the windows.

The lieutenant ducked out of the pilothouse to give last-minute instructions to Hogan and Drohosky overhead, and to the men who manned the boat-deck pipes, Ed McCarthy, Tony Leonardi, and John Sullivan. Summerbell pointed to the *Texaco Massachusetts* and shouted over the roar, "Put the water on that one."

What water? Five firemen and a lieutenant, wearing rubber boots, coats and helmets, were standing at monitors from which not a drop had yet come. Nor could it, for Berry was having trouble finding the slot. He controlled the main water supply, but he couldn't turn it on, for then the sterns of the ships, now enshrouded in smoke and flame, would be lost as well in an inundating spray, and he wouldn't be able to navigate at all. Summerbell, standing on the pilothouse deck, felt he was being fried, yet he knew all Berry could do was inch forward blindly, hoping for a glimpse of the sterns. A gust of flame burst over the deck, and Drohosky, above the pilothouse, screamed as his face was burned. The men yelled desperately for water.

"Steady," Summerbell cried. "We'll have water soon."

The seconds seemed hours as Berry felt his way in. Then the sterns of the tankers loomed up through a gap in the flame. The *Smith* was headed right. Instantly the pilot threw a switch. Two giant diesel engines roared belowdecks, powering pumps, and the *Smith* belched a cascade of water.

Truly the slot was a tunnel of fire. The sides of the tankers rose 10 feet higher than the *Smith* and touched overhead to form an arch. The *Smith* broke it by pushing her bow into the solid mass of flames to force the tankers apart with her sides. Her bow fenders caught fire, but she drove on. Her midsection entered the slot, then her stern. "The *Smith's* disappeared—we can't see her," Summerbell heard the radio cry.

As the *Smith* crept forward, the heat grew more searing, the smoke more choking, and the fireboat could only respond with tons of water spewing out the monitors in three-inch streams. It splattered off the sides of the tankers and sprayed back over the *Smith* to give some measure of protection. The powerful streams, guided by the firemen, literally swept the fire from the tankers' sides, knocking down the flames and washing off the naphtha that fueled them. Ahead was still a blocking wall of flame, but Summerbell, looking back, could see now the void the *Smith* had cleared with its passage. The ships' hulls were smoking with heat, but the tankers were separating and only a few fires were flaring up again.

Yet Summerbell felt they were all living on borrowed time. They had to go through the slot as quickly as possible and get out the other end. Eventually the naphtha would restart behind them to surround the *Smith* with fire—if it was still in the slot. And there was the unremitting danger of an explosion. By every rule of combustion the lieutenant had ever heard of, the *Texaco Massachusetts*, its tanks loaded with gas fumes, should blow up. Why didn't it go? The only factor that could be saving them was too rich a mixture. The *Texaco Massachusetts* must be like a flooded car engine —too much gas and not enough air. But who could count on its remaining incombustible? So he ran from pipe to pipe shouting over the din for his men to concentrate on the *Texaco Massachusetts*. Their instinct was to fight the hotter blaze on the *Alva Cape*, but life itself might depend on cooling the other ship.

The *Smith* faced another danger. She was in precisely the same situation that had already claimed the tug *Latin*

TRUE

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America, with naphtha fumes filling her engine room. Would the diesels go wild and explode? Summerbell worried only momentarily, then decided there wasn't a damn thing he could do. The *Smith* would either explode or it wouldn't.

Inch by inch the fireboat drove onward into the flames. The slot was endless. Yet they ought to clear it any second.

That was not to be. Suddenly the *Smith* came on the burning wreck of the tug *Esso Vermont*, wedged between the bows of the tankers. The tunnel of fire had one end blocked—at the vortex of the flames.

His voice hoarse, Summerbell pointed ahead, and the men at the monitors directed their streams on the burning tug. The torrent of water smashed out the flames—but did not free the *Smith*. Where would it go now? Backwards? Summerbell swung his head to see whether flames had filled the slot behind again—and there was the most beautiful sight of his life. The *Firefighter*, with her reinforced crew aboard, had come up astern, her huge pipes erupting a mountain of water that swept the remains of the fire from the slot and inundated the *Texaco Massachusetts*. "Go between the ships and protect the exposed." It had been done.

Now the *Texaco Massachusetts* had to be boarded and searched for survivors. Some monitors were shut down, and a 15-foot ladder was raised from the pilothouse deck and hooked over the tanker's rail. Summerbell and fireman Hogan scampered up. The deck was still so hot it melted the rubber of their boots and made them slip as they scurried over the decks. Satisfied no one was aboard, they headed back for the ladder and the *Smith*.

As Hogan hustled down the ladder first, he felt it move, and jumped to the deck. Summerbell started down, but the ladder began drifting away until it was tilted at a rakish angle. The lieutenant fell, his legs straddling the rungs of the ladder and caught in the iron deck rail of the *Smith*. Hogan and Drohosky yelled to pilot Berry to "hold her steady."

"I am holding her steady," Berry shouted back.

He did not know that tugs had hooked lines to the *Texaco Massachusetts'* anchor chain on the starboard side and were starting to pull her away. As the tanker stirred, it was on the point of ripping off Summerbell's legs.

For a moment Berry couldn't figure what was happening, except that the men were screaming. Then he realized the tanker was moving. Quickly he fed power to the *Smith's* screw to keep pace, relieving the strain on Summerbell's legs. The firemen lifted the ladder above the railing, and Summerbell was freed.

Because of the *Smith's* run through the slot, the danger to the Port of New York was cut in half. The *Texaco Massachusetts* was being towed safely away, leaving only the inferno on the *Alva Cape*. The fireboats turned their geysers on her. But the tanker continued to burn with white heat.

The *Smith* had a special weapon, however. She was the only fireboat in the department with a monitor pipe equipped to shoot foam, and smothering foam is the fireman's best weapon against fire. At Summerbell's order, Berry steered the *Smith* around the *Alva Cape* and into the burning water on the other side. As the fireboat turned to face the tanker, ahead of it lay the yawning hole in the hull through which the flaming naphtha was pouring. Summerbell didn't hesitate. The *Smith* had gone into the fire once. She might as well try again.

"Stick her in the cut," he said.

Berry aimed straight for the source of the fire. Flames licked at the *Smith* and her paint began to burn, but Berry held his course. Then, when the *Smith* was no more than 20 feet from the cut, a switch was thrown and the foam chemical in a 500-gallon tank belowdecks flowed into the bow pipe at the rate of one gallon of chemical to 32,000 gallons of water. A torrent of foam leaped out of the forward monitor, smothering the flames directly ahead. The *Smith* crept forward behind the shield of foam until Berry, in a masterpiece of helmsmanship, stuck the bow inside the cut.

As the bow pipe continued to pour out foam, the *Smith*'s men boarded the tanker, soon to be joined by crews from other boats. Water from their hoses boiled on the decks, and their boots stuck to the hot metal. The foam flowing onto the ship dried from the heat and blew through the air like sand. But with hand-held hoses, the flood from the monitors and foam, the men fought the fire the length of the ship and conquered it.

What was not conquered was the hellcat nature of the *Alva Cape*. Thwarted in her vengeance against the *Texaco Massachusetts* by the intervention of the *Smith*, she was hardly to be forgiving.

The tanker was towed to an isolated anchorage, and workmen began to remove the remainder of her still valuable naphtha. Just in case, the *Smith* stood by. For days the job went on, with a succession of shifts being ferried out to the *Smith* to keep her manned. On the 12th day, an hour before Summerbell's crew was to relieve Lt. Louis Rubino and his men, the *Alva Cape* struck back.

A fire started and there was an explosion. As the *Smith* reacted and moved in, a second and a third explosion rocked the hulk and took the lives of the workmen aboard her. Then, with the *Smith* closing in, the *Alva Cape* hurled her fury at the fireboat in a tremendous blast. An I-beam, so large it was not possible later for men alone to lift it, landed on the *Smith*'s deck. The smokestack was ripped open, a lifeboat smashed, a railing sheared off, and a monitor pipe sent hurtling into the water. One fireman was knocked spinning from the pilothouse deck to the boat deck, but he landed on his feet unhurt. Lieutenant Rubino was blown off the ship, injured so badly it was to be a year before he could return even to light duty.

Although badly damaged, the *Smith* righted herself and waded into the *Alva Cape* once more. The burning tanker was again subdued.

There was still naphtha in the tanker, and it was still valuable, but to the harbor and New York City, the price in lives the ship might yet exact for its removal was too high. Mayor John V. Lindsay asked the Coast Guard to declare the *Alva Cape* a menace to navigation, take it to sea and sink it with shellfire. The Coast Guard agreed.

On Sunday, July 3, the tanker was towed 200 miles into the Atlantic off Cape May, New Jersey, where she could go down in deep water. Because no one knew how violent the reaction would be when the shells hit the fume-laden naphtha tanks, the Coast Guard cutter *Spencer* moved off to a range of 1,400 yards, not quite a mile. For two hours the cutter fired, putting 37 shells into the target. The *Alva Cape* exploded repeatedly as the shells touched off her fiery cargo, and she burned until her decks glowed white. But when the *Spencer* had expended all her ammunition, the *Alva Cape* still floated.

For hours more the tanker raged with fire. She seemed determined to stay afloat, to sail again, perhaps to seek out once more the *Smith* and the *Texaco Massachusetts*. The Coast Guardsmen watching felt grudging respect for a fighting ship.

In the end, the seams of the *Alva Cape* cracked and she split in two. One half listed, turned and slid under. The other remained minutes longer, then went down spitting and hissing defiance, and leaving a marker of flames on the water.

The *Alva Cape* had truly been a hell ship. In the first fire, 19 of her own crew of 41 had perished, with the entire eight-man crew of the *Esso Vermont*, four men on the *Texaco Massachusetts* and two aboard the *Latin America*. In the second fire, during the salvage removal of the naphtha, four workmen had died. In all, 37 lives had been lost.

The Coast Guard, port officials, and the City of New York joined in recognizing that the toll might have been much higher except for the crew of the *Smith* and their death-baiting journey down the slot. The Coast Guard awarded a citation, the Maritime Administration honored the crew, and the New York Fire Department decorated every man of the fireboat with a medal for bravery.

The decoration for Summerbell seemed particularly fitting, for when a man knows from experience what peril he faces, but goes ahead anyway, he is showing special courage. Summerbell disagrees. "When you are a fireman," he has said, "you fight fires. That's all there is to it."

—Robert A. Liston

COMING. . .

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NEOLITE by GOODYEAR

THE MEN WHO DIG FOR GREEN GOLD

[*Continued from page* 49]

of bloodroot [used by doctors to stimulate the digestive organs, and worth about 40 cents a pound]. Then along the edge of a thicket-in-a-thicket under the shade of some big maples, I saw the gleam of red berries. I bent low to see beneath the other wood plants, and there were at least 30 old granddaddy 'seng plants. They were just the edge of a larger patch. I made $132.60 from that bunch alone."

But money is only a part of the reason men go in for wildcrafting. They like to get out in the woods, camp, watch the wildlife and make a little profit on the trip at the same time. George Bryant is a traveling evangelist who, while moving around the country, stops off to relax and pick up a little change. His father was a Kentucky mountaineer who farmed the rocky hills in preference to good bottomland so he could live in his beloved mountains. As a boy, George hunted, trapped, fished and collected roots to augment the family income. After leaving the farm, he did nothing but wildcrafting for awhile, supporting a wife and daughter on the proceeds. Now just turned 50, he wildcrafts mainly as an excuse to wander in the woods, although he can always use the extra income.

At the turn of the century, nearly all drugs were made from "simples"—natural remedies gathered in the field. Every farm wife had her own special formulas for making herb teas, and dosed the family with camomile, wintergreen, foxglove and sassafras. Most of the old-time herbalists believed in the principle of "signatures"—that like must influence like. If a plant had a kidney-shaped leaf, it must be good for the kidneys; if it had a root resembling a heart, it must be good for heart trouble. Today it seems obvious that the shape of a plant has nothing to do with its medical properties; many early scientists not only felt the same way, but thought the whole herb-treatment business a lot of superstitious nonsense.

There were a few who did not. In 1775, Dr. William Withering, in England, heard of an herb woman named Mrs. Hutton who was successfully treating people with heart trouble by giving them a secret brew. Most doctors of the time considered Mrs. Hutton a fake, but Withering went to see the old woman and for a price learned the formula for her tea. In his laboratory he carefully analyzed each ingredient. Most were worthless, but one, foxglove leaves, turned out to be the effective component. The special organic compound in the leaves which affects the heart was isolated by a chemical process and is now sold as digitalis.

Gaultier, a Quebec physician also living in the 18th century, learned from Indian medicine men that chewing wintergreen helps relieve pain. His discovery caused little interest until, years later, salts of salicylic acid were distilled from the wintergreen plant. The salts are used even today in the treatment of rheumatic fever. After the salts were discovered, chemists made a related drug called acetylsalicylic acid. You know it as aspirin.

For centuries, witches used henbane in their ceremonies to induce hallucinations. Chemists finally got around to analyzing henbane and were able to separate the ingredient that affects the mind. Called scopolamine, it is used as a truth serum and as the basis of the "twilight sleep" employed in obstetrics and in treating certain mental ailments.

But most scientists continued to regard such cases as freaks until World War II. The great breakthrough then came with the stabilizing of penicillin. Penicillin is made from a penicillium mold. For centuries, herbalists have kept moldy bread handy in order to use the mold for packing fresh cuts and thus preventing infection. It wasn't until 1929 that a scientist took this old herb doctor's discovery seriously and made the first step toward the development of penicillin. This antibiotic was the first of a whole series of "miracle drugs" that opened an entire field new to scientists. They began to believe there might be something to the old herbalists' simples after all, and started to look into them. Shortly after the war, the University of Illinois built a $285,000 research center at Lisle, Illinois, to study medical plants, and Eli Lilly & Company, a famous pharmaceutical house in Indianapolis, employed wildcrafters to bring in 350 different herbs for analysis. A research team under Dr. Norman R. Farnsworth, professor of pharmacognosy at the University of Pittsburgh School of Pharmacy, has been able to isolate nine compounds with anticancer properties, three that affect the central nervous system, and two with antiviral activity, from such "weeds."

During the war, industry became interested in native American plants when foreign sources were shut off. Thymol, an oil derived from thyme, the herb used as a food seasoning, had been found to make an excellent protective coating for delicate radar equipment, but the supply of thyme came principally from Spain. When that country stopped her shipments, chemists discovered that a good substitute for thymol could be made from an American bay tree. Currently we are cut off from the main supply of the bark cinchona, the source of quinine, which came from Indonesia; from senna leaves, the source of the purgatives sennosides A and B, which came from Egypt; and from nux vomica, a tree nut formerly imported from North Viet Nam, which is an important source of both strychnine, used in medicine and in industry, and of brucine, an ingredient in denatured alcohol. Chemists would very much like to find native plants that can take the place of these vital commodities. The wildcrafters may be the answer.

Dr. Robert F. Raffauf, of the Research and Development Division of Smith,

TRUE

"Really built, wasn't she?"

Kline & French Laboratories, a large drug house, has traveled to Africa, South America, Asia and Australia looking for rare herbs, as well as through the United States. He keeps catalogues from several botanical companies who get many of their herbs from wildcrafters. These companies handle herbs in wholesale lots—15,000 pounds of black cohosh root, 1,200 pounds of wild ginger, 1,000 pounds of lobelia. "Thousands of tons of plants are now being used every year by the major pharmaceutical companies," the doctor points out. "A continual supply of the plants is crucial to medicine and commerce. Of course, in our laboratories we do not handle large lots. But if we are able to isolate some compound that is useful, we pass the information along to the company, which decides whether or not it would be practical to turn out the product on a large scale."

Next to ginseng, the most valuable herb from a wildcrafter's point of view is goldenseal, which brings around $7 a pound. Goldenseal gets its name from its root, which is yellow with seal-like impressions. Used in salves to promote healing, it is especially valuable in wartime. Because the whole plant is utilized, many wildcrafters consider 'seal a better bet than ginseng, only the roots of which are valuable.

Goldenseal grows best in open woods where there are good drainage and rich soil. It occurs from New York to Minnesota and south to North Carolina and Arkansas. Bill Nelson of Farmington, Iowa, says, "I always find my best beds in well-shaded areas, especially hazel thickets and gooseberry bushes. 'Seal also likes the well-drained benches by creeks about half way up the slopes."

So do rattlesnakes. "Once I ran into a big patch of 'seal, went nearly crazy with excitement and started to dig without looking around. I heard the dry buzz of a rattler and jerked my hand away just in time. I carry the rattles of that big fellow to remind me to slow down."

Nelson attributes a lot of his success in finding herbs to that rattler. "I believe that some diggers are in too much of a hurry to find herbs," he declares. "After locating a good patch, they dig it up and rush on to the next likely-looking spot. I take it easy. I sit down, munch on a handful of wild berries and study the lay of the land. Then I may notice the easily overlooked 'seal 'pointers'—mayapple, wild ginger and bloodroot—that grow in the same localities. Other times I'll spot an isolated plant that's an outshoot of some big patch hidden deep in an almost impenetrable thicket. Sometimes you can see the light green of 'seal leading like a trail through the other forest plants."

He remembers his best strike as coming on a summer day when "it was hot as a blast furnace. I hunted until 3 p.m. without luck. I'd had no breakfast and was about ready to pass out, so I sat down to rest by a ditch that ran out of a thicket of hazel brush and second-growth oak. About a quarter of a mile up the hill the bush thinned out and there was a stand of basswood. Under the trees I saw a few patches of green, and I climbed up there. It was the biggest patch of 'seal I've ever seen. I filled a bushel basket within a 20-foot radius and planted over 500 seeds, so there'd be something left for the next fellow."

Nearly all wildcrafters worry about "the next fellow" and replant the beds as they work. Bill Nelson knew one old man who'd been planting ginseng in a hidden spot in the mountains for 40 years. "There's a fortune of 'seng growing there," he told Nelson. "When I'm ready to retire, I'm going to dig it up and move to Florida." The old wildcrafter never got to his giant bed; he was killed in a fall from a cliff. Nelson has been looking for the fabulous ginseng stand ever since.

Not all saleable herbs are scarce or grow in inaccessible places. Skunk cabbage, a bog plant found all over the Northeast, yields a potent emetic and brings about eight cents a pound. Tickle weed, growing in open fields in the Middle West, is used in the making of cortisone and brings six cents a pound. Pokeweed, mainly a western prairie plant, is the source of phytolaccin, used in the treatment of rheumatism, and is worth about 10 cents. Black-haw bark, the source of cascara, grows in the Rocky Mountains and is worth about 25 cents a pound; senega snakeroot, used as an expectorant, is found in North Dakota and Minnesota (about 75 cents a pound). California produces grindelia, used for asthma (about 50 cents a pound), and yerba santa (used for bronchial irritations and worth about 27 cents a pound). Kansas and Oklahoma grow serpentaria root, used to make aromatic bitters and worth about $1 a pound. New York State and Vermont grow green hellebore, a narcotic, worth 12 cents a pound.

Although herbs are found everywhere, the Blue Ridge Mountains running from Virginia to North Carolina are known as the herb garden of America and produce perhaps 75 percent of the harvest. Much of the area is still wild and hasn't been picked over. It produces podophyllum, white pine bark, wild cherry, black haw, goldenseal, lobelia and sassafras. Many of the mountaineers in the region are experts on finding valuable herbs and know at just what seasons they should be gathered. Picking an herb at the right time can double or triple its value. The roots of annual plants should be dug just before the flowering period, while those of biennials and perennials, deficient in active constituents during the growing season, are better taken in late fall or early spring. Barks are collected during the dormant season when the sap is not flowing, and leaves and stems are more valuable if cut during the flowering period.

Drying herbs so they keep their quality is an art. Many wildcrafters use techniques handed down for generations. Usually each man has his own method, which he has found by experience to work best in his own drying shed or attic. The

[*Continued on page* 92]

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man to man answers

From the staff of TRUE

John Granese of New York City is one of that strong-necked breed of sidewalk superintendent who likes to watch the skyscrapers grow in Manhattan's concrete canyons. Fascinated by the sizes and designs of the cranes that always dominate the construction scene, John writes to ask what the different types are and which is the biggest.

For almost a century, American builders primarily have used two basic types of cranes in the construction of high buildings: the mobile crane, either truck-mounted or self-propelled, which operates around the base of the structure and swings loads of several tons from the ground to the edge of the highest floor; and the vertical derrick, secured by guy wires to the center of the floor, which distributes the loads and positions steel beams and girders for riveting or welding.

As buildings have become generally taller, so have the booms of the mobile cranes. The biggest in use today are 450-footers capable of lifting a four-ton load at 350 feet per minute, and 600-footers may be put into use before long. But the bigger the boom, the bigger the headache for the builder. At levels above 250 feet—about 23 stories—mobile cranes lose efficiency and are in danger of buckling or toppling. Following a rash of crane accidents in recent years, New York City has taken steps to restrict booms to 250 feet.

One solution to the problem of ever-lengthening booms is the climbing crane, which some American builders are using in conjunction with the two standard types. Developed and widely used in Europe, it rises with the building, usually utilizing space left open for an elevator shaft or stairwell. Unlike the derrick hoist, which must be rerigged on each new floor, the climbing crane moves up by the addition of new sections to its vertical mast, or it is "jumped" by a system of hydraulic jacks and telescoping sections. Electrically operated, sometimes by remote control from the ground, the climbing cranes use counterweighted horizontal booms which rotate through a full circle and can be adjusted to various lengths. When the building is completed, the crane is dismantled in small lightweight sections that can be lowered by a simple rope and pulley apparatus.

Until recently, the chief drawback of the climbing cranes was their relatively light lifting capacity. But a hybrid Australian design, hydraulically powered and equipped with a 100-foot derrick-type boom, has been lifting 10-ton loads for a 45-story building under construction on New York's Avenue of the Americas. New climbing cranes that can handle loads up to 50 tons are expected in the next decade.

For sheer lifting capacity, however, no mere construction crane can match the strength of a monster at Niagara Falls. This one is a gantry crane, a type that runs along an overhead runway between upright supports. Built at a cost of over $640,000 to handle the machinery of the Niagara Power Project, it has a rated capacity of 800 tons and has been credited with a record lift of 630 tons—almost equal to three Statues of Liberty.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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"She's probably leaving me. We never take separate vacations."

[*Continued from page* 89]
Sioux Indians have a secret way of drying ginseng so the roots become translucent and bring fancy prices.

Most wildcrafters start out helping some old-timer who is getting a little stiff in the joints and needs a younger man to dig and carry the sacks. A guidebook to herbs identifying the plants and their properties is a necessity. Complete, but highly technical and enormous in size, is *The Dispensatory of the United States of America,* published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. Wildcrafters generally prefer a more simplified book such as *The Herbalist,* by Joseph E. Meyer, published by Rand McNally, New York City. They usually subscribe to *Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter,* published at 100 Church Street, New York, which carries a list of the current prices on various raw herbs. These prices fluctuate as much as the value of securities on the New York Stock Exchange, and a wildcrafter ought to check the list before heading out. The *Reporter* also carries ads by the wholesale houses interested in purchasing raw herbs, although the plants must have been gathered and cured under the correct conditions. Several of the big companies issue pamphlets explaining how they want this job done.

A smart wildcrafter memorizes the location of all unusual plants he finds, whether they are commercially valuable at the time or not. You never know when one of them may come into demand. Ordinarily, wild plum pits used in filters are worth only about six cents a pound. But John Haynes of Doe Run, Missouri, tells of a crafter who was richer by $800 because he sold them in a rising market. A woman in North Carolina made several hundred dollars in supplying the white-oak bark used for a mouthwash preparation when there was a sudden shortage. Saffron, a seasoning—actually part of the flower of a species of crocus—usually can't be collected profitably in the United States. Most of our supply comes from Spain, where labor is cheaper. But during World War II, when supplies of the flavoring were cut off, wildcrafters who knew where there were beds of the wild plant in this country got $45 a pound for the tiny saffron particles.

Wildcrafters don't deal directly with the pharmaceutical houses which extract the chemical compounds from the herbs. These companies buy herbs only in ton lots, after careful sorting and grading. The collectors sell either to one of the botanical houses that supply the drug manufacturers, or to dealers who travel around the country buying herbs from individual wildcrafters and from stores where herbs have been accepted from local people as payment for goods. One such dealer is William J. Boehner of New York City, who specializes in ginseng and handles $45,000 worth a week, most of which he ships to Hong Kong. The Boehner family has been handling herbs for three generations, and Mr. Boehner can tell at a glance from what part of the country a ginseng root has come.

"West Virginia 'seng is golden, Ohio 'seng is almond and New York nearly white," he explains. "You can even tell in what section of the state it grew. In hard soil the roots are fat, in soft soil long and thin. You can also tell whether the digger knew his business or not. The sap goes into the roots in cold weather and makes them heavier and more valuable, so that's the time to dig. Drying is important, too. If the digger tries to hurry the process by drying them over a fire, the roots shrivel and lose weight. The best way is to dry them in a well-ventilated room near a stove, and turn them frequently."

There are a few men who do nothing but wildcrafting, but it takes a special type of man. Joe Guthridge, who lives near Du Bois, Pennsylvania, was a carman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for many years until he developed stomach ulcers and couldn't keep up with his job. Moping around the house, Joe came on an old herb book that belonged to his wife's mother, who had been a famous herb woman in her day. He got the woman to brew him a tea from lady's slipper, catnip, liverwort, and Jacob's ladder, and he is convinced it cured him. Doctors might claim that the healthy life Joe began to lead, tramping for miles in the mountains to find his herbs and getting away from the nervous strain of the yards, probably contributed to the cure, but Joe isn't worried one way or the other. He has made an exhaustive study of herbs, and now supports himself and his family as a digger.

Research in herbs is progressing so rapidly that of the 4,000 medicines now in use containing herbs, two-thirds have been developed in the last 10 years. Often yesterday's worthless weed is tomorrow's valuable herb. Last year, Dr. S. Morris Kupchan of the University of Wisconsin discovered two native American plants with pronounced antitumor properties. One is the purple meadow rue of Wisconsin; the other, a less well-known plant called *Elephantopus elatus,* is found in Florida. Experiments are now being conducted with both plants in cancer research. So many of such discoveries come from old-time herbalists that research botanists call themselves, only half kidding, "witch doctor's apprentices." Dr. Daniel Johnson of the University of California developed leptonin, used to control fungi, from bitterroot. Herbalists have known for a long time that if other herbs are put in a cup with bitterroot wood, they will die in a few minutes. Country folk have used devil's shoestrings to kill vermin for centuries. Only in the last 20 years have chemists started to use this same plant as a rat poison, under the name "red squill."

Dr. Ara Der Marderosian, assistant professor of pharmacognosy at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science, was recently asked for a list of some of the most critically needed botanicals on short supply. Some he noted down were periwinkle, the source of vinblastine and vincristine, used in the treatment of cancer; wild yam root from Mexico, a source of cortisone and the basis for the new birth control pills; colchicum, the source of colchicine, a specific for gout; ipecac, the source of emetine, used in the treatment of amoebic dysentery; deadly nightshade, employed as a sedative. "So far, we are still able to obtain a supply of the crucially important plants, although at greatly increased prices," the doctor says. "However, in the past they have come mainly from foreign sources which, because of political or economic problems, are fast drying up. If any of these are entirely cut off, it would be a serious blow."

Several of the vitally needed plants can be found in this country. Periwinkle is a common plant growing from Canada to the gulf states, often in open clearings. The leaves are worth about 25 cents a

pound. Wild yams grow in the Southwest. Nightshade is the ordinary jimsonweed, which grows in waste lands or neglected fields where the soil is poor. The leaves bring about 10 cents a pound. Colchicum, also known as meadow saffron, is a European plant, but would probably grow here in the northern states. A number of our "native" plants were originally imported, mainly for gardens, and then went wild. In California, there are great fields of opium poppies in the mountains, the ancestors of which were brought over as ornamental flowers. These plants may turn out to be important if our medical supplies of opium from Southeast Asia are curtailed.

There have been many attempts to grow herbs commercially. Foxglove is being cultivated at Oley, Pennsylvania, and belladonna, goldenseal, wormwood, ergot and the mints are also produced. But growing wild herbs isn't so easy as it sounds. Most of them respond only to special conditions which are difficult to reproduce artificially. Wildcrafter Clint Ishman has had fair success because he doesn't try to push them. "I get wild seeds and put them in barrels between layers of sand. Usually they take a year to germinate. If you plant them as seeds right away, the birds and squirrels get most. They need plenty of ventilation, and the trick is to grow them under shade trees. If you try growing them in sheds, as most people do, you get poor stock."

Millions have been spent trying to produce the organic chemicals from medical plants synthetically. In almost every case it has been a long and expensive, and not always successful, effort. It took 134 years for chemists to learn how to synthesize morphine, and it was 58 years after atropine, an eye medicine, was first synthesized before the process could be made cheap enough for commercial purposes. The so-called "synthetics," in turn, are often made by substituting other plants for the originals. The synthesizing of natural compounds, therefore, has increased the demand for herbs rather than diminished it. We still need these wild plants.

There's a sinister side to herb collecting which few wildcrafters or chemists like to discuss. Many common herbs are powerful narcotics and would be worth plenty of money to dope peddlers in the big cities. Anyone with a little knowledge of chemistry could distill out the desired essence of these herbs and make himself a fortune. Yet every wildcrafter I met regards the idea as worse than blasphemy, even though the temptation must be great.

Jimmy Wilds, a California wildcrafter who is a graduate biochemist, has been approached by narcotics peddlers and even by gangsters who wanted poisons to eliminate rivals. "Some common herbs growing on vacant lots in Los Angeles contain deadly poisons which would be very hard to detect," he says. "But I've never let on to anyone which they are. I have collected plenty of narcotic plants, such as hemlock, deadly nightshade, wolfsbane, squaw cabbage, poison lettuce, and henbane, but only at the request of reputable pharmaceutical houses."

Marijuana is the most common of the narcotic plants. Wilds recalled an experience with it. "I knew a lady who was complaining because somebody kept cutting down a windbreak she'd planted to protect her garden. She'd found some weeds that grew to be 10 feet high and very thick. I couldn't imagine why anyone would bother her windbreak—until I saw it. Then I told her, 'Lady, you've got the finest marijuana patch I've ever seen.' She was supporting half the dope peddlers in Los Angeles."

Many people still brew their own herb teas from wild plants, but anyone making such a tea had better know his stuff. Some herbs are so potent they'll kill by remote control. An Idaho sheepherder was found dead surrounded by his dead flock. The sheep had been eating a harmless-looking little white flower called the "death camas." The shepherd had eaten meat from one of the sheep—and had been poisoned in turn. Other poisonous plants, unless properly prepared, are the lily-of-the-valley root (a heart stimulant), jimsonweed or thorn apple (produces an anodyne), tansy (a powerful narcotic), and henbane (a sedative). Some plants may be relatively harmless to animals and deadly to man. The white flowering snakeroot can be eaten by cattle without ill effect, but the milk may then be fatal to human beings. Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, died of milk poisoning in 1818 when Abe was nine years old.

True wildcrafters don't like to think about such matters. As Bill Nelson says, "The deep woods that a root man knows offer a thousand things Mr. Average Man never will see. You learn about flowers and birds and trees—things that the textbooks never know. At late dawn and at dusk you smell and hear things few people ever experience. I spent five years as a U.S. Forest Ranger in the Tahoe National Forest to get my background, and now I mainly work the High Sierras. I know where there are plantations of goldenseal I planted many years ago. At today's prices, I could make an average week's wages in six hours' work, but I believe the prices are still going up so I'll wait awhile. The last time I was after 'seal, a fat copperhead nailed me twice. On his third try, I cut him to ribbons but I was already getting sick. I made it out, but maybe that experience has put me off herb digging for awhile. Still, I'm going back and I know that forest of 'seal will be waiting for me."

Wildcrafting has its perils and its pleasures, and there will be a continual increase in the number of people experiencing both as the demand for herbs grows every year. America's largest botanical drug house, S. B. Penick & Co., of Asheville, North Carolina, points out: "The shortage of roots and herbs is a serious matter. If this country cannot produce enough medicine to fight epidemics, there may be serious consequences." The wildcrafter's role in meeting that demand is of utmost importance.

—Daniel P. Mannix

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PSST, DETROIT! SOME FOREIGN BEAUTIES ARE GAINING ON YOU (AGAIN) . . . .
[*Continued from page* 43]

importers conformed to the new laws with less bellyaching and fewer cries of "It can't be done!" than Detroit. Second, 1968 may be a crucial year in balance-of-payments matters. Will an anxious federal government take any restrictive steps against so many American dollars going abroad for cars? Finally, will the imports continue to be so successful this year that Detroit will once again feel obliged to step in with some competitive products of its own in the $2,000-and-under class?

No discussion of the foreign-car scene can logically begin anywhere else but at Volkswagen. The postwar purveyors of what had been Hitler's *"Kraft Durch Freude"* car of the '30's were shrewd enough to realize that they had to choose good dealers, to force them to use factory-designed tools and equipment in factory-approved shops well-stocked with spare parts. It was this, as well as the high standard of construction which made the Volkswagen such a smashing success. Even today, 59 percent of all foreign cars sold in the U.S. are Volkswagens—443,396 of them in 1967.

Surprisingly, perhaps, some of VW's competitors view the 59-percent figure as an encouraging sign. The German giant has often held an even larger share of the import market.

Stuart Perkins, president of Volkswagen of America, looks at the statistics another way, however. A decline in VW's share of the import market "does not bother us," he says, "because we do not measure our success in terms of the imported-car market. We do not believe there *is* an imported-car market separate from another automobile market. For this reason the figure that we are most interested in is our percentage of the *total* new-car market. Our share of this market for 1967 was about five percent nationally, and ranges from 2.6 percent in some parts of the Midwest to eight percent in California and nine percent in Hawaii.

VW's instinct for making the right moves in the U.S. market seems unerring. In January, 1968, the first month Volkswagens could be purchased with automatic transmissions, sales jumped to over 44,000 units, as against 29,000 in the same month a year earlier.

By now, most other makers of foreign cars seem to have learned a great deal from Volkswagen. Their standards of service are much improved in line with the tradition VW has established; their spare-parts situation is in most cases far better than it was a few years ago.

James F. McGraw, sales chief for Toyota in the U.S., says, "We are emulating Volkswagen in the service area because they've done such a magnificent job. We're asking our dealers to conform to basic standards: certain size service departments, training for mechanics and managers, special tool requirements, basic parts and accessories stocking requirements. We now maintain the largest parts-per-car inventory in the U.S. of any foreign-car maker. And there are 700 Toyota dealers now. . . ."

Indeed the Japanese manufacturers seem not only to have learned well from Volkswagen, but to have a certain genius of their own for success. Toyota and Datsun are currently selling number three and number five in the U.S. (General Motors' German-made Opel is number two behind VW) and their percentage gains in recent years have been phenomenal. The mainspring behind this drive is a startlingly vigorous auto industry in Japan which has now moved ahead of West Germany to be the second biggest in the world. Even though the Japanese figures include a high percentage of trucks and tiny (under 300 c.c.) passenger cars, the industry has also demonstrated the traditional Japanese attitude of "anything you can do, I can do better." This means the Japs are ready to compete on any terms and the cars that Toyota and Datsun are now selling in the U.S. are proof of that.

Yutaka Katayama, president of Nissan Motor Company, which distributes Datsun in the United States, says, "one of our first objectives in the U.S. was to be very sure that there was an adequate stock of parts for each car we sold. The whole thing is solved now. Most of our hoses, filters, spark plugs, etc. are available at almost any service station."

With Volkswagen at the top of the heap in sales, Opel second, and Mercedes-Benz sixth (surprisingly high for an expensive car), some puzzled Detroiters are wondering if there is mystique about the "Made in Germany" label.

Bill Lee, American sales manager for Opel, says no. "The predominant factor is the styling of the automobile. In '64 and '65 we sold basic economical transportation. In '65 we sold 17,000 cars. Then we had a completely restyled car in '66 and sales went up to 32,000. Then with further styling and the addition of the Rallye Coupe in '67, our volume went to 51,704. We forecast 75,000 for '68."

The other so-called "captive" import (i.e., property of a U.S. company) is Ford's English-built Cortina. It finished ninth in the sales race in 1967 after doubling its sales over 1966 and is aggressively looking forward to improving its position this year. Ronald Platt, Imported Vehicles manager for Ford, thinks he's got a couple of good things going for him in '68. "When you say that a car is 'Made in Britain,' it conveys two messages—firstly, that it's a bargain and, secondly, that it's well made."

As far as the devaluation of the pound goes, Mr. Platt says it won't make Cortinas any cheaper in 1968—but it certainly kept them from becoming more costly. "Devaluation helped us carry the cost of engineering the safety and pollution changes that the U.S. law required. We might have had to go up as much as the domestic cars did—about $125—if it hadn't been for the cheaper pound."

If the sale of English cars is helped by monetary devaluation, is the sale of French cars going to be hurt by anti-de Gaulle feeling in the U.S.? Renault, Peugeot and Citroen are the French entries in the race for the dollar.

Jean Ordner, general manager of Renault in this country, admits the anti-de Gaulle feeling is a factor in the sale of French automobiles, but says, "It will not last for an indefinite period. First of all, when the dust settles, I think people will realize that de Gaulle is not as nastily anti-American as they believed. Nevertheless, I have to admit that we're not doing as well as we would in different circumstances."

Henri B. Combe, president of Peugeot in this country, doesn't think anti-Gaullism has hurt his sales. "No," he said emphatically, "our sales are up and there doesn't seem to be any letdown. We think the general is making publicity for our product."

One other spokesman for a French manufacturer (who asked that his name not be mentioned) simply said of de Gaulle, "I wish to hell the guy would find himself a bridge and jump off of it."

If the French are having troubles with their peerless leader, the Swedes couldn't

TRUE

"Don't worry, we'll have you out of here in no time—your hospital insurance just ran out."

be happier. Volvo, the fourth best-selling foreign car in the U.S., and Saab, in 12th spot, are both remarkable success stories. The Volvo advertising campaign, with its repeated theme that in Sweden the average Volvo lasts 11 years, is the particular envy of its competitors. Not only is it great advertising, but it also happens to be true according to Stig Jansson, the Volvo president in the U.S. "Not only is it true for Sweden," he says, "but in this country, 95 percent of all the Volvos we've ever sold are still on the road—and we're starting our 12th year."

Jansson says that if some people think *Germans* build good cars, there are even more people who are utterly convinced that Swedes do. He says, "Volvo engineers don't know any cheap half-assed way to build a car. It's a national characteristic of the Swedes. You don't find discount-store junk in Sweden. Swedes just won't buy it. It's the way they've been brought up; everything is quality."

There is some concern among the importers that patriotic types may balk at spending American dollars for foreign cars. Ralph Millet, head of Saab in the U.S. (which expects sales of its V-4 to rise almost 50 percent in 1968), says, "I think some people might hesitate a bit . . . but nothing has been said about restricting purchases of foreign products, and I don't think it's going to make much of a difference."

Henri Combe of Peugeot says, "We don't feel that worry about the balance of payments will hurt us. We import raw materials from the U.S. which are built into our cars, and then sent back here. Americans must look at who sells whom the most. The knife cuts both ways."

Mr. Guido Foggini, general manager of Fiat in the United States, when asked if the balance of payments problem had deterred car buyers, answered, "Judging from what has happened so far, the answer is definitely no. We haven't seen even a slight faltering of our sales."

Stig Jansson of Volvo says simply, "I hope America will emphasize positive approaches, such as encouraging the export of U.S. goods, instead of restrictive measures such as curbs on travel or some form of import taxation. Trade barriers only serve to hurt trade friends. Sweden, for example, is an outstanding example of a trade friend. In 1966 Sweden spent $428 million on U.S. goods and services while America spent $290 million on Swedish goods and services."

It was not only in the balance of payments area that the U.S. government caused importers concern in 1968. The new safety and exhaust-gas regulations represented a tremendous engineering challenge for companies which do not have an annual model change and so had to integrate such important new features into existing models. On the whole, the foreign engineering departments have done remarkably well.

Every foreign car from the $20,600 Rolls-Royce right down to the $1,490 Citroen AMI 6 is subject to the new rules. As a result, a few manufacturers decided to give up on some models of their cars and these may never see these shores again: Mini-Cooper, the MG sports sedan, the Austin-Healey 3000, the Citroen AMI 6 and the Citroen station wagon, the Ford Anglia and Cortina-Lotus, the Fiat 600, 1100-D and 1500 Spyder, the Jaguar sedans, the NSU Prinz 4, the Princess Four-litre R, the Renault Caravelle and Dauphine, the Saab Monte Carlo, the Simca Bertone coupe, the Sunbeam Alpine, Imp, Minx and Tiger and the Triumph 2000.

It is interesting to note that none of the cars which have been dropped are Japanese. In fact Toyota was the *world's* first car to have its anti-smog device approved by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Many makers, however, are still frantically working to meet the regulations and won't have their cars approved for some months.

Some importers are using a tricky ploy which will get them around the regulations—for a while. Since their factories abroad don't go through the annual Detroit rite of changing models by the calendar, their model-year designation is often pure fiction. Foreign factories might build the same car for half a dozen years with unheralded minor improvements. At the turn of the year, the American distributor would merely *call* all the '67's he had in stock '68's. This year the distributor will gladly continue to call all the '67's just what they are—'67's—and sell them as leftovers. Since such '67's don't come under the anti-smog regulations, he's home free.

Further, foreign cars (and American machines like the Excalibur S.S.) which don't sell more than 500 units a year may, under a bill now in Congress, be freed from complying with the new rules altogether. This would exempt such foreign beauties as Ferrari, Lamborghini or Lancia.

Another new rule which may put a small dent in foreign sales in 1968 is the U.S. government's move to apply excise-tax charges on cars bought in Europe by traveling Americans. Until now, these "tourist deliveries" came home with their owners tax-free. In the case of a luxury-price car, the seven-percent saving could be considerable. Last year about 25,000 cars were imported in this way, about half of them Volkswagens.

Despite all the complications which have entered the imported-car picture, however, the overseas businessmen continue to regard the American market as a juicy plum which can still be snatched away from the indifferent giant of Detroit. In 20 years, they have learned a lot. (Volkswagen sold only two cars in the U.S. in 1948.) They've learned to make windshield wipers and heaters that work just fine in Minnesota in the winter. They've learned to put enough power into their small packages so they run all day at U.S. highway speeds. Most of all, perhaps, they have learned to do all this and still keep costs down.

Among the 10 best-selling imports, eight are priced under $2,000. (Volvo and Mercedes-Benz are the exceptions.) Only one American car, the Rambler American, sells under $2,000. As long as Detroit is willing to leave such an attractive market unguarded, the foreign-car boom will continue to grow.—**Ralph Stein**

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THE NAZI KILLERS GO FREE

[*Continued from page* 28]

Nazi-occupied Warsaw) and the Chicago hausfrau (Emilie Stefurak, accused of working with the SS in murdering Polish Jews) will be able to crawl out of their holes or drop their guard, making a mockery of all that is just.

Others, about two percent of the total remaining murder suspects, will benefit indirectly. They include the doctor in Paraguay (Josef Mengele, M.D., Ph.D., known as the "Devil of Auschwitz," who conducted illegal experiments on human beings and personally selected countless numbers of men, women and children for execution in the gas chambers).

The cutoff date does not apply to Mengele and 539 other Nazi fugitives because their crimes were so well documented that provisional legal proceedings were instituted against them in absentia. The deadline in these cases is 20 years after legal action was taken. But the dismantling of the vast investigative machinery that has been assembled in West Germany, which would follow the general expiration, would go a long way in "taking the heat off" these relatively few exceptions.

The countdown, therefore, is on. When I set out to gather the facts for this report, there were about 1,000 days to go. Now there are several hundred less. The pages of the calendar are falling like leaves in the last days of autumn—and the Nazi hunters are as aware of them as the fugitives they seek. No one pretends that all—or even a majority—of the Nazi criminals will be caught in the final months of the chase, but neither does any one doubt that great swarms will at last be brought into the fold. Despite home opinion which is overwhelmingly against them, German law-enforcement agencies have built up their forces to a peak, with some 550 agents assigned to the final drive.

The hunted Nazis, under the impact of the threat, are burrowing deeper underground. Doubtless they are driven by the fear of suffering what must seem to them to be the supreme irony of being paled just when the long chase is almost won.

In recent months they did not have to look further than their daily newspaper to see stunning examples of this irony among their comrades-in-flight who were overtaken in the stretch.

Take the case of Paul Stangl, that is SS-Hauptsturmfuehrer (Captain) Franz Stangl. An Austrian Nazi and former commander of the Treblinka concentration camp, he has been accused of being responsible for the murder of almost three-quarter-million Jews. For 17 years and nine months Stangl managed to cover his escape tracks from a prison camp, making his way to Brazil, where under the name of Paul Stangl he lived quietly with his wife and his three daughters in a suburban town called Brooklyn.

But last year a 59-year-old automobile mechanic, employed at the Volkswagen plant in Sao Paulo, was found to be Franz, not Paul, Stangl, the ex-Nazi officer and one of the most wanted criminals in the world. Arrested by the local police, he was extradited to West Germany which promised the Brazilian government to give Austria a chance to prosecute him, too.

The capture of Stangl, so long secure, stands as a chilling warning to the other fugitives. It indicates that many of the war criminals who have succeeded in escaping justice actually face a greater chance of being caught now than at any other time in the postwar years.

At war's end, despite the world's hatred of the Germans and the vivid memories of incredibly horrible crimes, tens of thousands of wanted Nazis avoided capture with relative ease. They profited from the dizzying confusion created by a torrent of accusations, a mountain of unsorted documentary evidence and the general inexperience in dealing with crimes of an enormity unknown in the entire history of the world.

Moreover, months before their forces were smashed, the highest Nazis provided for their future life in hiding. Secret organizations were set up. Millions of dollars worth of currency and gold were deposited in banks throughout the world under cover of various fronts. In the late 1940's and throughout the '50's, these "refugee aid societies" were operating like Grand Central Station. Though most of the "small shots" were forced to stay home, high-caliber Nazis were dispatched with new identities and forged passports along an underground network of escape routes to "safe" countries, mostly in the Middle East, southern Africa and South America, but elsewhere, too, including the U.S.

There many found a haven in the Germantowns of big cities, while others dissolved into the native populations. Most lived peacefully, protected either by a lack of extradition treaty, newly acquired citizenship, or by outright pro-Nazism on the part of the host government. Their friends, neighbors and even their children were unaware of their murderous past. With the years, the Allies began to forget about the aging men of the Third Reich and the last bloody war, turning their attention to the threat of bigger and deadlier wars. Few people took notice of the thousands of imprisoned war prisoners who were being amnestied by the Allies during the '50's.

The young Federal Republic of West Germany joined in the disinterest..Bonn had enough problems of its own without alienating its many citizens who wanted to bury the ugly past. By 1959 the number of convicted Nazis in German prisons stood at the incredible figure of three.

But in 1960, the fugitives' feelings of security were swept away and the walls of protection began to crumble. On the evening of May 11th of that year, a balding man with a nervous tic, who called himself Ricardo Klement, alighted from a bus in Buenos Aires on his way home from work. He was approached by three

TRUE

"Sometimes you don't even have time to put the stopper back in the bottle."

men, bodily seized and bundled into a waiting car, which sped off to a secluded country house. When they demanded his name, the captive knew Ricardo Klement would no longer do.

He replied: *"Ich bin Adolf Eichmann."*

No one was more jolted than the international underground Nazi community when, two weeks later, the whole world learned that Eichmann had been kidnapped by the Israeli secret service, flown across the Atlantic and was sitting in a Jerusalem prison under indictment "for the murder of six million men, women and children."

For the next two years, while Eichmann was being interrogated, tried, convicted and finally executed, a massive and overwhelming exposure of Nazi crimes unfolded day to day in the press, on television and in movie theaters all over the world. A cry for stepped-up action against other escaped killers was raised louder than ever before.

All eyes turned to West Germany, whose predecessor government had been the principal source of the horrors being brought into view. Despite the objections from its citizenry, Bonn found itself continually expanding its search operations for Nazi criminals. Then, after the statute of limitations was grudgingly extended, an unusual conference of West German lawyers and jurists was held in the fall of 1966. The meeting marked a change in attitude that had set in among a few influential Germans.

The conference was critical of Bonn's efforts in prosecuting the criminals, especially of the "remarkably low sentences" in trials of mass murderers. It took note of contradictory verdicts in which "desk murderers" were treated leniently because they did not actually do the dirty work, and the actual executioners got off lightly because they were only the last links in a long chain of command. The conference decided that action against all murder suspects must be pursued relentlessly during the remaining time at the government's disposal.

Sparked by this demand, the German investigative efforts, which had steadily intensified after the Eichmann publicity, expanded still more. The drive was abetted when a West German appeal for international cooperation received a favorable response from some governments which previously had been hostile.

Ghana, which had been shielding a man named Horst Schumann, wanted for the murder of 30,000 Jews, sent him back to Germany where he is now awaiting trial. More important, Spain, long a notorious haven for Nazis, secretly began working with West German police. And early in 1967 the Soviet Union, in a surprise policy reversal, agreed to permit West German investigators to probe its long-secret files on the Nazi era. The Russian papers are thought to hold the key to several unsolved war crimes. The Soviet decision followed Polish and Czech action releasing thousands of incriminating, new documents to the Germans.

The buildup of fresh evidence has created the need for new witnesses. An investigator was dispatched to New York, where 30 percent of all concentration camp survivors live. His assignment was to locate and interview persons who could testify at future trials. "I'm looking into hundreds of cases," he said recently, "and the end is nowhere in sight." Other German agents currently are similarly at work in Chicago, San Francisco, Tel Aviv and a number of South American cities.

The nerve center of Germany's last-ditch effort to bring to justice remnants of a heritage it would like to forget is the Central Office for the Investigation of Nazi Crimes. It is located in placid, little Ludwigsburg, a suburb of Stuttgart. The walls inside the gray, unmarked villa which serves as headquarters have been pushed aside for added room, and 32 high-level officials have been added in preparation for the finale.

Erwin Schuele, who set up the Central Office originally and directed it for several years, sat down recently and reminisced about some of his experiences as chief investigator. Schuele, 55, totally bald, with thick eyebrows and a long, deep scar under his chin, looks like the Hollywood prototype of a tough German agent. He has more than a thousand notches in his investigative gun. This is the number of organized Nazi crimes, or *komplexes* as they are called in the trade, he saw through from beginning to end, involving 10,000 accused.

"We started from nothing," Schuele said harking back to a decade ago. "The evidence was scattered all over the world." The first thing he did was go to the U.S. He spent a couple of years at Alexandria, Virginia, where the Allies had transferred the records of the head of the SS, Heinrich Himmler. In the meantime Schuele's staff was culling material from other countries. What they found opened the way to such big trials as the 1964 "Auschwitz Trial" of some of that death camp's key personnel, and big trials yet to come.

Among those awaiting court action is a medium-ranking former SS man accused of taking part in the murder of 30,000 people. Schuele's recounting of the two-year search that led to this mass killer's arrest gives a fair idea of how the track-down process works, more than 20 years after the fact:

"All we had to go on at the start was the charge that a certain 'SS-Fuehrer Meyer'—a name that has 13 different spellings in German—had committed war crames in Poland. We found a witness who recalled a particularly cruel SS man

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named 'Blood' Meyer. We then asked other witnesses if they knew a 'Blood' Meyer. 'Oh,' they said, 'you mean "Elephant" Meyer.' "

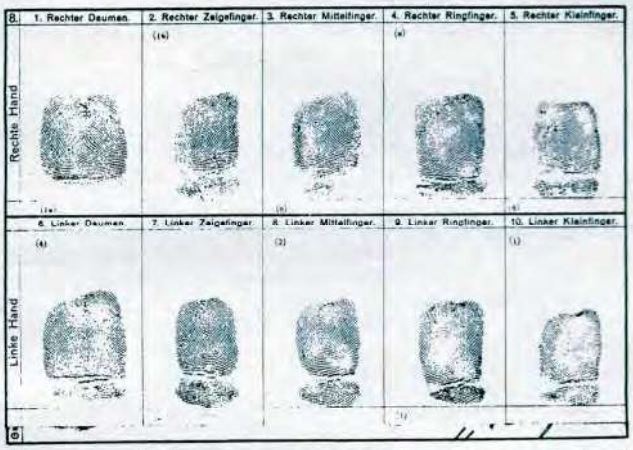
Going through the documents, Schuele came across the name of one Meyer in the SS who had been in Africa in 1930. He must be "Elephant" Meyer, Schuele thought. But the last known address for this man was in East Germany—off limits to Bonn's investigators. Continued examination of the documents, however, produced the scrap of information that this particular Meyer had fathered an illegitimate son, who lived with his mother in West Germany. The mother, further checking revealed, was dead, the son's whereabouts unknown. But the latter's name eventually turned up in a registry of automobile accidents. A detective went to see him, pretending to be an old friend of his father.

"The younger Meyer fell for the simple trick," said Schuele. "His father was back in the Federal Republic, he told us, living in a small town in the Rhineland. 'Elephant' Meyer was arrested. He gave us a full confession."

But Nazi chasing is not always so successful. Consider this tale of two generals.

Fritz Katzmann, sought for the murder of 400,000 people dropped out of sight after the war. For years he remained high on the most wanted list. In 1952 he was rumored to be in Egypt. In reality he was living in Ludwigsburg, a few blocks from the villa that would shortly become Central Office headquarters. He was working under an assumed name as a carpenter. The Central Office eventually found Katzmann, but too late. All that could be recovered of the odious killer was his body, interred in a Darmstadt cemetery. Stomach cancer had freed him from having to expiate his crimes.

Even as Katzmann was being lowered into his grave, a tombstone in West Berlin stood as testimony to the death of another Nazi of equal, if not greater, guilt: Heinrich Mueller, who had been Eichmann's boss. But in 1964, when suspicious Nazi hunters obtained a court order to disinter Mueller's remains, they found not one, but three dead men in the grave. None of them was Mueller. He has



Deputy Fuehrer and the fingerprints which add to mystery of the strangest case of all.

MARTIN BORMANN: If we caught him, would we know what to do with him?

The one Nazi unaffected by the expiring statute of limitations is the most famous fugitive of all. If Martin Bormann is alive—and the odds are that he is—he theoretically could be punished at any time. But Bormann, who was Deputy Fuehrer of the Third Reich, poses legal problems of another sort. His unique status may make him in a sense the world's least wanted criminal.

The facts are these. Bormann stepped out of Hitler's Berlin bunker on the evening of May 1, 1945, and disappeared. Eyewitnesses, who also happened to be his friends, claimed that he was killed by Russian tank fire. But his body has never been found. Reports have poured in saying he has been seen in various countries of Europe and South America.

One person who believes Bormann is still alive is Simon Wiesenthal. There was convincing evidence, Wiesenthal wrote in 1966, that Bormann was living near the frontier of Argentina and Chile. German officials, too, have become convinced that Bormann is alive. In 1961, seven years after a Bavarian court declared Bormann legally dead, Attorney General Fritz Bauer of the West German state of Hessen, officially reopened the case, extending the statute of limitations on Bormann's crimes to 1981. Bauer also posted a $25,000 reward for information leading to his capture.

There matters might stand, with 13 more years available to bring Hitler's last key aide to German justice, save for one thing. In 1946 Bormann was tried in absentia by the Allies at Nuremberg. He was sentenced to death by hanging. If he were caught now, the only authority legally empowered to carry out the sentence would be the American-British-French-Soviet Tribunal, which no longer exists.

The West Germans would not execute Bormann, and have said so, because they have abolished capital punishment. Further, they could not even legally try him, although they extended the statute of limitations in his case. An agreement with the Western powers prevents the prosecution of criminals already tried by the Allies. No other country has a legally valid claim against him, and therefore he could not be extradited.

Of course there are illegal means of dealing with Bormann. But he has obviously learned them well and, wherever he may be, his guard is always up.

Why then do the investigations continue? And why the reward money for his capture? When these questions are raised in West Germany, the replies can be summed up as: "If Bormann is ever caught, we'll cross the next bridge then."

The Germans, if they could legitimately bring Bormann home, would like to try him, and possibly a technicality can be found to untie their hands. But a legal device faces the danger of being knocked down in court, and the specter of Bormann being acquitted by anyone would be an international embarrassment and disaster.

Adding a final complication is the set of fingerprints shown here for the first time in the United States. Towards the end of the war, the Nazi hierarchy destroyed almost everything that could be used against them, especially fingerprints. But in 1961, when Attorney General Bauer asked police to check their files, Bormann's prints turned up in Munich, along with his passport, photograph and signature.

Could the prints have been planted by the wily Bormann or an accomplice to throw investigators off the track?

"There is every reason to believe they are genuine, but I wish we didn't have them," Bauer said recently. "In past years there have been some 35 arrests of men suspected of being Bormann, but they all had to be released because their prints didn't check out. The facts against a few of them," he added sadly, "were otherwise pretty strong."

since been said to have taken the underground trail to Egypt. Others have placed him in Albania. But the Mueller file is very thin, his tracks completely obliterated by time. If he survives, the pint-sized Gestapo chief, one of the 15 Nazis who took part in the supersecret Wannsee Conference to plot the "Final Solution of the Jewish Question," may have much to celebrate on New Year's Eve of '69.

Oddly enough, one of the last kinks ironed out of West Germany's final drive against the Nazis was investigator Schuele himself. In 1965, shortly after he had arrested the highest-ranking war criminal living free in West Germany (SS-General Karl Wolff, who was subsequently convicted for his role in the gassing of 300,000 persons on evidence dug up by Schuele), the chief of the Central Office got into trouble for his own past.

The East Germans accused him of having been a "loyal follower of Hitler." The Russians charged that he was implicated in the murder of 244 civilians while serving as a combat officer on the eastern front. Schuele denied the accusations as a "pack of lies," but when the East Germans published a copy of his Nazi party card he admitted that he had been a member of the Storm Troopers and Hitler's National Socialists. In a country whose current chief executive took part in the Nazi government, Schuele's past memberships were no surprise. An investigation by a West German prosecutor was said to have cleared him of the Soviet criminal charges and Bonn expressed confidence in him. But before long he resigned, replaced by his deputy Adalbert Rueckerl.

Whatever the merits of the case, Schuele's departure from the scene is considered as a further blow to the remaining fugitive Nazis. Though his work as a sleuth was apparently beyond reproach, he had been a vocal supporter of the statute of limitations, contending that the investigative phase was over. "You will see," he had said, "even if we start all over again, nothing will come of it." This, and such remarks as, "many who had the misfortune of being in the execution battalions were not really guilty . . ." went a long way in creating the impression that he had gone soft on Nazism. His successor, on the other hand, is an outspoken critic of lenient punishments.

By now, the West Germans have tooled up to peak efficiency. They are hampered, as any Western nation would be, by structural weaknesses in a law system that was not designed to deal with supercrimes such as genocide. The problem of inadequate extradition treaties and the failure of the worldwide police network Interpol to cooperate on the grounds that it does not deal in "political" crimes are other major headaches. But these are international questions, which the Federal Republic cannot solve alone. Most observers, including the World Jewish Congress, have commented favorably on Bonn's efforts "to put our house in order," as it is often said in West Germany.

The man who ranks as the most successful Nazi hunter of all tends to agree. He is 59-year-old Simon Wiesenthal, who survived imprisonment in 13 concentration camps. Operating out of a modest, two-room office in downtown Vienna, Wiesenthal is sort of an international private detective financed by the contributions of individuals and groups in Europe, Israel and the United States. He has no official connection with West German authorities, but most often he turns over his evidence to the Central Office in Ludwigsburg when he has built up a case strong enough to warrant arrest. Over the years he has unmasked hundreds of Nazi criminals in hiding, including Eichmann and Stangl, and has been responsible for apprehending more of them than any other single individual.

"The Germans," says Wiesenthal somewhat wryly of his partners in bringing the fugitives to justice, "are doing a good job. It's their nature. The Nazis employed precision in murder, the Germans of today are using the same precision in punishment."

The Germans, in turn, regard Wiesenthal as their most powerful ally. Because he has achieved such personal fame as a Nazi hunter and can be more flexible in making deals than government operatives, persons who know the whereabouts of war criminals often seek him out directly.

"Some of my best 'agents' are the Nazis themselves," Wiesenthal said recently. "When Nazis feud among themselves, I'm told it is often said, 'If you don't watch yourself, I'll go to Wiesenthal.' And if two Nazis fight," Wiesenthal added with a puckish grin, speaking first in Yiddish and then in English, "this is my satisfaction."

It was under such circumstances that he was able to find Stangl. A disgruntled, revenge-seeking former Gestapo man offered to finger the commander of the Treblinka camp for $25,000. Too much, said Wiesenthal. The German asked the number of murders Stangl was alleged to have committed. Wiesenthal replied, 700,000.

"I want one cent for each of them," the informer said, "700,000 cents, seven thousand dollars." The deal was made.

Wiesenthal broke another case when a Nazi murderer gave up his aging mistress for another woman. The jilted mistress came to Wiesenthal's office, told him who her former lover was and listed the crimes he had committed during the war.

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the Nazi-hunting machinery, such as it is, runs smoother and more effectively than perhaps ever before, what accomplishments can we look forward to before time runs out? What will happen afterward? And what will be the lessons of the age?

Wiesenthal and West German authorities privately agree that there is little chance of catching the most infamous criminals at large. The *top* war criminals (the number has been put anywhere from 1,000 to 1,800) have used their years of freedom wisely.

Doctor Mengele, for example, one of the "sons" of the giant West German farm machinery corporation Karl Mengele & Sons, has vast amounts of money at his disposal. Mengele funds have been invested in South America, and the governments concerned have not been ungrateful.

Mengele's wealth has given him the power to go almost anywhere, contends Fritz Bauer, attorney general for the state of Hessen and one of West Germany's top prosecutors of Nazi cases, "but he prefers to use his money to help his Nazi friends."

Bauer believes that Mengele has given aid to Martin Bormann (see box). Another of Mengele's beneficiaries in exile is said to be Richard Gluecks, who was one of Himmler's key aides and the man responsible for maintaining murderous conditions in all concentration camps. Gluecks was once thought to have been a suicide. He has since been spotted in Chile. No legal proceedings have ever been taken against him, so after the cut-off date, his case will be marked officially closed.

The "small shots" among the Nazi fugitives will fare relatively much worse, although their ilk make up the bulk of those who will never be caught. The day-to-day work of the Nazi hunters is expected to bring hundreds of these middle-to-low-ranking murderers before the bench. The majority of this group live more or less openly in West Germany or in Austria, which has proved to be very tolerant of its Nazis. A sampling of Wiesenthal's current wanted list and status is revealing of their kind:

Karl Joseph Fischer, Auschwitz doctor, now free, living in Graz, Austria, case being prepared; Emilie Reichel, guard at women's camp, "responsible for numerous crimes"; Hermine Braunsteiner, woman SS guard, now living in the United States, assurances of her return to Austria received from American officials; Eduard Michael Hahn, member of Eichmann's "Center of Jewish Emigration"; Anton Kramer, Auschwitz guard, now living in Vienna. . . . And so it goes.

In West Germany a number of big trials are being readied to beat the deadline. One of them, to be prosecuted by Attorney General Bauer, will take place this year at Darmstadt. It will rivet the world's attention on the criminals who carried out the infamous massacre of 33,771 Jews at Babi-Yar, a ravine on the outskirts of the Russian city Kiev.

But as the years have piled up one "sleeper" difficulty in prosecuting Nazis is reaching unmanageable proportions. This is the simple biological problem of age. Some of the defendants in the Babi-Yar trial, for example, are 85 years old. "The doctors tell us it will be very hard to try them," says Bauer.

The average age of the remaining war criminals is around 65. Bormann and Mueller are 67; Mengele is only 56, but Richard Gluecks is 78. The life expectancy for men in the war criminals' age group is about 12 years. This means that by 1980, of the thousands who will escape justice, only a tenacious handful will walk the face of the earth—moribund museum pieces of the bloodiest age known to man.

It is for this reason that Simon Wiesenthal, despite his still-bulging files on wanted men, sees his work drawing to a close, though he is personally not restricted by any nation's statute of limitations. "Within two or three years," he told TRUE, "I am going out of business." He finds "no point" in bringing an old man into court. "Sympathies would lie with the criminal rather than the victims."

Those who argue that the expiration of the statute of limitations is rapidly becoming an academic question have a further point in their favor. When the time runs out, the surviving eyewitnesses to infamous history will be free to talk. Like Eichmann, whose compulsion to tell all was overwhelming, Mengele and the lesser lights may be itching to tell their story of what they saw and heard in the incubus of the Third Reich. Others who are shielding them may also have a lot to say. There is much they can contribute to filling in gaps in our knowledge of the past 40 years.

One of the major criminals who finds himself exempt from punishment may have the answer to this prime question: "What was the true origin of the 'Final Solution' [the *idea* predated Hitler; the *order* was issued by Goering; the dark area lies in the circumstances surrounding the *decision*]?" Whether the planned destruction of an entire people was the conscious decision of a madman or the outgrowth of a political system is of the highest importance to history.

In any event, many believe history will wrest at least some victories from this passing era.

Also in terms of the future, the need for revisions of extradition treaties has been made abundantly clear. The flaws in time limits on murder cases have become equally plain. Yet though changes are in the offing, these lessons will have little effect on the residue of the Nazi era.

Pending in West Germany's Bundestag is a penal-code reform bill that would extend the statute of limitations from 20 to 30 years. Lacking retroactive provisions, however, it would not apply to crimes already committed.

Bonn also has resisted giving support to a proposed United Nations convention that would waive statutary time limitations on "war crimes and crimes against humanity," mostly on the retroactive issue. Such retroactivity, the only thing that can hurt the missing Nazis, emerges as the stumbling block that seemingly can't be moved. The majority of West German lawmakers feel that *any* retroactive law would require a constitutional amendment. But passing an amendment, which first must be ratified in the legislatures of the Federal Republic's several states, is a process that takes years—assuming it succeeds at all.

A sizeable proportion of the 20,000 Nazi criminals still at large are therefore almost surely destined to be free from any threat of retribution when the clock strikes midnight at the end of next year. Unhappily, then, it appears that the true lesson of the age will be recorded as before in three words familiar to all criminals:

"Don't get caught." **—Robert Katz**

COLONEL SUN

[*Continued from page* 59]

And everywhere—apart from the slopes of an isolated limestone peak standing against the sky, older even than the volcano itself—ran the fantastic horizontal bands of igneous rock, black lava, porous white and yellow tufa, harder, more violently colored strata of crimson, royal purple, seaweed green. Vrakonisi is an unforgettable sight, but strange, even disturbing, rather than beautiful, in some way out of key with human habitation.

They had a late lunch of fish soup made with plenty of lemon juice, and half a dozen each of the admirable little quail-sized birds that fall to the gun all over Greece at this time of the year, accompanied by a sensible modicum of retsina. Litsas refused coffee and took himself off, explaining he must visit the harbor master's office, not merely to stay within the law by presenting the *Altair's* papers there, but to keep his ears open and drop a few carefully-framed questions in that center of island gossip.

He was back within the hour. The brown eyes were snapping and the mouth compressed in a kind of mirthless downward smile. One glance at him showed that he had news.

With a flourish he sat down, called for coffee now, and leaned forward over interlaced fingers. "Two points," he said in a lowered voice. "A so-called Dutchman who's calling himself Vanderveld and says he's studying rocks has taken a cottage near the eastern tip of the island. He dined at this tavérna last evening. Of course, he didn't think he could be recognized. I think he was never within a hundred miles of here during the Occupation. We've had good luck."

Bond frowned. "Niko—forgive me, but how do we know we have the right man?"

"Von Richter has a special mark. He has got a blast from a gun in the face. The gases from the muzzle have given him a bad burn on the left side of the head. That ear was damaged, and the skin near it, and he lost some hair for always. Our friend the Dutchman who likes rocks has the same thing. Enough?"

"I'm prepared to go along with it, yes." Bond felt a surge of excitement. All day he had been restless fearing the right way to action might never be found, that the three of them might be ignominiously reduced to spending the crucial night aboard the *Altair* ready to pit a rifle and tommy gun against whatever mass-assassination weapon the Chinese had in store. Now at any rate they had a meaningful next step. But there was something else first. "What," asked Bond, "was the second point?"

"Oh, yes." Litsas drained his coffee and chased it with ice water. "The man who managed to escape from the cruiser we sank went to the hospital here and walked out of it as soon as they'd bandaged him. On his way down into the town he met a farmer on a mule and he made him tie his shoes up. The farmer offered him a ride on the mule, but he said he would walk. Some people in the town asked him to stop and rest, but he wouldn't. Everybody's talking about it and saying the farmer should have made the man go back to the hospital. Anyway, the thing is that when last seen, this chap was walking to the west. Where the Russians are having their meeting on the islet. The opposite direction to Von Richter's hideout. What do you make from that?"

"Two hideouts," said Bond, gazing at the scrubbed boards of the table. A memory was stirring, pushing feebly at the threshold of his consciousness. Something small, something recent. To grope for it was no good, he knew; to thrust it away might double its pressure, force it in the end to break through. He went on, "They'll join forces soon. Tonight; they can't leave it any later. The business end of the operation is presumably in the western part of the island rather than the east, so it must be Von Richter who'll be making a move. The question is how. This house he's taken, Niko: is there a road to it or a path or anything, do you know?"

"Above the house there are some vine terraces, but you must climb a cliff to reach them. Not impossible, but very hard. I think we can forget that. He'll move by water."

"I saw him!" said Bond suddenly. They looked at him. "Not Von Richter, the man from the hospital. This morning, while we were waiting for you to come back, Ariadne. He was scrambling down the hillside in a clumsy sort of way, as if he were injured. From where he was he might have been making for any one of half a dozen houses along that shore. But we know the area now."

"How can you know he was that chap?" asked Litsas.

"I'd bet anything you like. I remember asking myself what could be so urgent that it would make an obviously handicapped man undertake a bloody awful ordeal like that. It was him all right, going to report to his lords and masters."

"But that's the northern shore." Litsas still seemed dissatisfied. "You can't even see the islet from there."

"And they can't see you. We've no hope of understanding that part of it at this stage. What we have got is what to do next. We go off now and sail past that part of the coast at a discreet distance and find somewhere to. . . ."

Litsas's expression changed and his body grew rigid. His hand on Bond's forearm felt like heavy metal. He said in a strangled undertone, "He's here. Herr Hauptmann Ludwig von Richter. To your right, James. Coming out of the grocer's. You can look at him. They still stare at the foreigners in these parts."

Bond turned his head casually and at once caught sight of the German about 20 yards away. In sport shirt and shorts, a bulging shopping bag in his hand, the man was looking over his shoulder and laughing, sharing some joke with the grocer. His companion, a fair-haired youngster carrying a wine jar, grinned amiably. Between them they made an attractive picture of holiday high spirts, innocence, relaxation. Then Von Richter faced his front and Bond saw the livid patch of skin round the ear and the dark hairless region above it. Chatting lightheartedly, the pair turned away and moved off along the quay.

"Going home," said Litsas. "I'll just stroll along and have a look at their boat. Might help us later."

He left. Ariadne said, "James, one thing puzzles me. With plenty of others. Why do they want this guy along? He always might be recognized. What's so special about him that they must have him?"

"A good point. I suppose he might have done some work for them before. Then he's an ex-army man. That could have its uses all right."

Ariadne nodded thoughtfully. "Then you're thinking of some sort of gun. A gun on the land more likely than the sea?"

"Oh God, there's no knowing at this stage. Land diversion, sea attack, the other way round. Anything."

Another thoughtful nod, but one that suggested a private train of thought being pursued. "There are millions of ex-army men. This one's an atrocity expert. That's what's special about him. But why must they have one? And that gun still bothers me. How could you get anything big enough up that slope? And how was it brought here? Perhaps there's a sort of gun that. . . ."

"Atomics," said Bond grimly. "Close-support type. That would be portable enough. At the moment I can't think of any feasible alternative."

The thought silenced them both until Litsas returned.

"A biggish dinghy thing with an outboard motor," he reported. "They're casting off now—we'll give 'em five minutes."

In 10 minutes the *Altair* was standing out from the port. To Bond's right Litsas was at the wheel, dark eyes narrowed, brown hands easing the bows round to starboard; to the left Ariadne stook poised like a statue, clothed marble, fine tendrils of tawny hair blowing forward above her ears in the evening breeze. And ahead, the sun going down like a fat incandescent orange and a hint of lead entering the steely brightness of the enormous sea.

"WALK, MISTER BOND"

Bond sat on the moonlit hillside 200 feet above water level and longed for a cigarette. He had found a lump of granite the size of a golf hut which gave him shadow and something to lean his back against. It was not a perfect observation post but it was the best that could have been hoped for after a hurried visual reconnaissance from the deck of the *Altair* just before the daylight went. Stationed at a roughly central point above and behind the five scattered houses marked down earlier as possible headquarters of the enemy, he had a direct view of two, could see a third by moving 50 yards to his left, and had a clear enough grasp of the positions of the fourth and fifth to make it impossible for Von Richter's boat, even if it approached unlit, to put people ashore without giving away their destination.

For the moment all seemed in order. While sailing past they had spotted a tiny beach no bigger than a billiard table, with what was evidently a climbable outlet to the steep slopes above. Down there, after a lot of grumbling, Litsas had agreed to remain and watch developments from a lower angle, the dinghy hauled up behind a tongue of rock that would, by night at any rate, mask it from seaward observation. The *Altair*, with an even more rebellious Ariadne on board, was a mile and half away on the southern coast, tied up at the quay of a fishing village among a dozen other boats of similar build, the best camouflage available.

Though most of the time the silence was immense, occasionally a snatch of talk or laughter drifted up to Bond on the warm air. Once or twice he had heard the wavering, chilly call of an owl from the crags above him and, immeasurably far off in the direction of the town, the clink of a goat bell. Otherwise nothing.

Bond peered at the luminous dial of the Rolex Oyster Chronometer on his wrist. Three-ten. He had no doubt that his basic reasoning was correct and that Von Richter would come. When he would come was another question. First light was favorable, but arrival at some other time could not be ruled out, even possibly well on into the following morning with everything out in the open. Bond was coldly aware that this operation was becoming more and more of a slippery slope, on which not merely a false step, but miscalculation of any detail of the layout, could be fatal.

Then he heard the boat.

It was approaching from the west, coming round the corner where the islet was. In a couple of minutes it puttered into view, carrying navigation lights and a rather dim white one forward. When it had completed its rounding movement, it ran parallel with the shore for perhaps a quarter of a mile, then turned in and began to make straight towards the farther of the two houses Bond could see from his post, the one whose lights were still burning. No fuss, no elaborate concealment, no double-bluff blaze of publicity either. Bond nodded to himself and got to his feet. Time to start down for a closer look.

Losing lateral distance but gaining time, he began by moving back down the way he had come. This first leg of the descent took care of about half the height he needed to lose, but had brought him a hundred yards or so too far to the east. Here was a handy left turn, a natural terrace running parallel to the shoreline for almost the length of a football pitch, the first half of it at least in the visual lee of the overhang, and level going. Underfoot was rich springy turf like the green of a well-kept English golf course. When had he been at Sunningdale? Tuesday afternoon. And this was Friday night, or rather the small hours of Saturday. A fairly strenuous three days.

He hurried to the end of the terracelike formation, bending low to use the dark background of a straggle of stunted thornbushes. Now, in bright moonlight, a wide bare slope of whitish rock littered with loose stones, the mouth of a narrow gully downhill at its far side. There was no time for a detour. Bond walked slowly and deliberately across the exposed slope, his eyes on the ground. He would be seen only by somebody who happened to be looking in his direction; if he dislodged a stone, he would make his presence obvious to anyone with ears. The boat's engine had been cut and he could hear voices. He listened with held breath for the sudden urgency in their tones which would show he had been spotted. They murmured levelly on.

He reached the gully and soon glided into the protective shadow of a slab shaped like the gable end of a farmhouse that lay across the lip of the gully as if it had fallen there yesterday, though it must have reached its present position before Vrakonisi was on any map. The nearest angle of the house was less than 30 yards away, its flat roof on a level with where he crouched; that could wait. A little farther off at about 90 degrees, Von Richter was just stepping on to a miniature stone quay. Bond caught the shiny, hairless patch of skin above the left ear. A short, heavy man with a round head, who had been making fast at the bow of the boat, now moved amidships and heaved ashore what looked like a large sports bag. Bond craned forward. The bag bulged oddly and was clearly awkward and heavy. There followed perhaps a dozen boxes about eight inches square, of dark-painted metal as far as could be made out in the illumination of the one light on the boat and another, not much stronger, on a bracket at the corner of the house. The boxes too seemed heavy for their size. Then, incongruously, came two smart tartan-paneled, plastic-covered suitcases. So far, the unloading had proceeded more or less in silence. Now Von Richter called a greeting and moved across to the front of the house, extend-

ing his right hand just as he went out of sight. There was more talk (indistinguishable), a laugh or two, and the voices faded as if the speakers had gone indoors. The light on the boat was dowsed. The stocky man picked up the sports bag, carried it past Bond's hiding place and in at a side door. He returned and made a series of journeys with the boxes, then the suitcases. The door shut with an air of finality. The light at the angle of the house went out. Silence fell, except for a mutter of talk and the occasional faint slap of water under the hull of the moored boat.

Bond stretched himself full length in the darkness and prepared to wait out the chance of something left on board being remembered and returned for. To assume that he had just had a view of the assassination weapon and its ammunition seemed irresistible—part of that weapon, at least: the mounting must be elsewhere, brought here separately. Even so, surely the bloody thing was far too *small*. Nothing that size, with its inevitably puny muzzle velocity, could do more than bounce a shell off the walls of the house on the islet, stoutly built of local stone. The dismal thought suggested itself that his first guess had been right, that this was to be the center for a diversion and that the real attack was to come by sea, launched from somewhere there would be no chance of finding. Then he thrust this away. The leaders were here; it was here that mattered.

He hung on for another 20 minutes. No change. He moved.

It took him something over an hour to make a slow, careful circuit of the house and the possible approaches. At the end of that time he had satisfied himself that there were no trip wires or similar alarm systems, that no sort of access from the sea was both physically practicable and free of a strong risk of immediate detection, and that, in addition to the gully he had used tonight, a good alternative route led directly down the hillside to within 10 seconds' dash of a terrace at the back of the house. The terrace was a difficult but possible climb for one man, no problem for two.

Back in his shelter under the horizontal slab, Bond weighed chances and times. At the moment, with the moon down, the darkness was entire, relieved only by starlight, but the first signs of dawn could be expected within 15 minutes. He must be off soon. But a glimpse of the internal layout of the house would be invaluable. He walked briskly down the final slope and across rough stone flags to the side door of the house. Without hesitation he lifted it against its hinges by the shank of the knob and turned slowly, producing a single, almost inaudible squeal of metal. Then, still lifting, alert for the first beginnings of a creak, he pushed. The door yielded. A millimeter at a time now.

In five minutes or so he had an aperture a foot wide. He took in the staircase in profile ahead of him, the beginnings of steps on the left that must lead to the rear terrace, a dimly-lit corridor with rooms opening off it. At once, as if activated by his glance, the door of one of these rooms opened and somebody started to come out.

What saved Bond for the moment was that whoever was emerging paused at the threshold as if to exchange a word with another person inside the room. Bond shut the side door in an agonized conflict of care and speed, turned and ran. Before he was halfway up the slope the external light came on. He dived into his refuge and was facing the house, Walther in hand, without an instant's conscious thought.

This was a justified precaution. The side door opened and Von Richter came out. He glanced around for a moment or two, then walked purposefully up the slope straight for where Bond was lying. Bond took aim at the German's chest. The man came on until he was a bare five yards away. Abruptly he turned aside and passed out of view. Bond waited two minutes, three minutes. He could hear nothing, assumed that Von Richter had halted somewhere close by. Waiting for something, for somebody. Now another man came out of the side door and Bond had his first sight of Col. Sun Liang-tan.

He stared hard at the tall spare figure as it approached, the shoulders and hips loosely jointed, rolling easily, the yellow face set in a faint smile, presumably in the direction of Von Richter, but not altering its basic impassivity. Movements and expression gave an air of vast careless power. This was a man who would do anything. Bond was considerably impressed, but he grinned savagely to himself at this confirmation of another guess. All the way from China, by God!

The man followed the direction Von Richter had taken. Ten to 15 yards away, and slightly above Bond's position, the two began to talk.

"Is this place suitable for your purposes?" asked the first voice in English—an odd, mechanical English.

"Yes, Colonel, I'm sure it will do admirably." An unexpected light drawl, accented but agreeable. "Not on the rock, of course. I may have to water the soil a little, but I can experiment with that later. So. Quite satisfactory."

"Now we shall see exact operating conditions," the curious tones went on. "I think you'll find we've timed it correctly."

The light went out.

"We shall have to wait a little while to recover our full vision," said Von Richter, "but it looks to me already all right."

All right indeed! Bond bit his lip. Ten seconds was enough to show him that dawn was already on the way. The first faint tinges of color were beginning to steal into his surroundings, the rocks, the vegetation, the side of the house. How long were these two going to continue their parley?

Infuriatingly, neither spoke for several minutes. Then the German said, "There! You see him?"

"Ah yes. Excellent."

"We're using a simple color code which we've brought to something near perfection this last month. As I told you, we had every facility. Enjoyable work. And the necessary *research*" —Von Richter put a special emphasis on this word; Bond imagined an accompanying grimace or gesture—"was fascinating."

"And conclusive, I hope."

"Yes, yes. It'll look right and be right. Ballistically and medically. You can be positive on that point."

The Chinese muttered something polite and silence fell again.

Bond was sweating. He had just made up his mind to shoot both men in the back as they returned to the house and count on surprise to deal with whoever else was about. He wiped his right hand on his slacks and settled himself into his hiding place more firmly.

"Well, I think we've seen enough for now," said Von Richter. The voices retreated in the direction of the anchorage. Bond brought his gun up and waited. Perversely, the two did not cross diagonally from where they had been standing, but evidently walked straight to the water's edge. When they finally came into sight, they were between 70 and 80 feet away. Bond dismissed taking two quick shots as not worth trying: the light was still poor and the chances of an effective left and right negligible. Unless they turned back. . . . But no; awkwardly bunched from his point of view, they strolled past the upperworks of the boat and disappeared behind the front of the house. So much for that.

Poor the light might have been for an aimed shot, but it was already uncomfortably good enough for movement to be spotted, and increasing as if a screened lampwick were being turned up. Bond spent a minimal three minutes listening for any sign of the return of the German and the Chinese, then came out of his shelter and started up the gully. Going up was slower than coming down, and by the time he reached the upper end, the sun was showing signs of appearing.

Ahead of him now, and below, lay an extraordinary geological formation, or rather hundreds of these: a great jumble of squarish and near-rectangular stone blocks 20 and 30 feet high and stretching for half a mile, piled next to and upon and across one another so haphazardly that gaining 10 yards in the desired direction meant climbing and descending twice as many. Above and below were cliffs. On Bond's outward journey it had taken him 50 minutes to cross this dump of outsize nursery bricks; even now he could not hope to do it in less than 30. Still, once past it there was a short rise to a level platform of rock, and after that an easy descent to the beach and the boat. On with it, then.

In the event it took him well over the half hour. He was moving up on to the rock platform when a man on the far side of it got up and leveled a revolver at him.

He was a tall man in a cheap dark suit, now crumpled and torn. Binoculars in a green-plastic case were slung across his shoulder. He said in a thick Russian accent, "Good morning, Mister Shems Bond," and sniggered.

Bond stook stock still and waited.

"Now . . . gun of you. Slow, please. Slow slow."

The revolver pointed steadily at Bond's breastbone. Help-

lessly, Bond took the Walther from his hip pocket and held it out in the palm of his hand.

"Intelligent. Throw . . . away."

Another chance gone. Bond tossed his automatic aside and heard it land on rock.

"Friend of you"—a gesture toward the beach—"no good, eh? Now . . . walk, Mister Bond. Slow slow."

Bond was on the point of obeying when the other lurched abruptly as if slapped hard on the back and the unmistakable sharp bang of a medium-caliber cartridge came apparently from beneath their feet, immediately followed by the sound, thin but clear, of a rifle bolt being pulled back and returned. There was one echo of the shot, distant and delayed.

The man's gun arm had dropped. His eyes held Bond's with a dreadful look of puzzlement, of pleading to be told how this thing could have happened. Bond said hoarsely, "You've been shot with a rifle, from the beach." His heart was thumping. He never knew if his message was understood. The Russian had half turned to look behind him when a second shot flung him off balance. He went down the slope in a sort of slack-limbed dive and finished with his face in a heap of small stones. There was a patch of blood on one shoulder blade and another above the hip.

After scooping up the Walther, Bond made it to the beach in two minutes. Litsas had the dinghy already in the water, pushed off at once and grabbed the oars.

"Good shooting, Niko," said Bond at length.

"Not bad, eh? Uphill too, but fighting in Greece makes you used to that. Anyhow, not more than 200 yards. I dropped a Jerry staff sergeant once at 600 with that little beauty." He gave the Lee Enfield, now lying across Bond's lap, an affectionate nod. "These fellows today forget all about the rifle. If they see nothing for 50 feet all around, they think they're safe. Eh, I bet our friend up there had a very big shock when I hit him."

"He did," said Bond in a hard voice, remembering the look on the man's face.

"I was watching jolly carefully but I had no idea he was there until he popped up at you. Didn't give me much time."

"He saw you all right. He said as much."

"Oh, really? Then he had no excuse at all to show himself to me like that and to stay exposed while he waved his gun at you. Who was he, anyhow?"

"Evidently one of General Arenski's Russian security men for the conference. He must have seen me while he was patrolling the hillside and come down to cut me off."

"I'm afraid we've made the brave general very angry. Let's hope he doesn't try to interfere with our plans for tonight."

IN THE DRINK

By noon that day, Litsas had arranged a 36-hour exchange of boats with a fellow named George Ionides, whose *Cynthia* was a slow but sturdy 24-foot runabout. After making the trade at sea as prearranged, the *Altair* sailed south. As soon as she fell below the horizon, Litsas swung the *Cynthia* toward Vrakonisi. By 3 p.m. the boat was anchored in a small bay on the southern coast of the island and almost at its eastern tip, a full eight miles by sea from the inlet. A dozen small craft lay near by and there were groups of figures on the shore.

The place was more a jagged hole bitten into the coastline than a bay in any full sense. In one corner a granite shelf just above the waterline, narrow but level, made landing comparatively easy. Next to this, a dozen yards of sloping shingle constituted as much of a beach as nine-tenths of all island bays provide. A succession of weird rock formations ran along the other arm of the inlet, weird in their very regularity—cave mouths and arches square-set enough to have formed part of a ruined Homeric palace, rectangular tower-shaped structures, tall isolated stacks like the piles of a vanished bridge, all colored in delicate gradations between tan and olive green. The land above was less precipitous than elsewhere in Vrakonisi, with vine terraces and clumps of evergreens: myrtle, arbutus and oleander.

With a gesture of finality, Litsas let down the tattered side awning, screening the three of them from view as well as from the sun.

"We'll be safe here," he said. "Parties come all the time to bathe, God help them, and there's a piece of a temple up on the hill. It's mostly pavement, but the island has nothing else like this, and you don't know how small it is until you get there. Anyhow, nobody will notice a small boat of this type. I'm worried about our fuel, though. We've enough left for only about 30 miles. Shall we call quickly at the port after it's dark?"

"No." Bond's voice was decisive. "If, as we assumed, they do have a man at the harbor, they'll have two on tonight. We'd be risking blowing our cover. And tomorrow . . . we can get all the gas we want."

The unspoken "if" behind this statement silenced all three for an instant. Then Litsas sprang up and lifted the rust-pocked lid of the cooler.

"I'm going to have a beer," he grunted. "Let's finish that too. Anybody else?"

Ariadne, sitting on the deck with her knees drawn up and her gaze lowered, shook her head. Bond also declined. He had had enough of the thin, soapy local brew.

Litsas leaned the neck of the bottle against the cooler lid and banged the cap off with the end of his fist. He seemed to pour the beer straight down without swallowing.

"Now," he said, wiping his mouth, "again the battle plan, James, if you please. We can't have it too many times."

"I agree." Bond spread open on the deck the sketch plan he had roughed out on the back of a chart. "We leave here at 8 p.m. and go round by the north coast. Taking it easy, we should get to that little beach about 10. . . ."

More thoughtfully than before, Ariadne shook her head. "I still say it's too early. Everybody will be awake and watching."

"They'll be that all night tonight. They won't be expecting us then. We don't know what their timetable is, so we daren't leave it until late. And at 10 o'clock there'll be plenty of other boats around, so there'll be nothing special about us."

"That's logical," said Ariadne in her brisk student's tone. "Go on, James."

"Good. We drive the *Cynthia*'s bows up on to the beach and moor her. Now, are you sure that's possible, Niko?"

"It must be, mustn't it? We can't fool about with anchor chains then. Anyhow, leave it to me. No problems."

"Then we climb the cliff. Not nearly as difficult as it sounds. But we'll need a sling for the tommy gun—must have both hands free."

Litsas nodded. "My department. Easy."

"Now here"—Bond put his forefinger on the sketch map—"there's this shelf of rock where Niko shot the Russian. Then the troublesome part I told you about; just troublesome; not difficult or dangerous. After that. . . ."

Bond took over 10 minutes to describe minutely the route to the enemy's house and the surrounding terrain. "We halt here," he said finally, pointing to the last bend in the rocky gully that led down to the house. "Niko and I move uphill and round until we're in position to make a run for the rear terrace. That move'll be easy going, comparatively. Should take us about 15 minutes to get to our assault station. As soon as we're there, we go in together. By that time, Ariadne, you'll have moved down the gully to the cover of that slab of stone I mentioned. You'll hear us make contact all right. From then on, this is what you do. As soon as the shooting starts you begin counting slowly. If you see anybody, shoot him and go straight in at the side door. Go to the foot of the stairs and cover the rooms opening off the passage. We'll join you there. Blaze away at any stranger you see—they won't be letting my chief run about the house, you can be sure.

"Alternatively, if you *don't* see anybody early on, count on to 30. Then you go in by the side door. But not unless there's shooting still going on inside the house. No shooting will mean that our assault has failed. In that event, go back the way you came, and get away in the *Cynthia*—Niko will make it easy for you to cast off and he'll show you how to start the motor. Then disappear. Steer well clear of the islet. It won't be a healthy place to be if these people have anything to do with it. The rest of it will be up to you. I'll give you a letter which I'd like you to take to the British Embassy in Athens.

"Any questions? Then let's all get what rest we can. We're going to need it."

Bond's sleep, by Ariadne's side on an improvised bed of seat cushions, was fitful and haunted. A formless being, a shape too fantastic to be identified, pursued him through his dreams.

He fled from it across a perfectly smooth plain of marble. At the far side of this were geometrical rows of trees, all identical, all of formalized shape, like representations in an architect's drawing. As he ran between them, one after another exploded silently into a puff of flame, leaving nothing behind. When he looked back to see what was doing this, he found himself face to face with a brick wall constructed in a strange way, such that the bands of mortar were as broad as the bricks themselves. A distant humming roar became audible and the wall began to tilt towards him. Before it could collapse, Bond had forced himself out of sleep, but the steady humming continued. With a strong sense, even in his half-awakened state, of the illogic of the action, Bond got up, twitched aside a corner of the awning and peered out.

What he saw was, to him, disappointingly irrelevant. With the vague but oppressive memory of his dream upon him, Bond gazed lethargically at a large, expensive-looking gray motorboat which was just throttling down in the bay. A rich party, no doubt, in search of a bathing spot. Idly he ran his eyes over the decks of the new arrival. Nothing special was to be seen there. No movement or figure presented itself. It was as if the thing were controlled from afar by wireless.

Still drowsy, Bond dropped the awning and returned to sleep. He did not hear the muted roar of the motorboat's engines as, its obscure mission completed, it backed away from the shore and moved slowly out of the anchorage. And, obviously, he could not have known of its arrival in the small inlet that lay a couple of hundred yards to the east, nor of the installation of an observer among the curious volcanic arches in the colored rocks lining that side of the bay.

†

When Bond awoke finally, the light had taken on that faintest and most melancholy hint of dullness that, in Greece as nowhere else, makes late afternoon so oddly indistinguishable from early morning. Ariadne progressed in a second from deep childlike sleep to wary wakefulness. Blinking slowly, she looked at Bond.

"What do we do now?"

"What we do I don't know" he said, kissing her. "I only know what I do. And what I do is swim."

"It's what I do, too."

While Litsas slept on, they stripped to the skin and within seconds were side by side in the unbelievably clear water. Bond turned and grinned at Ariadne.

"This is rather daring of you, isn't it?" he asked. "I thought Greek girls would die rather then be seen naked in public."

She laughed. "That shows how little you understand. It isn't modesty or shame, it's social respectability. Nobody around here knows who I am and they're all too far away to see anything very intimate. There's just you, and it's kind of late to begin to worry about what you see, isn't it?"

As she talked, she had been moving away from the boat and now took off towards the open sea, using a steady and unexpectedly powerful breaststroke that looked properly economical of energy. Bond was impressed. At every turn this girl showed herself to be fine material. He followed her in the same style and found, not to his surprise, that he had to exert himself to catch up. When they were level, he kept to her speed and they swam out side by side for perhaps a hundred yards. The water slid like silk along their bodies and limbs. Beneath it was dark and dense; Bond guessed that they were already at a great depth. As they paused, he felt on his cheek a tiny breath of chilly air, a first reminder that the summer which colored everything around them was not endless after all.

By unspoken consent, they turned and made their way back towards the boat. They had wanted to refresh and relax themselves, not take hard exercise. After a while the sea bottom glimmered into view and Bond felt a sudden longing to dive towards it, to enter again the twilight rocky groves of the subaqueous world he loved. But not now. Another time. . . .

Litsas helped them back on board. He ran an appraising and rather obviously expert eye over Ariadne as she stepped down to the deck.

"I know I shouldn't be looking," he said blandly. "Because it makes me feel very nonsomething. What's the word that means 'like an uncle'?"

"Avuncular?"

"That's it. Avuncular is how I'm not feeling. You're a lucky chap, James. Now, Ariadne, you must dry and dress quickly. I want to show you the Thompson again before the light has gone. These bike lamps of Ionides are perfectly bloody hopeless."

Just before 8 o'clock, Ariadne had finished her weapon training (including the vital point of changing magazines by feel). Bond had again taken them carefully over his battle plan, all three had swallowed a scratch meal of sausage, vegetables and fruits, and Litsas had got the anchor up. With his hand on the shift lever, he caught Ariadne's eye.

"*Thée mou, voithisse mas!*" he muttered, and she bowed her head. "Sorry about that," he went on conversationally, slipping into gear and moving the throttle up a notch. "A little prayer. It makes us feel better. You must forgive our superstition."

"I don't feel like that about it," said Bond in some discomfort, wishing dully that there was somebody or something he could appeal to at a time like this.

The operation had begun on schedule. Afterwards the whole first phase became concertinaed in Bond's memory: the move out of the dark, silent bay, the turning northward, then westward, the long eventless run under the moon past stretches of vast mountainous blackness relieved here and there by the lights of a hamlet, a tiny anchorage, a single house, the occasional passing of a small boat like their own, the monotonous vibrating hum of the little diesel, the watery noise of the *Cynthia's* progress and the dim whiteness spreading from her bow. Everything inevitable and apparently changeless until Litsas looked up from his seat at the tiller and said, "I'm sorry, but I think somebody's following us. It's not easy to be sure. There. Six or seven hundred yards back." He pointed and Bond peered along his arm. "Somebody quite big. I don't know how long he's been there. Annoying."

The dark shape, unlit except for its red and green, was obvious enough. There were no other craft in the offing now. The enemy, if enemy he was, had bided his time. Bond looked at his watch, then at the coast.

"Turn inshore and get all the speed you can out of this scow," he told Litsas. "I reckon we're about two miles from our landing point. We'll stand a better chance ashore than afloat."

"If we ever get there. It's a long swim."

"He's turning with us," said Ariadne over her shoulder. "That proves it. Coming up fast now."

"Take the tiller, Ariadne," said Litsas. "James, can I put the lights on? Good. I'm going to take the governor off this thing." He lifted off the engine cover and rummaged in the tool tray.

Bond gazed over the stern at their pursuer, now not much more than a furlong distant and closing rapidly. He drove his fingernails into his palms. The prospect before them seemed virtually hopeless. The open deck gave them no cover at all and they had no cards up their sleeve. He wondered furiously how they had been identified. Perhaps the owner of the *Cynthia* had. . . .

The sound of the engine rose abruptly to a shuddering whine and the *Cynthia* seemed to lean forward into the water. Litsas doused the deck lights and made his way aft.

"That engine will be scrap iron in an hour or two. But we shan't be needing it that long, I think. Well, what do we do, Captain? Sell our lives dearly?"

He had taken the Lee Enfield out of its wrapping and Bond heard him open the breech, slam a clip of .303 into the magazine and thrust the bolt home. By pure reflex, Bond touched the butt of the Walther behind his hip. He had no plan, but his despair had passed.

"It's all a matter of what these people want," he said. "If they're just out to obliterate us then there's nothing we can do. If they want us alive we may be able to stave them off for a bit."

Litsas grunted. "Well, we'll soon find out which. They can—"

He broke off as, with a kind of silent explosion, everything around them leapt into hard, glaring radiance. He felt cruelly exposed and quite defenseless. The moral effect of a one-million candle-power searchlight at under a hundred yards is tremendous, and the enemy must have known this, since the unbearable illumination continued in silence for a full quarter of a minute. Bond fought the effect for all he was worth, shutting his eyes tight, feeling for the Thompson and bringing it into the ready position. Then an amplified voice spoke in English across the water.

"Halt! Halt immediately or you will be killed!"

"Want me to put that light out, James?" said Litsas's voice.

"Save it for now and get down. You too, Ariadne. Let them decide on the next move."

Another quarter of a minute or so went by while the *Cynthia* strained her way towards the land. Then there was the abrupt, smacking boom of a light gun and a heavy thump from the water ahead of them.

"Well, no mystery about who we're dealing with after that —the crew of General Arenski, the Russian bureaucrat who wouldn't listen to Ariadne. Von Richter and his friends wouldn't dare to come out in the open like this hereabouts." Bond knew what to do now.

"We have a little time. They'll hesitate before they fire into us—their orders must be to get us alive if possible. We hang on here as long as we can. Then we have only one chance. We lash the tiller, go quietly over the side and swim for it. At the moment we must be about a mile and a half out. Could you manage that, Niko?"

"Yes. Eventually."

"We'll wait for you. Get your rifle ready."

"It's ready."

The amplified voice spoke again. "Halt at once or the next shot will hit you!"

"I'll stall them," said Bond. He hung on as long as he dared, then called, "Very well. I am ready to surrender to you. But on condition that you release the girl who is with me. She has no part in this affair."

A pause. Bond counted the precious seconds. Then, "No condition. You will surrender immediately."

"I demand that you release the girl."

A much shorter pause, ended by, "You have 10 seconds to switch off your engine. If you do not, we will fire into you."

"Count to five, Niko. Ariadne, helm hard over when he hits."

Bond held his breath and half-opened one eye. The light bored into his skull. At the first slam of the rifle beside him he opened up with the Thompson, in no hope of hitting anything, only of throwing the gunners off. Litsas fired again and the light vanished utterly. The *Cynthia* lurched wildly as the tiller came across. After an interval that seemed no longer than that between two heartbeats there came the boom of the gun and at once a tearing thud only feet away and water drenched Bond's head and shoulders. He realized he was still holding his breath and let it out with a gasp.

Laughing with triumph, Litsas was tearing off the navigation lights and flinging them one after the other over the side. "They'll be as blind as bats for some minutes now. The trouble is they can still hear us, if anyone thinks of cutting the motor. Let's use this time. Back and across our previous course. That's it."

Twice more the gun sounded, but the bursts were 50 and 60 yards away.

"Just angry. Here, James. I know you don't think much of it, but it feels just the same as cognac when you're in the water."

Bond took a good swig from the proffered brandy bottle and passed it to Ariadne. The spreading fire of the drink was physically comforting, but when he spoke his tone was bitter.

"So we're disarmed. As regards doing anything at all on shore. We might as well throw our guns into the sea now. Our only useful weapon is my knife."

"Now quit that, James." Ariadne had laid her hand on his shoulder. "Our job for the moment is just getting to shore. That's quite enough to handle, isn't it?"

"It is," said Litsas grimly. "And I hope they can't fix that searchlight soon. We'll be for it if they can." He gazed into the darkness. "Ah. Making for land on the wrong course. Wait, though . . . I think they must be slowing. Yes. They've cut their engine. Time we were off. Not together. Best swimmer first."

"Vital point," said Bond abruptly. "Bring your shoes. You'd be helpless without them." He took off his espadrilles and tucked them into his waist belt. "Right. I'm away."

"Then Ariadne, then me. I'll describe to her the bay. You get off, James. See you on shore."

"Yes, Niko. Good luck." Bond shook Litsas' hand and kissed Ariadne. He drew the Walther from his hip and dropped it over the side. Then he lowered himself into the water.

There was a mile to go, or a little less. Bond set off at the fastest speed he thought prudent; he must overtake Ariadne somewhere inshore so as to guide her to the beach. The sea was flat calm and there was no current against him. The *Cynthia* receded and he saw her no more. He had made perhaps 200 yards when he became aware of the motorboat crossing his front at speed. At least once he caught the flash of its gun. Soon its wash reached him and when he emerged there was nothing to be seen before him. Only the island. He breast-stroked steadily towards the notch in the skyline he had fixed on as his mark, looking to neither right nor left, deliberately postponing thought, driving his limbs with all his strength to distract him from the sick sense of defeat.

After 20 minutes he was approaching the edge of the shadow of Vrakonisi cast by the moon, and thought he saw a swimmer almost dead ahead cross into it. Here anybody in the water would be practically invisible, even if the motorboat passed within yards. He paused and looked westward, but could see nothing. On again, into the shadow, the beach coming into view only a little to the left, a change of course, the last hundred yards. But no sign of Ariadne. She must have found the beach unassisted and be lying down to rest. A few yards of shallows; Bond swam as near the water's edge as he could to avoid sea urchins. He pulled himself upright; he was ashore. Ariadne was nowhere to be seen. He whirled round.

He had only begun a desperate visual search of the black waters when something that was brighter than the searchlight flashed in his brain and he felt himself start to fall.

THE DRAGON'S CLAWS

"Excellent. Excellent. Mr. Bond is with us at last."

Bond's consciousness had returned as quickly and fully as if he had been awakened from a natural sleep. He was half-lying back in a comfortable low chair in a medium-sized, high-ceilinged, well-lighted room. A number of people were looking at him with varying degrees of interest. Two girls, both strikingly attractive, were sitting together on a daybed. They were strangers to Bond. But all five of the men present he had seen before. The man standing with his back to what was evidently a terrace was a black-haired gunman he had encountered at M's home, Quarterdeck. The doctor who had been there was putting a hypodermic away in a black-leather case. By the door stood a stocky Russian servant-type he had seen the previous night. Bond could not immediately place the rough-looking local with the bandaged left arm. The tall Chinese, however, leaning down towards him now with an air of kindly solicitude, was unforgettable.

Bond spoke sharply. "Where's the girl who was with me?"

"A very natural question." The Chinese smiled his approval. "You needn't worry about her. She has not been harmed, nor will she be for the moment. Now let me introduce you. Miss Madan and Miss Tartini, two of my female helpers. Mr. De Graaf I think you know, and Doctor Lohmann from the same occasion. You've met Mr. Aris before, too, though only at a distance, as it were, during one of your more successful seaborne operations. He took a lot of trouble to bring me news of you. My servant Evgeny"—ludicrously, like a well-trained butler, the Russian made a slight, respectful bow—"and myself. Sun's the name, Colonel Sun Lian-tan of the Chinese People's Army."

During this speech, Bond had prevented himself from inquiring after Litsas, whose continued absence was the only factor making for any sort of hope—if he were not already shot or drowned. Pausing for a moment, the Chinese settled himself on a padded olive-wood stool a couple of feet away. His smile turned thoughtful and sympathetic.

"Bad luck has been a marked feature of this whole affair," he said in his curious dialect. "You've certainly had your full share of it tonight, Mr. Bond. Not even you could have predicted that our mutual friends the Russians would have advertised your approach so spectacularly—a real *son et lumière* effort, so to speak." Sun chuckled briefly at his own wit. "And then again you were unfortunate in being forced to swim ashore and thus allowing me ample time to get my little boatload of men along to your only possible landing point. But then, that's life, isn't it?

"Anyway, a most hearty welcome from us all. Some of my colleagues, I know, are feeling very relieved as well as grateful at your arrival. They were in some doubt whether it would take place at all. I was not. I had faith. Thus I was unmoved by Mr. De Graaf's opinion that not enough positive action was being taken to secure your services. My fears were that, on the

contrary, some overzealous person would kill you prematurely. I always knew that you would come here of your own accord while you still lived. It was inevitable. As you'll come to realize, you and I are destined for each other."

Here Colonel Sun allowed another pause, the smile fixed on his face, his metallic eyes trained unblinking on Bond. Then he became solicitous again.

"But forgive me—I'm being careless and unfeeling. How is your head? I hope it's not troubling you unduly?"

"Thank you, just a slight throbbing. Nothing to speak of." Bond forced himself to match Sun's polite conversational tone. To remain calm, to give no sign of rage or despair, was all that could be done for the moment.

"Excellent; Doctor Lohmann's little local anaesthetic has been effective, then. And Evgeny is an artist with the bludgeon. I hope further that you're suffering no ill effects from your long swim. As you'll have gathered, we took the liberty of drying your garments while you were unconscious. And of removing the knife strapped to your leg."

"You've been most thoughtful," said Bond easily. "I've no complaints. I would like a little whisky if you have it."

"Of course, my dear fellow, a pleasure. I've been keeping a bottle of Haig specially for this occasion. With ice and water?"

"I think neat, please."

Sun nodded at Evgeny, taking his eyes from Bond for the first time. They soon returned to him. "Then apart from some minor discomfort and fatigue your present physical state is satisfactory, it seems."

"Perfectly." Bond concealed his growing anger at the continuance of this absurd charade.

"I'm most relieved. The fatigue will be nothing to one of your physique and general condition. I am most relieved."

The whisky appeared, a generous measure. Bond accepted it gratefully and took a sizeable draught of the honey-colored fire. Sun watched. There was perhaps a slight edge to his tone when he next spoke.

"It's essential to my purpose, you see, that you cooperate with me to the fullest extent of which you are capable. At any rate for the next five hours or so. After that time you will be incapable of cooperation."

"There's no question of my cooperating with you for any of your *purposes*," said Bond scornfully. "Whatever they may be, I promise you I'll resist them as long as I'm physically able."

"Bravely spoken, Mr. Bond. But—quite naturally—you misunderstand me. Your resistance *is* your cooperation. Hence my concern for your unimpaired power to resist. However, we can defer a full explanation of this question until later. For the moment, I'll explain my purposes"—here a tight grin was switched on and off—"in the clearest terms. It's essential, absolutely essential, that you learn now just what lies ahead of you.

"Quite soon you'll be taken to the cellar that lies beneath the kitchen of this house. There, using the most sophisticated of the interrogation techniques I've been privileged to be able to develop, I shall torture you to the point of death. But you must realize that this won't be an interrogation in the more common sense of the word, i.e., no questions will be asked of you and whatever information you may volunteer, whatever promises you may make, anything of that kind will have no effect at all on the inexorable progress of the interrogation. Is that clear, Mr. Bond?"

"Perfectly."

"Good. I don't mind admitting, before the present company, that in this respect I'm exceeding my orders a trifle. Or—why not be honest?—actually disobeying them. I was instructed to obtain as much as possible of the specialized knowledge at your disposal before killing you. This was a most unimaginative requirement, typical of the sterile thinking of officialdom with its insistence on routine methods, standard procedures and the like. I imagine that all of us, in our different ways, have come up against the limitations of the bureaucratic mind. In this case, I'm just going to use my own initiative; I'm sure that, as an Englishman, you'll approve of that, Mr. Bond. And, being like me an executive, and thus used to outwitting administrators, you'll understand that I'll experience no great difficulty in hoodwinking my masters by pleading that, in view of your well-known courage and the short time which the incompetence of others had allowed for my efforts, I can't be blamed for having failed to break you down. In fact, of course, if I wanted information from you, I could induce you or anyone else to start giving it in a matter of minutes. But, as before, a man of your experience will know how desirable it can be to allow one's bosses to underestimate one."

It was hideously plain that the Chinese meant every word he said, that he spoke without irony and, in an odd way, without pleasure in his total power over his prisoner. Such an attitude would normally have suggested madness, but Bond had heard and read enough of the thought processes of Oriental communism, with its usual indifference to human suffering to see that Sun might be, in a clinical sense, entirely sane. That made him more formidable.

Was there the thinnest, most fanciful hope that any of the others present might be feeling a stir of revolt at the idea of torture for its own sake, so much as a flicker of sympathy? He glanced stealthily at the two girls. The slim dark one had turned her head away, out of indifference, probably, rather than disgust. Her heavy-breasted companion was looking at him with blank dark-brown eyes; a frenzied performer in bed, he guessed, but as sluggish as a cow outside it. The Greek, Aris, was openly bored, the Russian quite indifferent. By the doors to the terrace, the man called De Graaf stood watching Sun with a grin on his face, half contemptuous, half admiring. Only the doctor, who was sweating and biting his lip, showed signs of disquiet, and his support would be worthless.

"Anyway,"—Sun had impatiently swept his own digression aside—"it will be my part to see to it that you undergo the worst possible pain, consistent with your remaining alive, until dawn. A delicate task, a severe challenge to my skill. And to your fortitude, Mr. Bond. Then at the proper moment I shall cause your death by a method that has never, as far as I know, been tried before. It consists, firstly, of breaking all eight of the main bones of your limbs, and, secondly, of injecting you with a drug that will send you into convulsions. Perhaps you can form some sort of mental image of the agony that will be yours when your muscles pass out of control and your shattered arms and legs begin to heave and twist and thrash about of their own accord. You will be dead of shock in a few minutes. At this point you will cease to be of direct concern to me. Under the supervision of one of my colleagues, your body, together with that of your chief, will become vital instruments in an ingenious political scheme aimed, roughly, at inflicting serious damage on the prestige of your country and of another power hostile to us. Please come with me. Unless you have any questions so far?"

Bond drained his whisky and gave the appearance of considering. "No, I don't think so," he said with deliberation. "It all seems quite clear."

"Excellent. Let us be going, then. I'll lead the way."

As Bond rose to his feet he was desperately contemplating some outburst of violence, some assertion of the will to resist that could never succeed, but would win back the initiative for even a few seconds. He had hardly measured the distance to that yellow throat when his right arm was seized from behind by De Graaf and shoved up behind his shoulder blade in a vicious hammerlock. For a moment he was helpless with pain, and in that moment Evgeny had him by the left arm.

"We'll take it slowly, Bond," said De Graaf's businesslike voice. "If you try anything at all, I'll break your arm in one second. We weren't allowed to use that sort of method back at your boss's place. This time it's different. That arm's going to get broken anyway in a few hours."

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They moved out of the room and across the low hall with its festoons of climbing plants. At the stair head they turned right along a short uncarpeted passage. Sun threw aside high and low bolts—recently fitted, by the look of them—on the door at the end and went in. Bond was hustled across the threshold after him.

M stood stiffly with his hands behind his back. He was pale and gaunt and looked as if he had neither eaten nor slept during his four days in enemy hands. But he held himself as upright as ever, and his eyes, puffed and bloodshot as they were, had never been steadier. He smiled faintly, frostily.

"Good evening, James."

"Hello, sir," said Bond awkwardly.

Sun's face split in a cordial smile. "You gentlemen will have much to say to each other. It would be unfair to embarrass you by our continued presence, so we'll withdraw. I give

you my word that you will not be eavesdropped upon. Don't waste your time on the window, by the way; it's quite secure."

The door shut and the bolts slammed home. Bond turned to M.

"I'm afraid I haven't been much use to you, sir."

With an air of total weariness, M shook his head. "I know that nobody could have done more. You can spare me the details. Is there any chance at all of our getting out of here?"

"Very little at the moment. I've counted four able-bodied men round the place, plus one who's injured but could still shoot. Are there any more, do you know, sir?"

"No, I don't know. They've kept me in here all the time. Apart from that Chinese lunatic, I only see the servant fellow who brings me my food and takes me to the lavatory. I can't be any help at all."

This last was said in a defeated tone that Bond had never expected to hear from M, who now sat himself carefully down on the unmade bed. Bond heard him give an abrupt gasp.

"Has he been torturing you?"

"A little, James, yes. Chiefly burns. Only superficial. He got that doctor to dress them. I was forgetting a moment ago; that makes three people I've seen. It's rather curious about these bits of torture. Earlier on, Sun was making all sorts of threats. He was going to make me pray to be dead and so forth. Nothing on that scale has materialized. My impression is that you're his main target."

"That's my impression too," said Bond flatly.

M nodded in silence. Then he said, "What's the object of all this flapdoodle, anyway? They wouldn't have gone to these lengths just to try out their new torturing methods. Is it ransom or what? I haven't been told anything."

"Just the other side of the hill from here the Russians are holding a secret conference. These chaps are going to launch some sort of armed assault on it. When the smoke clears, there are you and I. Dead but identifiable."

There was silence while M digested the implications of this. "We'll have to prevent that," he said eventually. "And listen. If there's the slightest chance of your escaping, you're to take it and leave me here. I'd slow you down fatally and I'd be no good in a fight. That's an order, 007."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Bond at once, "but in that event I should have to disobey you. You and I leave here together or not at all. And, to be quite frank, there's somebody else I've got to take care of too. A girl."

M looked up grimly from the bed. "I might have known. So that was how you got yourself into this mess. Very chivalrous of you, I must say."

"It wasn't like that, sir. She's been working with me and we were captured within a few minutes of each other. If you knew the full story you'd realize how important she's been. She's brave and tough and she's stuck with me all through this business. She's. . . ."

"Very well, very well," muttered M. His mood had changed suddenly, become abstracted. His hands clenched and unclenched a couple of times. Bond heard him swallow. Then he said, "I must ask you. It's been so much on my mind. What happened to the Hammonds, James?"

"Dead, sir, both of them. Shot. An expert job, fortunately. I don't think Mrs. Hammond can even have known what had happened."

At Bond's first word M had flung up a hand in an odd and touching gesture, as if to ward off a blow. He said without discernible emotion, "Another reason. For stopping these people."

Again silence fell, broken by footfalls on the stairs, along the passage to the door. The bolts clicked aside and Sun came in. His manner was brisk and confident now.

"You must excuse the interruption, gentlemen, but it's time we proceeded to the next stage. There has been a minor delay arising from the need to neutralize Mr. Bond's other associate, the man. This has now been accomplished."

"What have you done with him?" From the sudden lurch in his stomach at this news, Bond recognized that, despite himself, he had still been holding on to a fragment of hope. That fragment had now disintegrated.

"He put up a fight and suffered damage. Nothing severe. He's here now, under sedation. Some use for him may be found. Forget him. Come, both of you."

Perhaps through fatigue, Bond found some of his experiences that night taking on the blurred rapidity of a dream. De Graaf and Evgeny appeared beside him; Litsas, a skein of blood descending from his scalp, was being hustled into the room next to M's; they were downstairs again and Von Richter was ceremoniously handing a drink to a blond youth called Willi. The girls had gone. Sun was speaking.

". . . for my purposes. This exact knowledge is better conveyed to you by my colleague, Major von Richter. I can allow you just five minutes, Ludwig."

The ex-S.S. man leaned back in his chair with an intent expression, as if conscientiously marshaling his thoughts. The scar tissue at the side of his head glistened in the strong light. He spoke without hurry in his curiously attractive drawl.

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"The technical problem was how to penetrate a strong stone building by means of an inconspicuous weapon that should have very clear associations with the British. An investigation of the structure of the building on the islet provided an immediate answer. All such houses possess very thick walls, such as even a field gun might not at once penetrate. But the roof is not so thick. It is also flat, so that a projectile arriving from above would not glance off. Only one weapon of convenient size satisfied these requirements, besides being not merely inconspicuous but, to anybody in the target area, potentially invisible."

"A trench mortar." Bond was hardly conscious that it was he who had spoken the words. Even at this moment he was filled with a kind of triumph and an unearthly sense of wonder, as if he had solved an ancient riddle. Apparently unconnected facts had revealed themselves all at once as disguised pointers to the truth: Ariadne's speculations about guns the previous evening, bringing her within half a sentence of the solution; the sports bag with the heavy and oddly-shaped contents he had himself watched being brought ashore here; the pun in his nightmare six hours or so ago, when he had noticed the thickness of the mortar in the wall that had been about to fall on him. The last of these had not really been a clue at all, but an answer to the problem, brought up from the depths of his unconscious mind while his consciousness was still struggling with logic, figures, practical possibilities. If only he had seen the true significance of that wall! But, even if he had, what then?

"Ha! Ten marks! *Ein weiser Knabe, Willi, was?*" Von Richter, like Sun, was showing the excessive and nervous geniality Bond had seen in the war among men about to go into action with the odds on their side. "Yes, Mr. Bond. To be precise, the heavy Stokes mortar, three-inch caliber. We obtained our example of it from the neo-Nazi armory at Augsburg. Much captured weaponry of the second war is there, and very much ammunition. We were fortunate. The Stokes is an admirable weapon. Typically British. Ideal as pocket-size, close-support, light artillery that can search behind cover. The height of its trajectory is such that an example positioned outside this house can with great ease send its bombs over the hill and on to the islet. Since the piece has no trigger, merely a firing pin at the base of the barrel which detonates the cartridge of each bomb as it slides down from the muzzle, a quite staggering rate of fire can be attained. An expert will place 20 rounds in the air at once. Every tenth round we shall fire will be smoke. You can imagine the confusion among our friends when the attack begins. Also the loss of life. It will be considerable.

"There is the question of accuracy. Here practice is important. I have accustomed myself to our example of the mortar during 10 days in Albania recently. I understand now its peculiarities. You will understand that, when the firer cannot see his target, as in our case, he must employ an observer. This is the job of Willi here. The Albanian government kindly placed at our disposal a piece of ground very similar to this terrain. Willi and I have worked out our procedure. He will climb to the hillcrest, to the point we have established as being on a straight line between our firing point and the target. Just below the crest he will install a light. This will be my aiming mark and will give me direction. I already have a precise knowledge of the range. Almost no wind is expected at the chosen time. We have practiced a code of signals so that I shall be guided on to the target. Our proficiency has become so that within a minute three bombs out of four will hit the house or the area immediately surrounding it. This will prove sufficient.

"The bombardment will commence at dawn. Upon its conclusion, you and your chief will enter the story. Or rather, your corpses will. Investigators will discover your remains on the firing point. One of you has been careless with the ammunition and an explosion has resulted. From behind cover I shall simply toss a bomb on to the firing point, where you and your chief will be lying disabled. This step has required some preliminary research. It would not do to damage your frame so superficially, Mr. Bond, that evidence remained of your having been tortured before being killed, nor must you be rendered unrecognizable. Therefore I had to conduct experiments while in Albania. They were carried out with corpses. Very largely with corpses. There is a good supply of fresh examples of these in that country." Von Richter laughed heartily at this stroke, then became official. "That concludes my exposition of the military aspect of this operation." Without looking at his watch he added, "Just under five minutes, Colonel."

Bond's mind had become preoccupied with the thought that Ariadne had again asked a highly relevant question: what there was about this project that required a man with experience of atrocities. The answer was plain enough now. Its implications were horrible.

"Thank you, Herr Major. Now, do either of you gentlemen require further information?"

Bond said, "How did your people find out about this conference in such detail?"

"Oh, one of the minor people concerned with it in Moscow became momentarily indiscreet, quite unintentionally in the hearing of one of our operatives there. We made arrangements to interview this man and I was able to induce him to be indiscreet at great length, intentionally. And to convince him that we would know, and react most unfavorably, if he revealed his indiscretion to his superiors. But now, please let us have done with such affairs and move on to something more interesting. Are there any further questions?"

Silence, because no words were any good. And absence of movement, because no action was any good. Powerlessness. Hopelessness.

"I recommend that you say good-bye to your chief now, Mr. Bond. You will probably not be able to when you see him again."

THEORY & PRACTICE OF TORTURE

The cellar was small, not more than 10 feet by 12 feet by six and a half feet high. The floor bulged and sloped, and an irregular column of living rock leaned across one corner. Whatever had been left here by previous occupants was here no longer; the place was bare, swept and scrubbed. A stout wooden ladder led to a trapdoor in the ceiling. Along one wall lay a schoolroom bench; by another a small collapsible table and a kitchen chair had been placed. An unshaded but rather murky bulb burned in a bracket on a third wall.

Resist as he might, Bond had been unable to prevent himself being bound securely into a heavy, old-fashioned dining-chair set in the corner opposite the tongue of rock. The material used to tie his wrists and ankles was strips of toweling; as he struggled with De Graaf, Evgeny and Willi, Bond had half-heard parts of a careful explanation from Sun about ropes causing chafing and the undesirability of pain not deliberately inflicted. Chains running from ring bolts cemented into walls and floor would keep the chair stable however much its occupant might throw himself about.

Left alone for the moment, Bond sat and waited for Sun. More than anything he longed for a cigarette. A jumble of images circled in his brain: the delicate molding and coloration of Ariadne's face—M's firm handclasp of 10 minutes earlier—the blood on Litsas's head—Von Richter's amusement as he remembered his "experiments" in Albania—the sprawled bodies of the Hammonds in the kitchen at Quarterdeck—Ariadne again. Then the figure of Sun, the loose powerful movements, the metal-colored eyes, the sloping teeth, the dark lips. The man who was going to start him on an agonizing road to death. Bond found he was sweating with fear.

Footfalls sounded overhead. Bond forced himself to begin taking some deep breaths. The trapdoor was pulled back and Evgeny came down the ladder. He was carrying a wooden tray which he put down on the small table. Without glancing at Bond he went back to the ladder and ascended. Bond studied the objects on the tray: two metal meat skewers of different sizes and a wooden one, a bottle of colorless liquid, a funnel about the size of a coffee cup, what looked like a bunch of bristles from a broom, a knife with a six-inch blade in the shape of a slim right-angled triangle, several boxes of matches. His breathing became heavy.

After a dreadful minute of utter silence, Sun arrived. He smiled and nodded at Bond, like somebody greeting a favorite acquaintance, and sat quietly down next to the table.

"Before you start, Sun," said Bond in a level tone, "I want to ask you a favor."

"Ask away, my dear Bond. You know I'll do anything I can."

"The girl. What's happening to her?"

"I believe De Graaf is with her now. Or perhaps Evgeny. Or even both of them. The other girls may be participating too. On a night like tonight I suppose a certain amount of license is to be expected."

Bond tried to ignore this. "In the morning, let her go. Drop her off somewhere. Whatever she says afterwards she can't threaten the success of your project, and you and all your team will be safely out of the way."

"I'm sorry," said Sun, shaking his head and sighing. "Believe me, I wish I could help you, but it's impossible. You must see that. What would those unimaginative bosses of mine have to say if I allowed any sort of witness to survive after an operation on this scale? The rule book says that must never happen. So I'm afraid she'll have to die."

"Then could you have it done quickly? Cleanly?" Bond hardly noticed the abject appeal in his voice. "There's nothing against that, is there?"

"Of course not. I am no barbarian, Mr. Bond, whatever you may think. I've always opposed needless suffering. I'll see to it that De Graaf, who's an expert in these matters, shoots her in the back of the head. She'll know nothing about it. I'll supervise the whole thing personally. You need have no fears on that score."

"Thank you for that." Bond believed him and was grateful. Then rage and loathing filled him. "Now get on with your squalid sadistic charade. Have yourself your messy little kicks. Enjoy them while you can."

"It seems, Mr. Bond," said Sun judicially, "that your ideas on the nature of sadism are in an unformed state. You said—"

"Never mind the state of my ideas. Bring out your thumbscrews and your hot irons. They can't be much more painful than having to sit here listening to you."

The colonel did his smile. "Your defiance does you credit. But you've no conception of what you're defying. In a short while you'll be wishing with all your heart and soul that you'd encouraged me to delay your pain by just a few seconds, just one little remark about the weather.

"Now, James. . . ." Sun got up and paced the tiny area of floor in front of Bond's chair. "I hope you don't mind if I call you James. I feel I know you so well."

"There's nothing I can do about it, is there?"

"No, there isn't, is there, James? Anyway, it's appropriate, don't you think? Sets the right tone of intimacy."

"I was wondering when we'd get to that," said Bond with revulsion. "I suppose people who look like you can't find any willing partners, so they have to tie someone up and—"

"Oh, no, no, no." Sun sounded genuinely distressed. "I knew you were on the wrong track there. True sadism has nothing to do with sex. The intimacy I was referring to is moral and spiritual, the union of two souls in a rather mystical way. In the divine Marquis de Sade's great work *Justine* there's a character who says to his victim: 'Heaven has decreed that it is your part to endure these sufferings, just as it is my part to inflict them.' That's the kind of relationship you and I are entering into, James."

Sun went on pacing the floor, frowning in concentration, a passionately serious thinker intent on finding the precise words to impart his ideas. After a while he shrugged, as if finding the struggle for expression on the highest level beyond him.

"You must understand that I'm not the slightest bit interested in studying resistance to pain or any such pseudoscientific claptrap. I just want to torture people. But—this is the point—not for any selfish reason, unless you call a saint or a martyr

selfish. As Sade explains in *The Philosopher in the Boudoir*, through cruelty one rises to heights of superhuman awareness, of sensitivity to new modes of being, that can't be attained by any other method. And the victim—you too, James, will be spiritually illuminated in the way so many Christian authorities describe as uplifting to the soul; through suffering. Side by side you and I will explore the heights."

As if flushed with excitement or some deeper emotion, Sun's cheeks seemed to have turned a darker yellow. His broad chest rose and fell under the white T-shirt. Reversing an earlier judgment, Bond said critically, "You're boring me, Sun. Because of your mental condition. There's nothing more totally uninteresting than a madman."

Sun chuckled. Suddenly his manner speeded up. His arms moved jerkily. "Predictable reaction, my dear chap. Let's get on, shall we? Here we are, James, the two of us, in a cellar on a Greek island. Not a very lavish scene, I'm afraid, such as some of your earlier opponents have provided. But then you are I aren't opponents, are we? We're collaborators. Right, then. What shall I do to you? Whereabouts in your body shall I attack you? And with what?

"First, the apparatus. Electricity can provide some of the most exquisite anguish known, if applied in the right place. But that's too easy. No scope for finesse. And, let's face it, here in Eastern Europe the supply isn't too reliable. No, I feel strongly that any self-respecting security officer ought to be able to make do with what the average kitchen provides—knives, skewers, broomstraws, such as you've no doubt noticed on this tray. I'm going to have to cheat a little when I give you the final injection that will send you into convulsions. The chemical isn't found in any average kitchen. But it is derived from a mushroom that grows in China, so one might semi-legitimately say that it's possible to imagine a kitchen that contains this particular essence.

"Now, the all-important question of where I'm to locate my assault. The obvious, all-too-obvious place is the genital organs. I'm sure experience has taught you that tremendous pain can be inflicted on them, plus the very valuable psychological side effect whereby the victim fears for, then laments over, the loss of his manhood. But that won't affect you very much. I trust I've convinced you, James, that it's not your manhood I'm going to deprive you of, but your life. And the whole idea of a genital assault is so . . . unsophisticated."

A pause. The blood thudded in Bond's ears. From his slacks Sun brought out a red tin of Benson & Hedges and offered them.

"No, thank you."

"Are you sure? It'll be your last smoke."

"I said no, thank you." Bond had almost forgotten his nicotine hunger. And the thought of those yellow fingers putting the cigarette in his mouth, helpfully removing it to shake off the ash, as he could so clearly imagine them doing, was not to be borne.

"As you wish." Sun operated a leather-bound Ronson and puffed out smoke. "So, then. Where? Where does a man live? Where's the inmost part of a man, his soul, his being, his identity?

"One can do very unpleasant things to a man's fingernails, for example. Or to his genitals, as we were saying. The knee joint is a neural focus and the most surprising results can be obtained by interference with it. But all this happens, so to speak, somewhere else. A man can watch himself being disembowelled and derive great horror, as well as pain, from the experience. But it's going on at a distance. It isn't taking place . . . where he is."

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Sun came over and knelt beside Bond's chair. He spoke in a half-whisper. His throat was trembling. "A man lives inside his head. That's where the seat of his soul is. And this is true objectively as well as subjectively. I was present once—I wasn't directly concerned—when an American prisoner in Korea was deprived of his eyes. And the most astonishing thing happened. He wasn't there any more. He'd gone, though he was still alive. There was nobody inside his skull. Most odd, I promise you.

"So, James, I am going to penetrate to where you are, to the inside of your head. We'll make our first approach via the ear." Sun got up and went over to the table. "I take this skewer and I insert it into your skull." The thin length of metal gleamed in the muddy light. "You won't feel anything at first. In fact, in the true sense you won't *feel* anything at all. The tympanic membrance, which I'm about to stimulate, has no touch receptors, only pain ones. So the first you'll know will be when . . . well, I leave it to you to put a name to your experience. If you can."

Crushing out his cigarette beneath his heel, Sun approached. He looked down at Bond with a sort of compassion. "Just one more thing, James. This cellar is well on the way to being soundproof, down here in the rock. And blankets and rugs have been laid on the floor overhead to seal it further. Our tests showed that virtually nothing can be heard at a hundred yards. So you may scream all you wish."

"Goddam you to hell."

"He can't do that, James. He can't reach me. It's I who am damning you to hell."

Then, with the brisk stride of a man anxious not to be late for an important engagement, Colonel Sun came over to the chair. With ferocious efficiency he seized Bond's head in a clamp formed by his powerful left arm and his chest. Bond strained away with all his strength, but to no purpose. In a couple of seconds he felt the tip of the skewer probing delicately at the orifice of his left ear. Teeth clenched, he waited.

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It came without warning, the first dazzling concussion of agony, as instantaneously violent as the discharge of a gun. He heard himself whimper faintly. There was an interval just long enough for the thought that the cessation of pain was an infinitely more exquisite sensual thrill than the wildest spasm of love. After that, pain in bursts and thrusts and sheets and floods, drenching and blazing pain, pain as inexhaustible as the sea or the sands of the desert. Another interval, another thought: this is as bad as it can get. Immediately, worse and worse pain. Breathe in; whimper. Breathe in; whimper. Breathe in. . . .

The scream ceased. Sun felt Bond go limp and released him. The head, running with sweat at every pore, fell forward on to the laboring chest. With a gesture like that of an adult to an engaging child, Sun ruffled the saturated hair. He turned away abruptly, climbed the ladder and pushed hard at the trapdoor. It rose a few inches.

At once a muffled voice spoke. "Yes, sir?"

"You may come down now, Lohmann."

"Right away, sir."

The doctor, carrying his black-leather case, appeared and descended. He was followed by Von Richter and Willi.

"I hope you don't mind our joining you, Colonel."

"Of course not, my dear Ludwig. I appreciate your interest. As you see, provision has been made for spectators. Do please sit down."

"This. . . ." The doctor cleared his throat and started again. "This man is unconscious, sir."

"I'm glad you agree with me. Now sit down and prepare to observe closely. This is good training for you. If you want to be of further service to our movement you must allow your inhibitions to be broken down. You appreciate that?"

Doctor Lohmann hesitated, nodded, and took his seat on the bench next to Willi.

"Well, what have you in store for us, Sun?" Von Richter drawled the question. "We expect great things of you, you know. Everybody tells me that Peking leads the world in this field."

Sun tilted his head, pleased at the compliment, then he stepped over and lifted Bond's chin. The blue-gray eyes fluttered open, cleared and steadied. "Damn you, Sun," said a thin voice.

"Excellent. We can proceed. I'm working on his head, Ludwig, as I described earlier. He's taken it well so far, but this is only the beginning. Eventually he'll scream when he merely sees me advancing on him to continue the treatment.

"I now propose to stimulate the septum, the strip of bone and cartilage that divides the nasal cavity. Can you see, all of you? Good."

More pain, different at first from the other, then indistinguishable. Bond tried to build a place in his mind where the pain was not all that there was, where there were thoughts, as he had been able to do under the hands of other torturers

and so to some degree hold out against them. But the pain was fast becoming all that there was.

People were talking. He recognized some of the words through a sound like a fast-running river. Danger. Shock. Injection. A tiny pricking in his arm, ridiculously tiny.

He was back. There were thoughts again. Or rather one big thought that filled everything and was everything. It weighed down on him like an impossibly thick blanket, it came oozing up round him like the cold slime of the seabed. Bond had never experienced it before, but he knew quite soon what it was. It was despair, the terminal state of life, the foretaste of death. In comparison, the blood in his nose and mouth, the ferociously throbbing ache within his head—all this was nothing.

Bond opened his eyes. He found he could see reasonably well. Sun's face was a foot away. But something had happened to it since he last saw it. Something had dried it so that the skin looked like paper out of an old book, the eyes were red and dull, the open lips had shriveled. The man's breathing was shallow and noisy, and he swallowed constantly. He seemed in the grip of an exhaustion as profound as Bond's. This was puzzling, but it did not matter. Nothing mattered now.

Somebody was coming down the ladder. Bond looked up automatically without interest. It was one of the girls in the team, the dark one. She glanced at Bond, then quickly away again. Her small features expressed faint repulsion and great fear. Sun straightened up slowly and turned to her.

She caught her breath. "You ill, sir?"

"No. No. It's my experiences. They have an effect." The voice too had changed. It had become harsh and cracked with a monotonous quality that suggested the recitation of a lesson not perfectly understood. After a long time the man added, "They cause a change in me."

"Oh. What you wish, sir?"

Sun gestured spasmodically towards Bond. "This man . . . is near his death. During his life his greatest pleasure has been love and sex with women. With your assistance, I intend to bring home to him the bitterness of being deprived of this love for ever."

Sun had spoken entirely without conviction. He paused awkwardly, as if turning over a page in his mind. Then the dried-up voice toiled on. "James Bond must be in the proper spiritual state to meet the death I shall give him. The deepest pitch of hopelessness and grief and misery a man can attain."

He fell silent. The girl stared at him. "What you wish, sir?"

"Strip yourself naked and stand before him," said Sun as if he were dictating a message. "Show him your body. Caress him very lasciviously."

The girl still stared, but now her face showed outrage and rebellion as well as fear. "No!" She struggled for more words. "Cannot do this. Is . . . wrong."

"You can and you will. If you want to be of further service to our movement you must allow your inhibitions to be broken down. Do as I say."

"Will not!"

A ghost of animation returned to Sun's voice when he said, "If you disobey me I'll have your throat cut and your body thrown overboard as soon as we're at sea."

The silence roared and rustled and rang in Bond's ears. The girl's face changed again and suddenly, for no reason he could have specified, he became alert. He found himself watching with intense concentration.

"Okay," said the girl at last, her eyes flickering round the room. "But please . . . don't look."

"Certainly not. You need feel no embarrassment. Our friend Lohmann is a doctor. Not that he seems likely to look at you either."

Lohmann sat alone on the bench, huddled up with his face in his hands. On the floor in front of him were the remains of a cleared-up pool of vomit. Bond glanced briefly at him, then back at the other two. He saw the girl, a trim figure in her long-sleeved turquoise jacket and green slacks, walk over towards the table and halt in front of it. Saw Sun turn toward him and study his face. Through half-closed lids, saw the girl look hastily over her shoulder, then make some movement at the table. Saw her turn and begin to speak.

"I have a good idea. First I will kiss him some. Then strip."

"Very well. You understand these matters. What you do doesn't concern me. All that matters to me is the results."

Bond saw the girl walk up to him, her right arm moving in an unnatural way. Saw her face come down towards him—saw, at the same instant, Colonel Sun's shriveled mouth twitch in distaste, saw him turn his back. Saw the girl glance over her shoulder again. Felt a movement in the area round his right wrist.

It was a few seconds before he identified this movement as that of a sharp knife shearing through the toweling that bound that wrist to the arm of the chair.

"GOOD-BYE, JAMES"

"Something wrong here, sir. I think this man . . . dead."

The girl was intelligent. She had quickly rewrapped the severed toweling round Bond's wrist so that it would fool a casual glance. The knife was clenched in his hand, hidden from above. Taking his cue, he dropped his head on to his chest, but kept his eyes open in a fixed stare.

"But that's impossible! He can't be dead!" There was nothing of the sleepwalker about Sun now. He hurried over to the chair. The girl moved aside, well out of the way. Sun's body bent forward over Bond. He began to say something. Then, with all his remaining strength, Bond brought the knife up and round and into Sun's back behind and just above the left hip. The man grunted and flung up an arm, made as if to throw himself clear, but his feet slipped on the irregular floor and he came down on one knee, half-leaning across Bond's left forearm. Now, with more weight behind it, the knife went in again, thumping up to the hilt this time, close to the shoulder blade. Sun gave a moan of great weariness and gazed into Bond's face for a moment. The pewter-colored eyes seemed full of accusation. The moment passed, the whites of the eyes rolled up, and Sun, the knife still in his back, fell over sideways and did not move.

The girl was sobbing, her hands pressed tightly over her mouth, her body bent at the waist. Lohmann, trembling all over, got to his feet, hurried forward and pulled out the knife from the middle of the spreading stain in Sun's T-shirt. After wiping it, he began fumbling to cut through the toweling at Bond's left wrist. As he worked, he talked in a jerky babble.

"I wanted to help you earlier but I couldn't think of anything. He's a devil. He made me watch what he was doing to you."

Free at last, Bond stood up shakily, swayed and held on to a chair. His head hummed and swam. He had to force himself to speak. "What's the time?"

"You've got about half an hour before they start shooting that thing off." The doctor had stopped trembling. He became practical, even brisk. "Willi's on his way up the hillside. Von Richter's at the firing point, setting up."

"What about the other people?"

Lohmann did not answer. He had been feeling Bond's pulse and looking him over. "You won't be able to do anything strenuous as you are at the moment," he said. "I'll give you something to pull you round." He went over and opened his bag.

A hypodermic came up. "Now this will give you a lift for about an hour. Then you'll collapse. But by that time you'll be either safe or dead. You asked me about the other people. Your friend, the man they brought in, is under sedation in the room next to your chief's, the one that was booked for you. He's not badly hurt. No key needed. Just the bolts.

"A shot of this will bring him round. You'll have to take it with you. I'm not leaving this cellar until you come and tell me it's safe. I'm no good at fighting. All right?"

"Yes," said Bond. Perhaps it was no more than imagination, or the joy of being free again, but already energy seemed to be returning to him and his head clearing. "Where's my girl?"

"She's in a room in the passage on the other side of the landing, first door on the left."

"De Graaf?"

"He was there too when I went up to fetch Luisa here," said the doctor stonily. "So was the other Albanian girl. I don't know where Evgeny is. But you'd better get a move on, Bond. He and De Graaf are due down here in 10 minutes to carry you out to the firing point."

"Right. The other man—the Greek with the bandaged arm—where's he?"

"Opposite your chief. Sedated to the eyes. No problem."

"Which of these people are armed?"

"De Graaf always carries a gun in his right hip pocket. I don't think Evgeny has anything. Von Richter I don't know about."

"Willi?"

Lohmann hesitated oddly. "Again I don't know," he said. "But you've no need to worry about him. He's out of the way."

"Maybe. Hadn't you better have a look at Sun?"

"That second blow of yours must have finished him. But one can't be too careful, I agree." Lohmann knelt down by the motionless form of the Chinese. After a moment he said: "He's still alive—theoretically. He'll never move again. What do you want to do? Do you feel like finishing him? I can show you a certain spot."

Bond had the knife in his hand. He glanced down at it and shuddered. "No. We'll leave him. I'll be off, then. Look after the girl. I'll be back."

"Yes. All right. I'll bolt us in. Good luck."

There was nothing friendly to be said to the man who, until five minutes ago, had played an indispensable part in Sun's monstrous conspiracy, so Bond said nothing. But, short of time though he was, he could not pass by the girl who had saved his life at such dreadful risk. He put a hand on the slumped shoulder and she looked up, her face still dull with shock, but no longer weeping.

"Thank you, Luisa," said Bond gently. "What made you do it?"

"He . . ."—she pointed without looking—"kill me. You . . . help. . . ." Her gesture, oddly touching, apologized for her bad English.

Bond kissed her cold cheek, then made for the ladder. There was a bad moment when he pushed at the trapdoor and it failed to budge. If some heavy object had been moved on top of it, he was finished before he started. Then he remembered what Sun had said about piling it with rugs and such to muffle sound. He pushed harder; it began to yield. The effort brought on a surge of pain, but the pain was beginning to be different. Without exactly decreasing, it seemed to matter less.

The kitchen was empty. Its window showed a rocky slope beginning to turn the color of elephant hide. If Lohmann had been accurate, there were perhaps 20 minutes to go before the bombardment. Enough. If no snags developed. And provided he could be out of this area before De Graaf and Evgeny converged on it to collect him.

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The passage outside the kitchen was empty and unlit, though the hall at its farther end was illuminated. Knife in hand, Bond crept along to the corner and peered round.

Evgeny was standing with his hands on his hips in the open doorway at the side of the house. His back was turned almost squarely to Bond as, presumably, he watched or stood ready to assist Von Richter at the firing point. Off his guard the Russian might be, but the chances of disposing of him silently in this situation were too thin to be considered. Bond measured with his eye the distance from his corner to the foot of the staircase. Eighteen paces. Say 20. Bond walked quickly across the hall to the stairs.

A single small bulb burned on the deserted landing. Bond unhesitatingly turned right and halted at the last door but one. The bolts were easy. The door made no noise. The sleeper's breathing was a guide. Bond's left hand went across the mouth while his right stayed ready with the knife; there was still just a possibility . . . He whispered urgently into the ear. "Niko. Niko, it's James. James Bond."

"James," the familiar voice whispered back. "I'm afraid they got me. As you understand."

"How do you feel?"

"Bloody awful headache and very sleepy."

"I've brought you something that'll take care of the drowsiness at least. An injection. Give me your arm." Bond went rapidly on as he brought out the hypodermic. "The Chinese gentleman is out of action. There are two others in the house we must deal with separately. The first one's in a bedroom on the other side of this floor."

Litsas winced as the needle went in. "You would be a very bad doctor, James. Go on."

"He's expecting to be called soon. I'll knock. When he comes out, as I hope to God he does, your job is to see he doesn't call out; if he does, we're cooked. Then I'll deal with him."

"What have you got?"

"A knife. Nothing for you at the moment. Now in the room with him there's Ariadne and an Albanian girl. Some sort of rape-cum-orgy seems to have been going on. Never mind that for now. We've got to keep the Albanian girl quiet. That may be tricky. We'll have to see how it goes."

They sidled out along the passage to the stair head. Bond looked down and saw nobody, listened and heard nothing. At the door mentioned by Lohmann they took up positions close to the wall on each side. Bond knocked gently.

"All right, who is it?" came a man's sleepy voice from the inside of the room.

"Lohmann," said Bond in a grunt.

The length of the ensuing silence made him bite his lip. Then, "Hold on, I'm coming."

Within, a bedspring twanged. The heel of a shoe scraped the floor. A female voice muttered something indistinguishable. The man yawned deeply. There was silence for half a minute. Then footfalls approached the door, a key turned in the lock, light flooded into the passage and De Graaf, buttoning his shirt, marched confidently out.

Bond just had time to notice the deep parallel scratches on the gunman's left cheek before Litsas grabbed him and clapped a large hand over his mouth. Bond stepped forward and looked into the dilated eyes. "This is for the Hammonds," he hissed, and drove the knife in. De Graaf's body gave one great throe, as if he had touched a live terminal, then went totally limp. Bond turned aside at once and stepped into the room.

Ariadne, under a thin coverlet on the floor, jerked to a sitting position and stared at him, but Bond's attention was all on the swarthy blonde in the bed. She too had sat up, showing herself to be naked to the waist at least. Bond hardly saw. He gazed into her bewildered dark eyes and brought his bloodstained knife forward as he approached.

"If you make a sound, I'll kill you," he told her.

"Not . . . no, I stay quiet." The hand she held out palm foremost was trembling. With the other she pulled the sheet over her breasts.

Bond stood near her at the head of the bed. Ariadne, wearing brassiere and panties, got up and came over to him. Their hands touched, then gripped.

"Are you all right?" she asked. "Your voice sounds funny."

"I'm all right." There were a thousand things he longed to say and he could not get any of them said. "What about you?"

"I don't mind anything now you're here. We must gag this bitch, I suppose. If it were my decision I'd shut her up for always. How are you, Niko? I thought you were dead."

"A bit better than that." Litsas had dumped De Graaf's body in a corner of the room. He now held a revolver, a sawed-off Smith & Wesson Centennial Airweight. "We should get—" He broke off abruptly.

They all heard distant footsteps crossing the stone-paved hall and beginning to mount the stairs.

"That's our second man," said Bond.

As he stood for a moment irresolute, Ariadne sprang into action. She swung her fist and cracked Doni Madan hard under the jaw. Doni's head jerked back and hit the headboard of the bed. Within five seconds Ariadne was under her coverlet again, Litsas had put himself out of view beside a battered wardrobe and Bond had slipped behind the door.

Evgeny had no chance at all. He crossed the threshold, caught sight of De Graaf's body, exclaimed, began to move forward and took the knife under the fifth rib, his mouth muffled by Bond's left forearm.

"Great—but too quick and clean," said Ariadne, looking down at the bodies. "Anyway, I hope it hurt like hell for both of them—the bastards!"

"You and my chief are to lock yourselves in and stay till I come for you. No,"—as Ariadne started to protest—"we've only one gun and one knife and we're two to one already. Niko will explain. Gag that girl and tie her up."

"It'll be a pleasure."

When Bond returned with M, Doni Madan, still senseless

from Ariadne's blow, had been dealt with and a sheet thrown over the two bodies. M was clearly dazed with strain and a sleepless night. He had obeyed Bond's summons and followed him along the passages in total silence. He sat slumped on the edge of the bed, a nerve jumping in his neck. Bond looked anxiously at him.

Ariadne caught the look. "He'll be all right, I promise you." She put her arms round Bond and kissed him. "Now go finish them."

"What now?" asked Litsas as they moved off.

"Trench mortar operated by Von Richter. His boyfriend on the hill spotting for him."

"Clever, eh? But easy to miss."

"They've trained a lot. Look, there."

†

A window on the landing gave a view of the firing point. By now there was enough light to make out the stubby shape of the trench mortar, two and a half feet of canted-over stovepipe clamped to the rectangular baseplate. There was a movement in the shadows that must have been Von Richter.

The possible plans were few. Bond picked the quickest one. "Take the gun, Niko, go out by the terrace at the back of the house and work your way round above him. You'll be able to get a shot at him from there. I'll come at him from the sea end. If I can't get close enough to rush him, I can certainly distract his attention from you."

"Be careful. I'll have to be close with this bloody sawed-off barrel, or I might hit you. Has he got a gun?"

"Don't know."

"Give me five minutes."

"No more—the timing's tight."

Von Richter was in the act of opening a box of ammunition on the firing point. This, on its raised natural platform, was about 20 yards away, across mainly broken ground but not so much so as to give any cover for a direct approach. The only possibility was to move parallel with the sea into the shelter of the edge of the cliff, which would mean crossing the open in full view of anyone facing that way. At the moment, Von Richter's position was such that the tail of his eye might just pick up this maneuver. But soon, surely, he must turn his back to look out for Willi at the hillcrest. The man seemed in no hurry. A minute went by while he laid out a row of bombs on the ground, took the canvas cover off the mouth of the mortar, straightened up and lit a cigarette. At last he swung round and began studying the skyline. Bond moved.

Before he had covered more than a third of the distance to the corner of the cliff his foot struck a loose chip of stone and immediately the German wheeled and saw him. Bond changed direction and made straight for the firing point. With his feet stumbling and slipping on the smooth hummocks of rock, he expected a bullet at any moment. What he had not expected were the immense shuddering explosions from the mortar, driving into his ears: one—two—three . . . Then Von Richter turned and waited for him, arms extended, with all the advantages of a higher and more secure foothold. But Bond caught him out of position by going for the mortar, not the man. He flung himself forward and brought barrel and baseplate and all toppling over sideways, ruining any immediate prospect of further aimed shots. The pain lunged at him. He was halfway to his feet when his head seemed to dissolve and everything stopped.

Litsas was there. His voice came through an invisible wall. "James. Come on. We've work to do."

"How long . . .?"

"A minute. He kicked you and was looking round for a rock to drop on your head, so I fired at him. The range was too much, but I must have been close. He forgot you and ran into the house. Can you manage?"

On his feet again, Bond steadied himself. "Yes. Let's go and get him. Together this time."

"But with me first. Don't forget he's mine, James."

They went in by the side door. The rooms opening off the passage there were empty. They made for the stairs, then stopped dead as a motor started up in the anchorage.

Litsas was in front when they burst on to the terrace and ran to the edge of the tiny quay. The dinghy with the outboard was swinging away, but the inexpert hand on the tiller brought the stern and its crouching occupant almost under their feet, and Litsas had no trouble in dropping lightly into the boat. He spoke without looking up. The Smith & Wesson was leveled at Von Richter's chest.

"The major and I will have a little sail, James. We're in not much hurry now. There's the major's boyfriend to deal with, but he's got some way to travel. I'll be back to help you dispose of him."

Von Richter cut back the throttle and turned his head. In the gray light, the patch of damaged skin looked ghastly, the product of some loathsome disease. "This man means to kill me, it appears," he drawled. "I'm quite helpless, as you can see. You're an Englishman, Mr. Bond. Do you approve?"

"You're beyond any law, Von Richter," said Bond slowly. "After your butchery at Kapoudzona."

"Clearly, argument is useless. Emotion has taken over." The man gave a faint shrug. "Very well. Let us go for our sail."

The boat began to move away. Abstractly, Bond watched it receding for a couple of minutes, then sauntered back into the house. He had reached the hall before he noticed the blood spots.

There was a group of them at the corner of the passage, as if somebody had rested there for a moment, and another near the side door. Bond turned in his tracks and rushed to the kitchen.

The trapdoor had been flung aside. Below, Luisa lay on her back with her eyes open, a metal meat skewer through her heart. Doctor Lohmann was sitting on the floor against the wall, his knees drawn up. Beside him was his black case and a shattered hypodermic. There was no color at all in his face. He opened his eyes and spoke in a slurred voice.

"He forgot," he said. "He forgot that morphia can do quite a lot for a man with holes in his guts. It never occurred to him."

Amazement as much as horror had tied Bond's tongue. "But how did he . . . do all this? According to you he was as good as dead 20 minutes ago."

"Any ordinary man with those wounds would never have been able to get up off the floor, let alone spring at me like. . . ." Lohmann shuddered and gasped. "Supernormal vitality. There are cases in medical jurisprudence . . . Even so, after so much blood loss. . . . He's not human."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Bond with unwilling compassion.

"No. He pierced my intestine 10 or 12 times with one of those skewer things. I've only got a few more minutes. Thanks to the morphia it's not intolerable. He wouldn't like to know that, would he . . .? Tell me . . . I suppose you've killed everybody else?"

"All but Willi are as good as dead."

"Willi's as good as dead too. Sun's orders, agreed to by Von Richter. They worked out it would take Willi over 20 minutes to get down that hill to the boat. Too long, they thought. So they got me to give him a pep pill before he took off. A capsule of one of the organo-phosphorus compounds. The first symptoms should have come on by now. I told you that you didn't have to worry about him. So you see you needn't feel sorry for me."

Bond said nothing. Awkwardly, he laid his hand on Lohmann's shoulder for a moment and then hurried away up the ladder.

Beyond the side door the trail of blood was easy to follow. It led across the firing point and into the twisting gully Bond had made his way down just over 24 hours ago. He pushed on as silently as he could, eyes alert, ears straining to reach through the woolly barrier in them that constantly thickened and thinned, knife hand at waist level. The light paled every moment and progress was not difficult. He came to one of the sections where the walls leaned in on each other, the landward one rising, the seaward falling away, turned a corner and found Sun not 10 feet off.

The Chinese had propped himself against a granite buttress to Bond's right. He looked shrunken, physically drained, and, judging by the pool of blood on the dusty rock at his feet and the half-coagulated stream that stretched from his mouth to his waist, that was what he must have been. His right hand was behind him, no doubt pressed against the wound he could reach. A sort of smile twisted the gory lips.

"My reasoning was correct, then." Unbelievably, the voice was firm and full. "In fact I knew you'd come, James. You must be feeling pretty pleased with yourself. I take it you've

killed everyone?" he asked, in grotesque unconscious repetition of Lohmann's question.

"They've all been dealt with."

"Excellent. Then it's back to you and me again. Under conditions very much more favorable to you than those obtaining in that cellar, you may think. But you'd be wrong."

Colonel Sun brought his right hand into view. It gripped a mortar bomb.

"You see? I am in control still. I need hardly tell you, James, that if you move suddenly, or even if I happen to drop this contrivance by accident, I shall kill us both. I'm dying anyway. So, in a sense, are you. Because very soon I shall dash the nose of this against the rock at my side. Our fates really were linked, weren't they? Can't you feel that now?"

"What do you want, Sun?" Bond was calculating distances in feet and split seconds, trying to visualize the shape of the corner behind him, estimating the possibility of leaping the lower wall to his left.

"Admit that in me you have found your master, who in equal contest, without the intervention of treachery, would have broken your spirit as finally and irresistibly as your limbs. Admit it, I say!"

"Never! It wouldn't be true! You had the numbers and the initiative and the planning on your side from the start. And what have you done with all that? Got yourself killed!"

Sun's stained teeth showed. "I insist! I order you to—" Then the eyes flickered and blood pulsed from the mouth and Bond vaulted the seaward wall of the gully, dropped on all fours into a bowl of scrubby grass only five feet below, scrambled to a stump of rock like an eroded tombstone, swung himself to the far side of it. The rumbling in his ears pulsated on. Sun's voice, feeble now, came through from above and half right.

"Where are you, James? But that's a question only a fool would answer. I should have dropped this thing a moment ago, shouldn't I? But the desire to hear you acknowledge defeat must have taken charge of my fingers. What am I to do with it now? That's easy. I'll explode it next to me. Go out with a bang. That's the way my world will end.

"I want to tell you now that what I said to you earlier was quite wrong. De Sade misled me. Or I didn't read him properly. I didn't feel like a god when I was torturing you back there. I felt sick and guilty and ashamed. I behaved in an evil and childish way. It's ridiculous and meaningless, but I want to apologize. Can you forgive me?"

Bond never remembered what he was going to say, only that he bit back the saying of it at the last millisecond. The roaring silence went on. Then, full-throated again, the voice crying "Damn you, Bond," the oscillating dart shape of the bomb thrown at random, the muffled, almost boxy explosion from the fissure where it landed, and more loud silence.

Sun had slipped to his knees against the wall of the gully. The extraordinary eyes were open. They fixed on the knife Bond still grasped and their expression became one of appeal.

Bond knelt, placed the point of the knife over Sun's heart, and pushed. Even then, in the last moment of that inhuman vitality, the bloodied lips stirred and mumbled "Good-bye, James." The moment was whisked away. Sun had turned into a life-sized doll.

Now the dream came back. But this time Bond himself was the formless creature he had fled from earlier, not knowing what it was he pursued, everything dissolving into puffs of flame as he passed it. Litsas was somewhere, and Litsas was crying. Ariadne was near. Then there was nobody.

A MAN FROM MOSCOW

"I had a devil of a job this morning, squaring things with the local authorities," said Sir Ranald Rideout fretfully. "Sticklers for form and their own dignity, as always. A lot of talk about the honor of Greece and of the Athens police department. Mind you, I can see their point in a way. A gunfight in the streets, four dead, two of them foreigners and one of those a diplomat of sorts. No evidence at all, but the commissioner fellow I saw had his guesses all right. Ah, thank you."

Sir Ranald took a tomato juice from the white-coated waiter, set it down untasted on a table topped with marble and went on at full speed.

"Then this business on Sunday. Half a dozen corpses, two German tourists missing, mysterious explosions, goodness knows what else, and who have they got in the way of witnesses and/or suspects? A half-witted Albanian girl who won't or can't talk, and a Greek thug with a lot of burns who says he doesn't know anything about it either, except that a man called James Bond killed one of his friends and tried to kill him and blew up his boat. I must say, Bond, speaking quite off the record, you understand—I can't altogether see why you didn't square things off by getting rid of that fellow too while you were about it—he was only small fry, wasn't he? After all, according to your report, you put paid to three of the opposition already that morning. Surely one more wouldn't have—"

The air conditioning in the upstairs banqueting room at the Grande Bretagne was not working properly and there was a good deal of noise, especially from the Russian group by the drinks table. But encouraged by a nod from M at his side, Bond exerted himself to reply.

"It would have been a killing in cold blood, sir. By that time I'd had enough, and there was nobody I could or would have asked to do it for me. I'm sorry if it's inconvenienced you, but an unsupported accusation doesn't carry much weight, does it?"

"I see, I see," Sir Ranald muttered. "Yes, I suppose knifing people one after another can become a strain even for someone like you. Someone who's been trained in that kind of work, I mean." The minister's feelings about the infliction of death seemed to have abruptly gone into reverse. He now stared at Bond with slight distaste.

M broke in. "What happened finally, sir?"

"Oh yes. Well, I was able to convince them they'd be wiser to take no action. Their Home Office chap agreed with me. He was on my side as soon as I mentioned this Nazi character, Von Richter. Seems the man was quite a legend. And then the fellow with the burns, Aris or whatever his name is—they'd been after him for some time for theft and crimes of violence. He won't embarrass us. They were a bit huffy about our having conducted our quarrels on Greek soil, but I pointed out that it wasn't our choice. I managed to smooth them down in the end. I think the P.M. will be satisfied."

"Well, that's certainly a great relief." M's eye, frosty as ever, was on Bond.

"Yes, yes. And it's a relief to have you back with us, too, both of you. Now. That Greek friend of yours, Bond—Litsas, isn't it? I wonder if I ought just to have a word with him before I catch my plane."

"I'm sure he'd appreciate it, sir," said Bond. "And I think he does deserve something in the way of thanks, after voluntarily risking his life on behalf of England. Don't you?"

"Yes. Yes, of course I do. Excuse me for a moment."

Bond grinned sardonically at the minister's retreating back. M gave a faint snort.

"Difficult not to think hardly of a man like that, James. But I suppose politicians are necessary animals. Anyway, we can afford to feel tolerant about them this evening. I must say our hosts have exerted themselves. Special representative from Moscow and so on. They seem quite pleased with us. No more than they ought to be, of course. But let me ask you a question, James. Your report. I'm curious to know why you didn't just sit back and let that Prussian blaze away at the people on the islet. They were no friends of yours, after all."

Bond nodded. "I've asked myself that. I must have just got caught up—I wasn't thinking. The three of us had combined to smash the lot of them and the job had to be finished. But I hope you agree it was the right thing to do anyway."

"I do. Very strongly. Quite against the cards, we've pulled off something that's going to have a favorable effect on the world balance of power. Or rather you have. The Russians realize that all right. Notably this delegate fellow. Who evidently wants a word with you."

An elegant young Russian with high Tartar cheekbones had made his way over. "Excuse me, Admiral sir. Our Mr. Yermolov from Moscow would like to have a talk with you, Mr. Bond. Would you come, please?"

The man from Moscow was tall, stout, red faced, with small authoritative eyes. Bond put him down as a veteran Bolshevik.

Wasting no time on preliminaries, Yermolov led Bond to a pair of ornate pseudo-Empire chairs that had been placed, obviously with the present purpose in mind, near the marble fireplace.

"You have enough to drink, Mr. Bond? Good. I shall not detain you long. I want to say first that you have done my country a considerable service and that we are propertly grateful. Comrade Brezhnev himself has of course been fully informed of your role in this affair, and he has asked me to convey to you his personal thanks and congratulations. But more of that later."

"One moment, Mr. Yermolov, if I may." Bond had grown tired of the official jargon he had had to talk and listen to and write for so much of the last three days—in being formally interviewed by Sir Ranald, in a six-hour session alongside Ariadne at the Russian Embassy, in compiling his own report. "Can we talk naturally? For instance, just to satisfy my curiosity, what happened to the traitor in your setup here that Gordienko talked to me and Miss Alexandrou about?"

Yermolov breathed in slowly through his nose. His little eyes looked quizzically at Bond. Without shifting their gaze he produced a cigarette that had apparently been lying loose in his pocket, inserted it into a stained amber holder and lit it with a cheap metal lighter. He said abruptly: "Yes. Why not? Putting it naturally, then, the traitor, or rather the double agent, tried to escape when he found his bosses' plans had gone wrong. He'll be going to prison on a number of civil charges. Genuine ones. We like to have insurance cover on certain of our employees abroad. What happens to him when he comes out has still to be decided. Ah, good." The drinks had arrived. "My very best respects. Long live England."

"Thank you."

"Hm. Now as to General Arenski and his ill-advised scepticism about the story Miss Alexandrou told him. Arenski has . . . had it. That's correct, isn't it? He was luckier than he deserved when the shells fired by that Nazi all exploded in the sea and did no more than give everybody a bad scare. Of course he tried to blame the shells on you. But that won't stick. All the governments concerned are being circulated with a very full account of Chinese responsibility for this act of attempted terrorism. You and your bosses needn't worry about that. If you'll forgive me for saying so, it's much more important to us that the reputation damaged in these parts should be Peking's rather than London's. We've put some good men on it."

Bond savored the smooth ferocity of the vodka he'd been handed. "What's going to happen to Arenski?"

"It's corrective training for him, I'm afraid. Reindoctrination with fundamental socialist principles in Siberia. We still keep up that part of our traditions. In a more humane way than formerly. Rather more humane. Well . . . I think that covers everything. Except. . . ."

Yermolov chewed at his lips. The noise of the party swelled in the background. Bond caught sight of Ariadne, beautiful and magnificently groomed in a lilac-colored linen dress, the center of a group of admiring Russians. The first really profound sense of relief swept through him. It was over. They had won. And more than that. . . .

The man from Moscow was speaking again. "I'd like you to know that what you've done is extremely important. It's helped to show my bosses, not just who our real enemy is—we know much more about Chinese ambitions than your observers do—but who our future friends are. England. America. The West in general. This Vrakonisi business may lead to a great deal.

"And that means I've got to go back to being official for a moment. Sorry. My government wants you to accept the Order of the Red Banner for services to peace. So do I, Mr. Bond. Will you?"

"It's very kind of them," said Bond, smiling. "And of you. But in my organization we're not allowed to be given medals of any kind. Not even by our own people."

"I see." Yermolov nodded sadly. "I rather expected you to say that. I told Comrade Brezhnev so. Well, there it is. It was an honest offer, expressing honest feeling. But, uh, you might not have found membership of the Order all that much of a distinction. Or an advantage. It wouldn't do you any good at all if you happened to come up against our counterespionage forces in the future, as you've so often done in the past. As a matter of fact,"—here Yermolov leant forward confidentially—"even Russian nationals who've been given it haven't noticed that it protected them very well—against anything. But, please, you must allow an old man his cynicism. Speaking naturally tends to go to one's head."

He got up and held out his hand; Bond shook it. "If there's ever anything I can do for you, you must let me know, Mr. Bond. Is there any chance that you might come to Russia—I mean as a visitor?"

"Not at the moment. But I'll remember."

"I'll remember too. Good-bye."

Ariadne had extricated herself from the Russian circle and was now talking to Litsas. Bond went over to them.

"Thank you for all you did, Niko. I've said it before, I know. But this seems an occasion for saying it again."

Litsas clapped him on the back. "No thanks are needed. I enjoyed it. I'd do all of it again. Except for one thing."

"I know," said Ariadne, looking grave.

"You won't remember, James, but I became rather silly when I came back from . . . taking Von Richter for a sail. I was like a baby. I couldn't make him understand, James." The brown eyes were at their saddest. "He thought he'd been quite all right at Kapoudzona. Reprisals against civilians to punish guerrilla activity as laid down in orders. I asked him about the children and he said it was . . . unfortunate. I wanted to make him *know what he'd done*. And feel bad about it. He didn't. He never understood. He was thinking I was a fool until I shot him. I intended to make an act of justice, an execution. But I just killed him because I was angry."

"Not in cold blood, then," said Bond, desperately trying to offer comfort.

"That's true. I must think of that." Now, with obvious effort, Litsas grinned. "Well, you've recovered in a good way. The glamorous secret agent again. I suppose that suit is full of little radios and concealed cameras and things."

"Packed to the seams."

Litsas had swallowed his drink. "I must go. I will let you know about Ionides. I've asked everybody I know to keep a lookout for him. He must have sold the *Altair* in Egypt or somewhere and decided to hide for a bit. But it's funny. I could have sworn he was honest."

Bond and Ariadne agreed.

"Oh well," said Litsas. "You're leaving in the morning? Come to Greece again, James. When the Chinese and the Russians aren't chasing you. There are many places I'd like you to see."

"I'll be back. Good-bye, Niko."

The two men shook hands. Litsas kissed Ariadne and was gone.

Bond looked into the strong, vivid face at his side. "How are you, Ariadne?"

"I'm fine. Don't I look fine?"

"Yes, you do. But I meant . . . after that night."

She smiled. "It wasn't so bad, you know. Oh, I hated it and I hated them. But I made it better by preventing them from enjoying it. I never let up on that. Finally they threw me out of bed and one of them went away and the other slept. So forget it, darling. Come on. I'll bet you're hungry, aren't you?"

"Very. Where shall we go?"

"Not Dionysos' place." They both laughed. "I'll find somewhere. By the way, I noticed you didn't thank me for all my help the way you thanked Niko."

"Of course not. You were on duty. You're an agent of the G.R.U. Or you were."

She gazed levelly at him. "I still am. It's my work."

"After all that? After Arenski and his stupidity?"

"Yes, after all that. It showed me how important the job is."

"If that's how you feel, obviously you must stay with it."

Ariadne put her hand on his shoulder. "Let's not be serious tonight. We haven't got long. Must you leave tomorrow?"

"I must. But you do believe I don't want to, don't you?"

"Yes, Yes, darling. Let's go."

As, five minutes later, they walked along the side of the square with the evening bustle of Athens around them, Bond said, "Come to London with me, Ariadne. Just for a little while. I know they'll give you leave."

"I want to come with you, just as you don't want to go. But I can't. I knew you'd ask me and I was all set to say yes. Then I saw it somehow wouldn't be the right thing. I think old Arenski was right about one thing, when he said I was bourgeois. I'm still stuck with my middle-class respectability. Does that sound silly?"

"No. But it makes me feel sad."

"Me too. It all comes from our job. People think it must be wonderful and free and everything. But we're not free, are we?"

"No," said Bond again. "We're prisoners. But let's enjoy our captivity when we can."

—Robert Markham

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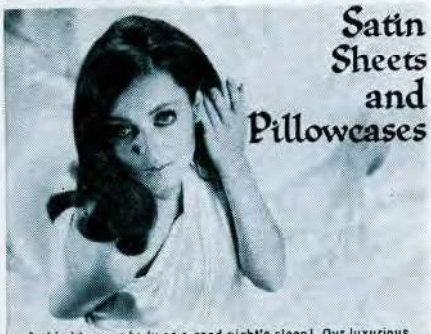

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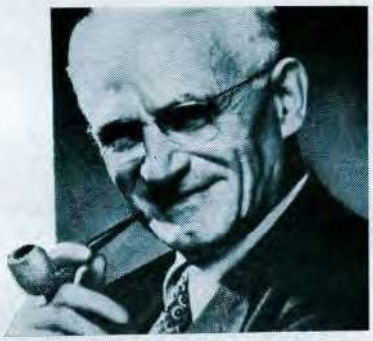

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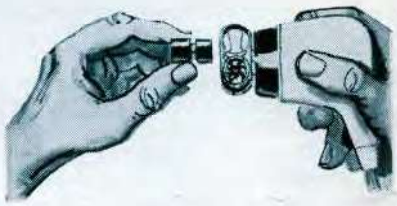

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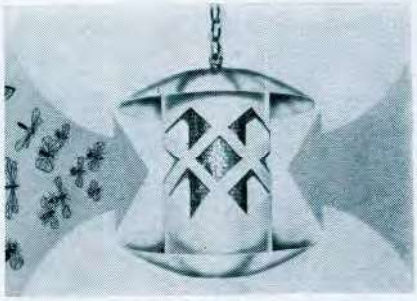

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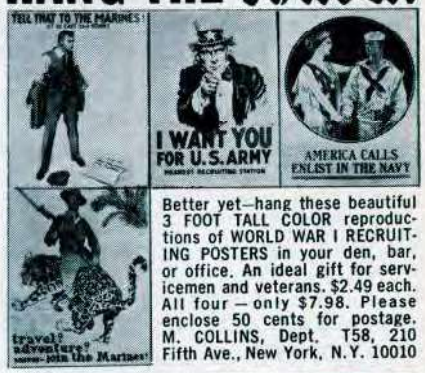

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this funny life

A class of junior NCO's—all potential sergeants—was listening to a particularly boring lecture by the sergeant who was currently making life miserable for them.

"A good sergeant," he stated, "can't be made. A good sergeant has to be born. . . . Any questions?"

A weary voice from the back of the room piped up: "In or out of wedlock?"

John W. Chase
Point Pleasant, N. J.

During our training period prior to leaving for Viet Nam, we went through training courses to help prepare us for combat. One of the training exercises was a night-compass course which, if done correctly, should have taken about two hours to complete. After checking the course, our lieutenant boasted that he could walk the course blindfolded.

After assuring our squad of that fact several times, he led us out that night. Four hours later, deep in the heart of the lost and forgotten woods, the lieutenant and I crawled under a poncho with a map, flashlight and compass, hoping to find our location.

At that point, one of the younger privates yelled: "For chrissake, blindfold that sonovabitch so we can get home!"

SSG Gary L. Hagberg
San Francisco, Calif.

A medical student was financing his education by working two jobs over the summer. By day he worked in a meat market, and in the evening he worked in the operating room of the city hospital.

One night he was wheeling a lady patient into the operating room, when she looked up at him and screamed, "God help me, it's my butcher!"

Ronald J. Willis
Arlington, Va.

Our director of purchasing sends his secretary to the soft-drink machine each day for his afternoon bottle of soda. Recently he called her into his office and reached into his pocket for money for his soda. Pulling out a quarter, he flipped it across the desk to her. The coin neatly slid down the neckline of her low-cut dress.

Embarrassed, she asked, "What do I do now?"

Without cracking a smile her boss replied, "Make change."

K. E. Hamlin
Los Angeles, Calif.

A farmer who had a very homely wife saw a shadowy figure approaching his barn with a lantern bobbing beside him.

"Who are you?" he shouted.

"Paul," came the voice he recognized as that of his hired man.

"What are you doing out so late?"

"I been a-courtin'," came the reply.

"Why did you take a lantern, man? When I went courting I didn't take one."

"I know," replied Paul. "Anyone who has seen your missus can believe that!"

E. M. Marshall
Hamden, Conn.

Friends of mine were going across country on their honeymoon. They are a young couple, but the wife, dressed in casual clothes, is even more youthful looking than her husband.

They stopped at a motel one night, where the husband asked the desk clerk about accommodations. He was told that there was only one room available, with a double bed.

Trying to appear nonchalant, he turned to his wife and asked, "Will that be all right?"

Being in a somewhat devilish mood, she replied meekly, "Anything you say is okay by me—*mister*."

Ed Malewski
San Antonio, Texas

Over the control-tower speaker came the message: "WAB-53 to control. I have three gallons of gas left. Request instructions. Over."

The officer in charge grabbed the mike and yelled: "Control to WAB-53. Now don't get flustered. Keep calm. Tell me what landmarks you have in sight. Over."

After a short silence, the voice came back: "WAB-53 to control. I'm parked on the runway. I was wondering where the fuel truck was."

Haydan D. Bell
Greeneville, Tenn.

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